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(b. 1794) fm

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XVII.

MEMOIRS

OF

AN ARISTOCRAT,

AND

REMINISCENCES OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BY

A MIDSHIPMAN OF THE BELLEROPHON.

EDINBURGH:

BELL AND BRADFUTE, BANK STREET;

AND

HENRY COLBURN, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON.

MDCCCXXXVII.

George Home, author of "Memoirs of an Aristocrat" was the 4th son of Alexander Home of Buskin who was the claimant of the Marchmont Peerage. This Alexander Home was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy (afterwards called Captain) was the eldest son of John Home of Paddockmire.

In 1782 Lieut. Home purchased certain lands at Buskin from Capt. Alex. Campbell of the army, and in 1784 he purchased other lands from Peter Weir. Lieut. Alex. Homeds wife was Elizabeth Stewart. George Home a Brother of the claimant spent a great part of his life making family pedigrees particularly those of the family of Home.

Lieut. Alex Home of Buskin died on 23rd Feby. 1823, and in 1856 his Grandson Alexander Francis Home, accountant in Edinburgh, made up a title to the Buskin lands as heir-at-law. In the Special Service it is mentioned that Francis Douglas Home, Capt. in the 81st Reg of Foot, the Eldest son of Patrick Home, 2nd Lieut. in the Corps of Royal Marines, the 2nd son, and Alexander Home Junr., Lieut in the Royal Navy, the 3rd son, all died without issue, and that the petitioner Alexander Francis Home was the Eldest son of George Home, sometime midshipman in the R.N. (Author of the Memoirs) who afterwards resided in Edinburgh, the fourth son.

The lands had been mortgaged for £1000 which bond was in due course acquired by Miss Romanes & Alexander Home. Home only completed his title to the lands in order to convey them to Miss Romanes without requiring her to go through the then cumbrous method of making good her Title. The W. Watson Campbell whose signature appears on the fly-leaf is the Grandson of the "Doctor C." mentioned in the Memoirs.

The sons of Alexander Home were therefore

1. Francis Douglas Home, Capt. in 81st Foo
2. Patrick Home, 2nd. Lieut in the Marines
3. Alexander Home, Lieut in the R.N.
4. George Home, Midshipman in the R.N.

Copy of writing on parchment (in a sealed bottle) found at Homefield by Mrs Muir during alterations there 3rd August, 1956.

This house was built by John Home my Father in 1759 and repaired by me in 1804.
I have at the same time claimed the Entailed Estate of Marchmont before the Court of Session and have compelled my elder Brother to Petition the House of Peer for the Titles in spite of threats and villinous machinations of the now notorious Knave, Hugh Earl of Marchmont & Patrick Home of Billie, son of Ninian Home the late Schoolmaster of Fogo, who robbed my Father of the old Estate of Wedderburn and - - -

(Signed) David Home of Homefield,
10the July, 1804

May Heaven protect the brave Clan Home and may they flourish with an Earl of Home at their head for a thousane years.

Names of my family:-

John, Alexander, William, Mary, Margeret, Elizabeth, Montague & Jessie Home.

Table showing the line of descent of George Home author of the book " Memoirs an Aristocrat". Much of the information mentioned below is got from an Instrument of Sasine in favour of David Home of Paddockmyre recorded P.R.S. Berwickshire 25th. November, 1802.

* * * * * * *

1. Patrick, son of Earl Cospatrick, who lived in the time of Malcolm IV and William the Lyon, Kings of Scotland.
2. William styled of Home.
3. William de Home.
4. Geoffrey de Home.
5. Thomas de Home.
6. Sir David Home of Wedderburn (2nd son)
7. David Home younger of Wedderburn and Brother germain of Patrick Home of Patrick Home of Polwarth, ancestor of t Earls of Marchmont.
8. George Home of Wedderburn killed by th English near the house of Wedderburn o 18th. May 1497.
9. Sir David Home of Wedderburn who fell Flodden Field on 9th. Sept. 1513.
10. David Home of Wedderburn killed in an encounter with the English in April 15
11. David Home of Wedderburn.
12. Sir George Home of Wedderburn sometime Comptroller of Scotland & Warden of th Marches towards England.
13. Sir David Home slain in the Battle of Dunbar On 3rd September, 1650.
14. George Home of Wedderburn slain at Dun
15. George of Wedderburn.
16. Francis Home, Advocate.
17. John Home of Paddockmyre, alias Homefield, whose Wife was Margaret Ho

18. Alexander Home, eldest son of John No.17 He purchased the lands of Buskin, in 1782 & 1784. He was Claimant in the Marchmont Peerage case.

19. George Home, 4th son of Alexander Home (No.18) was author of this book. His three Elder brothers Francis Douglas Home, Patrick Home, & Alexander Home all died without issue.
John Home (No.17) left Paddockmyre under an entail in favour of his second son David Home and other heirs of entail, passing over Alexander the eldest son as mentioned in the " Memoirs."

* * * * * * * * *

NOTES.

The Earldom of Marchmont was conferred on Sir Patrick Home in 1696 in recognition of his stand against the Popish succession to the British Throne by King William. The story of his hiding in the vaults of Polwarth Church and his being sustained by the efforts of his Daughter Lady Grisel Baillie is a well known tale. Marchmont House was erected in the year 1754 by the last Earl of Marchmont from which it would appear that the Earldom had only existed some 60 years since the rightful claimant was defrauded by his kinsmen of the Title.

PREFACE.

"Go forth, my little book, I cast thee on the waters."

Sir Walter Scott somewhere writes a postscript, which he says should have been a preface, which showed Sir Walter's usual tact. Now, I shall take a shorter way still, for I shall write neither preface nor postscript; for if my book cannot stand upon its own legs, it is quite needless to try and prop it up by a preface; for, of all the bores on earth, a dull preface to a duller book, is the most horrible bore. "What I have written, I have written," and that, too, with a confounded deal of trouble, let me tell you, kind sir or madam; and if, as I believe, the vein be good, let the world find it after many

days, or few days, or not at all, just as that same world shall think most fit; and should the patient reader, or impatient reader, for we have both kinds of them, ever get to the end of it, (I mean the book, not the world), if he throws it to the other end of the room, and swears he never was as tired of any thing in his life, permit me to assure him, that I am as tired of writing as he can be of reading, for the soul of him.

MEMOIRS OF AN ARISTOCRAT.

CHAPTER I.

"But I have lived, and have not lived in vain.
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain:
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and time, and breathe when I expire."

I MEAN, *friend* reader (as a Quaker would say), to make a sudden skip over the first twelve years of my life, as it contains nothing that can either amuse or instruct (I think that is the common phrase); but I must not omit informing you, that I was born on the 8th December 1794, in a wretched cottage, situated on the edge of one of the most barren moors in Scotland—without almost a vestige of fire in the house, owing to the stupidity of an old woman. who came for the kindly purpose of attending my mother, and sharing in the good things that might be going upon the occasion. This good old dame, in order to make a rousing fire "to warm the Doctor whan he cam, an' the bairn, whan it was

He was full of narrative, had circumnavigated the globe under the great Cook, and was with him when he was killed at Owyhee, he had, at least, a story of the voyage for every day in the year, and two or three always at hand, if he found an audience; but in this he was sometimes rather unfortunate, for, taking advantage of his blindness, we, his hopeful offspring, slipped quietly off, one by one, leaving the old Commodore in his arm-chair, direct before the fire, with his feet resting on the upper jamb of the fire-place, to finish his tale of Cook, or descant upon the swarthy beauties of Tongataboo (of which, by the way, he always made most kindly mention), much at his ease, with the tables and chairs, and sometimes a solitary glass of grog, his sole auditors. He was, however, a philosophic old fellow, and took such little neglects coolly, as well as the greater misfortunes of life. He made no remark on our rudeness; but if a more than ordinary offence was given, he quietly watched his time, and having always a good oak bludgeon hung to his chair, he had a sort of instinctive feeling when the culprit came within reach of his lower deckers, to use his own expression, when a knock-down blow, very scientifically laid on, generally inflicted full punishment for past offences. But no sooner was he led into any act of severity of this kind, than he repented next moment, and the hand of the

friend and father, rough as he was, was extended to the unfortunate sufferer.

Although his life of toil and danger had only brought him a miserable hut and a lieutenant's half-pay, he was related to the chief families of the county of B—. The Earl of H— and the Earl of M—t styled him cousin, not german, but in the thirteenth degree, and the H—'s of W—n, to whom he was nearly related, and who hated the whole race of us, with that deadly hatred which interlopers always entertain towards those they have supplanted, still received him with an outward shew of kindness when he deigned to visit their princely mansion. I say deigned, for such an intrinsic dignity rested about him, that every thing he did or said seemed an act of condescension, even to the putting on of his night-cap (an old Kilmarnock, by the way), and adjusting his reverend white hair, when both seemed honoured by the head they surmounted.

The broad lands of his ancestors had slipped out of their grasp, from their having turned out for the Chevalier de St. George, in 1715. They owed their rise to the House of Stuart, and they fell with them, along with

> "The gallant cavaliers who fought in vain
> For those who knew not to resign or reign."

Both brothers, his grandfather, sheriff of the county

of B—, under the Hanoverian succession, and his grand-uncle, the Baron of W—n, found their way with the rebel army to Preston, were seized and sent pinioned to the Tower for their extreme heroism and loyalty to the good old cause, but escaped hanging or beheading through the artifices of the family factor, not a second Bailie M'Wheeble, for the Bailie had at bottom a good heart, and withal attached to the Baron, but a crafty priest, who seized this as a famous opportunity of transferring his patron's lands to himself. Fictitious bills and bonds were made out, acknowledging large sums of money, lent to the Baron of W—n by his factor, Ninian Griphard, (who by the way, had never been worth a shilling in his life), these were carefully and legally laid before the commissioners of enquiry, by the said Ninian Griphard, and adjudications led accordingly, (I think that is the cursed legal term), upon which the estate of W—n was declared exempt from the crown's right, and found to belong, all and whole, to the said Ninian Griphard. It is said a man will do much for his life, and this was certainly doing much, for by the relinquishment of all he possessed in the world, and abandoning his family to the mercy of this unprincipled sharking ex-priest, the unfortunate Baron of W—n saved his life; and the government finding him and his brother not worth hanging, ordered them to be

liberated, and left them to seek their miserable fortune where they best could. Old Griphard behaved, however, tolerably well upon the occasion; being a widower, he graciously condescended to marry one of the Baron's daughters; allowed the old gentleman and his sons, of whom he had six, still to occupy the family mansion, and generously gave them a scanty existence out of their own rents, while my great grandfather, I am correct, reader, my *great* grandfather, the no less unfortunate brother, found his way to America, and died in a year or two, leaving behind him two sons and a wife, who died of a broken heart almost immediately after her husband's departure, leaving her poor boys, not only orphans, but wholly destitute.

All the Baron's sons died out in a few years, and the children of Griphard became undisputed masters of the extensive domains of W—n; hence they always looked with a jealous eye upon my father, who they knew to be a male heir, and possessing certain rights, which, if properly ripped up, might have cost them a great deal of trouble, so that although they acknowledged him as a relation, they were in one general conjunction to keep him down. I cannot leave old Griphard, without mentioning that he acquired, during his own lifetime, by every species of fraud and chicanery, an immense landed property, and lived and died entirely free from any

qualms of conscience for the misery he had brought to the unfortunate family, who had raised him from rags and beggary.

His wife, the Baron of W—n's daughter, survived him some years, and was murdered by her man-servant, N. R. who secreted himself in her bed-room, with the intention of carrying off a sum of money, which he knew she had in her drawers, after she fell asleep; but the noise of opening her desk having awoke her, he, for fear of detection, seized a knife, which by accident had been left on the drawer's-head, and mangled her throat so dreadfully, that she died next day; he then leaped from the window of the second storey, but fractured one of his legs so much in the fall, that he was unable to walk, and sustained himself several days in the fields, eating pease and turnips, until his hiding-place was discovered. He afterwards graced a gibbet on Leith Walk, where his body hung many a long year; and the name of N. R. and the bloody deed became a theme for mothers to frighten their children into good behaviour.

Thus, gentle reader, have I given you a short sketch of my father's family; and I think you will allow, that I have raised and demolished them at a tolerably quick march; but certainly not faster than those fiery and misguided spirits contrived to demolish themselves, and spread desolation and ruin

amongst their ill-fated progeny. The old Commodore, however, gave himself little concern about the misconduct of his progenitors; nay, he sometimes hinted (though himself a staunch King George man) that they had acted like noble fellows, and used to dwell with peculiar pleasure on a story of one of his relations, who had been out in the same cause, and who had been wounded in one of the first skirmishes with the King's troops: being unable in consequence to keep pace with the rapid movement of the rebel army, he generally found himself some miles minus at night close; but so zealous was he in the cause he had espoused, that by continuing his march an hour or two longer, he always got up to the army, and was ready to start fair with it in the morning. This exploit, and the appellation of Scanderbeg, which Manderston retained during the remainder of his life, from the wound having occasioned a similarity in his gait to that famous hero of Turkish story, was no small source of amusement to my father, who had an instinctive love of fighting, the justice or injustice of the cause being a matter of the utmost indifference to him, so as a man was found to appear, as he used to say, regular at quarters when the drum beat.

In his choice of a wife, my father displayed most prominently his independence of principle, and utter disregard of wordly advantages. On his return from

sea in his forty-fifth year, still hale and vigorous, but half blind, he was set upon by some score of old maids and dowagers of the class yclept the aristocracy and landed interest of the county of B——, a report having prevailed, that at the death of the Earl of M., then in his 80th year, my father was next heir to the earldom and estates. Various schemes of aggrandisement and matrimonial bliss with the tough old Seahorse, was brooded over in secret by those solitary maidens, and the idea of an earl's coronet surmounting their faded temples, in unison with the fear-nothing hard-a-weather Commodore, was a vision of bliss that there was no withstanding; hence, as he used to say, he found himself in danger of being boarded every instant, and was obliged to keep a good offing to steer clear of these d——d old she-sharks. Little did these dames know the man they had to deal with, or they would soon have known their case to be hopeless. An Indian wigwam, and a young copper-coloured dark-eyed savage of the Friendly Islands, conveyed infinitely more charms to my good old father; and to free himself of their fooleries, he cast his eyes upon my mother, a buxom, yellow-haired, red-cheeked damsel, just turned of sweet sixteen, with not one drop of aristocratic blood in her veins, or a shilling in her pocket; and, as the Gascon said to Louis the Fifteenth, with her whole wardrobe on

her back. The matrimonial signal was no sooner hove out to this child of nature, than it was duly answered, the priest was sent for, and the indissoluble knot tied in as quick time, and as ship-shape a style, as my father declared himself, as ever he had worked a seventy-four, tack and half-tack up Channel, or close-reefed top-sails in a gale of wind. Whether the priest or my mother had pleased him on this occasion, I cannot say, but he used to declare, that from that hour his opinion of the sacred cloth greatly improved, having till then looked upon them as a parcel of psalm-singing, hypocritical, lubberly scoundrels, enough to sink the best ship in the service, if you allowed one of them to clap his foot on board; but he now discovered that they could at least do *one* good job; and such a soul of a priest was the fellow that married him, that he swore, d—n his eyes if he didn't believe he would take a game at long twenty-fours with Johnnie Crappo, as well as any man in the fleet: hence they were inseparable friends ever afterwards.

Having thus wived him, so contrary to the ways of this selfish world, one universal hue and cry was raised against him throughout the county of B——, particularly by the she-expectants thus wofully disappointed:—"What degradation of his noble and ancient house, what an utter confounding of all his future great prospects, surely the man could never

hold up his head more; what a barbarous choice, a vile illiterate plebeian to have the chance of becoming a countess, and her son, if the wretch had one, an earl, the very idea was revolting," and to none did this worldly error of my father give more secret satisfaction than the H—'s of W—n, the descendants of old Ninian Griphard. Although Griphard had long gone to his place, his spirit survived in full vigour in the young generation, and they saw with secret delight, and an outward appearance of regret, that the male heir of W—n and M—t had committed an error so gross, that it was more than likely he would never be able to surmount it.

But while all this was going on, you will naturally say, what thought the commodore himself? why, nothing at all about it. Their cry and their speculations were nothing to him, and if he ever lowered his head a single inch to make good their surmises, it must certainly have been that inch too high before; for within the compass of my recollection, his head sate in the most bolt upright position, upon his immense square shoulders, and even when stone-blind (this is a bull, reader, but not the less true), looked stern defiance, alike to his enemies and the fooleries of this world; he went on superintending the erection of his wigwam in C—m Moor, in which he afterwards kenneled a whole swarm of

us, kept tearing up the thrice barren soil of the few acres he had purchased, with plough, spade, and mattock, telling tales of the wars to his labourers, and occasionally half breaking their backs when they had the misfortune to offend him, which was no difficult matter at any time; repairing daily to the adjoining village of C—m, where the shoemakers, the tailors, the weavers, and the shopkeepers awaited with equal anxiety a "ca' and a crack wi' the Captain;" and if, per accident, a day passed without his making his appearance, the wonder grew, "what could ha' become o' the Captain the day?—they trusted naething ailed him."

A disappointment of this kind seldom happened, as wind and weather on no occasion were allowed to interfere with my father's plan of operations; and his health being always exuberant, the good villagers of C—m rarely missed their daily treat, of which, I can venture to say, they never tired through a period of nearly forty years. He was by no means ceremonious in his costume, but when, after a new rig out, he appeared in the half-dress old naval uniform, with the white standing neck and lapel, (what, in the name of wonder, tempted William the Fourth to put red cuffs and collars on our modern naval officers, making them look like as many artillery-men! surely, if Nelson could look back, he would put out the other eye not to see the

degrading change;) I say, when my father appeared in a new rig out, with ruffles at hand and breast, (by the way, his hands, or rather paws, for they quite exceeded the dimensions of us commonplace mortals,) when properly ruffled, always brought to my recollection a certain native of the Polar regions taken captive, and trucked out for the amusement of the public in a similar piece of finery. Thus rigged, with the old fashioned lapelled waistcoat, and white breeches, with buckles at the knee and in his shoes, the long queue, and staff in hand, he looked and moved the figure of a gentleman from top to toe. When by accident he lost his stick, which, from his blindness, often happened, he had an unfailing resource in the handle of the long duster or besom, which he at once unshipped and marched off to his daily rounds with as much dignity as though it had been a gold headed cane of the newest fashion.

Although the youngest of "five comely sons," from the coincidence of the old Earl of M—t, having taken his course and departure for the other world a few hours before I was ushered into this, a superstition prevailed in the family that I was doomed to be the future Earl, and as such, I was always held up as a peculiar person in the family, particularly by my good-natured mother, who declared she

saw something about me quite different from all the rest of my brothers.

This prophecy of future greatness by no means improved my *present* situation; for my brothers, looking upon me as very unjustly favoured, allowed no opportunity to slip of visiting me with very *visible* marks of their displeasure; but having a large portion of the devil in me from the time I was able to crawl, I rarely failed to retaliate in one shape or another the injuries thus received.

Before proceeding, as the gentlemen of the long robe say, to matters of greater weight, I must digress a little, to mark the demise of the Earl of M—t. This precious specimen of aristocratic intolerance, reached his ninety-fourth year before he was summoned above to render an account of his malversations here below; his whole life had been made up of political intrigue and self aggrandisement, without feeling, without remorse, a hater of his species, and, towards the latter stage of his existence, he turned even against his own children. His only son, Lord P—th, a mild inoffensive young man, with little talent, and less ambition, quite disappointed his father's hopes and views; and, hence, he conceived an utter contempt and hatred even of his own son. The young Lord P—th married, but had no family, and died in his fortieth year. Only one of the Earl's daughter's, Lady Diana, had pos-

terity. She too incurred her unnatural father's displeasure, from having set up her son as a candidate for the county of B—— in opposition to a creature of the Earl's choice, for which the savage unprincipled tyrant, with one fell swoop cut off the whole of his posterity from the succession to his princely estates, and bequeathed them to the descendants of his sister, trampling upon all former settlements, by which the estates were strictly entailed to heirs-male, and relying upon the utter depression of my father's family, who were the next heirs of entail, and, according to the terms of his Earl's patent, had right to his titles, over which he had no control; but he calculated that such was our poverty, that there was no chance of our ever being able to overturn his new settlements. Long before his death he fell into utter disgrace with his sovereign, was dismissed from the Keepership of the Great Seal of Scotland, and all the lucrative offices he had held for many years under government, and became universally hated and despised, both in his own county and by all who knew him. His conduct to his own children, as well as to us his male heirs, raised every well thinking person against him; and in his extreme old age, he found himself deserted and shunned as some infectious reptile; but being in no way deficient in courage, either moral or physical, he nobly met the storms of state, and the contempt of mankind, betook him

to a small villa in Kent, and passed his few remaining years without sorrow or remorse, declaring to the last that he was happy his son had not survived him, as he said, "he would only have disgraced his honours;" declaring it to be his opinion, "that we H—'s of W—n would never make out our right to the titles, our relationship being too distant, and hoping, that at his death his titles and honours would return to the fountain from whence they flowed, pure and untainted." Whether they did so or not, gentle reader, thou shalt know before the close of this eventful and veracious history. "But to our tale." No sooner had the Earl breathed his last, than the hue and cry arose that my father was next in succession. The gentlemen of the county sought him out in his miserable wigwam, tendered their friendship and support, accompanied by a thousand protestations and felicitations, that fell to the ground the moment they were pronounced. Amongst the foremost I must class the sons of Old Griphard, who, not exactly sure how to steer their course in this suddenly opened prospect of the family they had supplanted and ruined, again emerging from obscurity, they thought it as well to sail with the current, and to be the first to tender their services and support to establish the newborn rights of the fallen house. The researches requisite to establish the claim were therefore entrusted

to their care, without suspicion or hesitation on the part of my father, who having no guile in himself, never suspected others, which they determined to prosecute or retard, precisely as it best suited their own interest; and by a skilful system of management they contrived to retard the process for many years. Meanwhile my father's offspring multiplied and grew upon him; and, by way of bracing our nerves, he turned us out to spade, plough, and harrow as soon as we were able for the employment; this, he said, would give us strength and action to fit us for the fatigues of the service for which he afterwards intended us, and enable us to hold our own with a Frenchman when he came in our way. Of our education he took little care. Greek and Latin he held in contempt as a mere waste of time, though himself complete master of those languages; he therefore contented himself with packing off the young aristocrats to the village school, with directions to the Dominie to teach us to read and write, and give us enough of arithmetic to enable us to learn navigation, which he declared was the *primum mobile* of human attainments.

It is generally agreed that our schoolboy days form the happiest part of our existence; it may be so, but as far as I am concerned, I must certainly give it a direct negative. Some glimpses of delight I certainly experienced in a most exquisite degree, which even at this distance thrills every vein when I cast my

mind's eye back on the smiling countenances, clean glancing cheeks and laughing eyes of two or three of my little schoolmates of the softer sex, with whom that busy jade, Mother Nature, was beginning to toy, and giggle, and whisper, heaven knows how, the wise purposes for which, no doubt, she had created them, with a modest hint or two that she had been kinder to them than their compeers in certain externals, intimated through the looking-glass, when, by chance, they took the trouble to tie on their white, long-fronted, face-concealing bonnets, before that silent flatterer; but, with this exception, this solitary but delightful rose amidst the thorns, I say my schoolboy days, short as they were, I can only look back to with pain. The peculiar situation of my family was, perhaps, in a great measure the cause of this; the dignity of our birth, in the midst of all our poverty, had been carefully inculcated upon us from our infancy, and we therefore looked upon the boys of the village school with certain patrician ideas, which they soon discovered; and, not being able to distinguish any real difference in point of rank, which made us thus assuming, the flag of defiance was hoisted at once; and being the strongest party, as those rascally plebeians always are when fairly roused into action, we were, in consequence, most unmercifully thrashed on all occasions, though certainly not without a most untameable resistance,

which, considering the fearful odds against us, rendered us no disgrace to the fierce and warlike ancestors from whom we were descended. Some little agreeable variety, however, did occasionally occur, to the great amusement, not only of the school, but the whole village.

Smollett and Scott have given us from their powerful pens samples of a dominie, which can never be excelled, still, though I bow submission to these master spirits, I shall not bate one jot from the Dominie of our village of C—m, when placed either in contrast or comparison with Smollett's tyrant pedagogue, or the kind-hearted Dominie Sampson; nay, I protest he rose superior to both in real life, (for he is no fictitious character,) as well in his eccentricities as personal appearance.

From the lowly upbringing of most of our Scotch parochial teachers, and the habits and manners of the academician and philosopher being so oddly blended with the clownish demeanour of the peasant, I am aware that our worthy teachers have afforded ample matter for ridicule to the authors of the last and present century, and every wag that would be witty at the expense of that valuable class of men; but such is not my intention, and were there any thing fictitious in the character of the Dominie of C—m, I could not have patience to waste time upon him; but, so far from that, no-

thing I can say can convey any thing like an adequate idea of the Dominie's peculiarities; indeed, nature seemed to have been in such a frolicsome mood when she hammered the parts and pendicles of Dominie H—n together that one would imagine the good old lady had for once determined to set at defiance alike the rules of human construction and human description. The Dominie stood, in his stocking soles, neat five feet two inches and a quarter high. Of this I am positive, for I have seen him repeatedly measured by the military standard, at the time of the famous volunteering, when Napoleon-le-grand was mustering his Gallic legions, and constructing his flotilla at Boulogne, with the heroic purpose, like a second Cæsar, or William the Bastard, of planting his victorious eagles on the shores of Britain, devastating fair England, issuing his bulletins and bullets from St. James's; and, oh ye soft, simpering, rabbit-burrowing, bowing, thieving Cockneys, how I feel for ye, even in idea, for that which never happened, of making ye convey into his coffers a moderate portion of the golden current which flows from every quarter of the earth to your smoke-dyed dens of brick and plaster, and causing ye disgorge at least a fair share of that of which ye daily and hourly rob the unfortunate stranger, whose ill-luck may drive him into your dense and dingy mass. Dost remember the stirring times,

kind reader, when the nineteenth century was newly born? If young, you do not, but through the page of history; but, if old, like your humble servant, the very recollection must put your blood in rapid movement. It was then that "each heroic bosom burned," and every doughty arm weighed in imagination its force against the little Corsican hero in *propria persona*. It was then that, at beat of evening drum, the tailor threw aside his lapboard, and put up the small but sharp instrument of his calling, which he had been assiduously plying the live-long day, and seized the deadly gun and sharper bayonet. The weaver gave the last dash to his shuttle with a military flourish—the shoemaker threw down his lapstone, and, as he deposited his awl upon his stall, he contrasted it with the man-pricking instrument he was about to handle—the brawny blacksmith laid aside his hammer, and, wiping the sweat from his brow, prepared for drill—the ploughman unyoked his weary horses —and the miller exchanged his care of the kiln and the happer for the musket and cartouch-box,—all trades, professions, and callings, at sound of this magical piece of sheepskin, ceased their labour, and, with boisterous glee, hastened to the scene of action, where stood some half-bred soldier or patriotic country gentlemen, yclept the lieutenant or captain of volunteers, ready to put those raw

troops through their evolutions;—but what the deuce has put all this in my head? I have bolted like a shot from Dominie H—n, whose person and character I meant to make some attempt to draw, and got amongst a parcel of raw recruits in the 1802; but I shall digress no more. The Dominie's height being already settled by the rule military, his proportions must next come into play; but these bar description. His feet were as flat as a pancake, with the heels projecting fully three inches beyond the artery "named after thee, Achilles, so that had the Dominie's mother had any wish to dip her son in Styx, or the Stygian flood, or—what the devil did the Greeks call the river, that a dip therein made the hide unpiercable,—if it could be found now a-days," she would have had no difficulty in getting a fast hold of the projection. This formation of his understanding made his movement forward apparently without joints up to his sitting part, while, upwards, his person, to the neck, seemed to have received a sudden jerk backwards, so that his head overhung its base to an alarming degree, and, from its extrordinary shape and size, entirely disproportioned to the trunk of which it formed the copestone, gave fearful indication of bolting of its own accord from its ill-supported position. Had the Dominie's walk and conversation not been known to all the world, I would shrewdly

have suspected that he had, some time or other, got into an awkward scrape, and that the oddity of his formation had been considerably assisted by some well-intentioned finisher of the law, from whose hands he had only escaped by his weasand withstanding the old-fashioned mode of strangulation, before Bailie Brodie invented that ugly drop, which precludes all chance of escape, and by which the honest bailie was the first to suffer, except his blacksmith, I believe, and fellow labourer in iniquity, who was tossed off before him just to show the bailie how well his invention served the purpose, served him right, and yet it was a humane discovery after all, if people *must* be hanged. The Dominie's face, that "mirror of the mind," must not be passed over in silence, for, to the latest hour of my life, or while memory holds her sway over this clay tenement, I shall never lose a feature of it, so completely stamped is it on my imagination. Wast thou ever frightened, reader, by the sudden presentation of a ten-degree magnifier before thy own handsome countenance; hast started at the extended mouth, huge tusks, and porous skin? if so, you can form some faint idea of the Dominie's physiognomy, which nature had amply magnified, without any obligation to art. From the extremity of the chin to the top of the brow, the Dominie's face, upon the most moderate scale,

certainly measured sixteen inches, with all the features elongated in a tolerably fair proportion, the mouth and eyes forming the most prominent and conspicuous parts, and certainly disproportioned to the rest of the physiog; his chin measured about four inches, the mouth three, the upper lip to the nose two inches *at least*, the space to the eyes was proportionally short, not exceeding two inches, while those luminaries occupied at least a space of two inches more, and we may fairly leave him the other three for the brow, aye, we may with safety add one more, for his brow was large and prominent; and, if not a great man, he was certainly intended for one, if a prodigious brow indicates any thing of genius, which I shrewdly think it does; for I never heard of any great man, either ancient or modern, but who was amply furnished with depth and breadth of forehead; his immense tusks, of the deepest yellow, projected fearfully from his mouth, particularly in the upper jaw, so that the aperture was always wide open, and his immense goggle eyes, protruding largely from the sockets, occasionally lighted up by a sort of devilish expression, accompanied by a Sardonic grin, completed the physiognomy of Dominie H—n. With all this oddity of appearance, however, the Dominie had most dignified ideas of his own consequence, and he ruled not only his school, but latterly the

whole village, with an iron sway; although his self-consequence and assumed authority was sometimes very unceremoniously broke in upon, when the patience of the Dominie's vassals was pressed beyond the boundary of forbearance.

The time is not long gone by when almost every country village had its witch or its warlock, in the shape of some old withered virago, or half crazed old man, who vented their evil wishes and curses against all who offended them; and the village of C—m was not without a formidable personage of this kind, even in my young days; and the sayings and doings of Meg Rutherford were as carefully noted as the minister's sermon, aye, I am afraid, much more so. Meg, notwithstanding her connection with the arch enemy, as was most gravely asserted, had given proof positive of connections savouring more of this world, as she had from time to time brought forth full formed healthy children, without flaw or blemish, and in whom no trace of the "cloven-foot" could be discovered. As Meg was not in the state matrimonial, she found fathers for her offspring as she best could, and generally succeeded in establishing the *fact* upon some young healthy ploughman or old farming bachelor.

I still think, however, that Old Multiface, as Southey somewhere styles the lord of the infernal regions, must have had a hand in the pye in the be-

getting of Meg's children; for as these imps grew up they discovered such evil propensities, that they became pests to the whole village, and particularly to Dominie H—n, to whom Meg bore no good will, her immorality, independent of her suspected acquaintance with the arch-fiend, having brought her under the Dominie's severest displeasure. Meg was, however, a most ungovernable subject, and held the Dominie's authority in sovereign contempt; and a circumstance now occurred which shook off Meg's trammels, and completed her triumph over the Dominie. Her eldest fiend, yclept Jock, had for some time amused himself with throwing stones into the school, if, perchance, a window was opened for air, to the great annoyance of the youngsters within: this becoming known to Dominie H—n, he gave orders to some of the stoutest of the boys to conceal themselves behind the garden wall, and pounce upon Jock, while he was in the act of discharging his artillery, without suspicion of the ambuscade behind. This manœuvre was most adroitly performed. Jock was seized in the very act, and hurried, *nolens volens*, to the Dominie's seat of judgment. Sentence was instantly pronounced, without even the form of a trial, which has been the case with many one besides poor Jock Rutherford. He was stretched at full length on the top of the Dominie's desk, his

after person most disgracefully exposed, while, in anticipation of the dreadful punishment that awaited him, his bellowings would have done credit to a four-year old bull. What a glorious subject for a painter would the Dominie's countenance have been at this moment of exultation. I think I see the old savage yet, even at thirty years distance, with taws uplifted in the act to come on, his heaviest taws, too, of good bend, carefully burnt at the end of each leish, to give them greater poignancy; his great saucer eyes beaming with fiendish delight, as they wandered over his victim stretched below, and his thick lips drawn back a degree farther than usual from his projecting yellow tusks, grinning satisfaction from ear to ear. The taws fell with the force of the knout, the punishment, as we say at sea, went on beautifully, while the roaring and execrations of the unhappy sufferer might have been heard a mile off.

This state of things, as the politicians say, could not last long: Jock's bellowings alarmed the whole village, and that her son was the principal personage in this scene of uproar, soon reached the ears of Meg Rutherford, as she was in the act of assisting a neighbour in filling a cart with dung. On receiving the intelligence, Meg's movements were prompt and decisive, which, we have seen, ever insures success, even against fearful odds. Armed

with the grape, with which she had been filling the cart (and a devil of a weapon it is, too, let me tell you), Meg in an instant cleared her way through the gaping crowd assembled round the school-house, forced open the door, and before the Dominie had time to make one movement in self-defence, the infuriated Meg had the deadly weapon within a foot of his august person. The assistants, hitherto so active, fled in a moment, while the liberated Jock, driven mad with pain, regained in an instant his erect position, and, without taking time to recover the parts so indecently exposed, stood ready to assist his mother in doing the work of death, but too evidently intended. It was at this moment of peril that the Dominie displayed his great presence of mind; to escape was impossible, as all egress from the desk was barred by the wall on one side, and Jock and his mother on the other; but fortunately for the Dominie, there was a space below the desk, and into this aperture he dived, his head first, and person afterwards, so that the whole was nearly protected, with the exception of that after projection which I dare not venture to name; but hadst thou been present at the moment, reader, and asked Jock Rutherford what part of his own person felt sorest, I can vouch he would have told thee in no measured terms. This, then, was precisely the same part which the changed fate of Dominie

H—n caused him so unceremoniously to exhibit, and upon which Meg immediately commenced a furious attack, first by digging the grape straight forward, and then, by laying on blow after blow with the flat part thereof, while the Dominie's cries of murder and assistance fell nothing short of him who had so lately been the victim of his vengeance. The Dominie's unmentionables soon exhibited unmerciful gaps, and blood, too, from Meg's continued pokerings, soon began to appear. While Meg's hands were thus busily engaged, be assured her tongue was not idle; and, having long nursed her wrath in secret against the Dominie, it now broke loose like a pent-up storm.

" An' ye wad hae the impudence, ye ill-lookin' glowrin' auld deevil, to lay your filthy taws on my Jock's ——. A wonder what's in my hands it a dinna ding the grape through the puddins o' ye, ye flat-fitted, crawlin, drucken warld's wonder; God, the match o' ye's no be fund in twenty parishes. Thump,—tak' ye that, ye roarin' bruit, ye tell'd me I was a wutch. Lord, I'll wutch you—poker—What think you o' that for a wutch. God, the deil wad laugh to hear you. It was you, wi' your lingo, it put it in the Minister's pow to gie me sick a deevil of a rebuik for the twa bits o' bairns I had to auld Laird Fiergrieve, after I helped him out o' the burn frae drounin'. Mair fit the blind drucken

ne'er-do-weel wad look after his ane besom of a wife, an' keep the gill-stoup frae her head; but, God, he's as bad's hersel. Thump,—aye, ye may roar; but ye're no dune wi't yet. Lord, if it was na it they wad hang me, ye shoud find the frost o' this mornin's wark; but it wad be a pity for a decent woman like me to be hang'd for sick a uisless deevil's you. Thump,—murder!—My certy, ye didna think ye was murderin' my Jock, though ye're deevilish guid at layin' upon ither folk; but ye're no sae fond o't yersel. Thump,—an' am about thro' wi' ye now. Ye'll mind now the cursed rhime ye telt the Minister to roar out afore a' the congregation about Robin Fiergrieve's bairns, an' my *ill behaver*, as ye ca'd it. Or ablins ye've forgot; but, God, I haena. Thump,—

> On passing across the plain I heard a fowler say,
> That powder thrown at crows was powder thrown away.

Curse ye, do ye think it was puther it auld Robin threw at me, it got me wi' the bits o' twins; but that's the way ye dumfunder a body wi' your lang words. Lord, if ye ever ca' me a wutch again, or pit yer ugly nieves on yin o' my bairns, deil be in my skin, if I dinna spanghew ye like a paddock. Now, God, I'm dune wi' ye. Ye'll tell the Minister this, nae dout; but I think it's better than ha'in' to haul his wife, auld drucken Jenny, out o'

a new dug grave it she tumbled into, as she was stiteren hame frae Mrs. France's, after gettin' fou. What for did the auld donnered deevil no thraw the yerth upon her at aince, an' be dune wi' her. Be my certy, nether you nor him 's better than ither folk, for a' the fuss ye mak. Was ye no for kissin' every lass it wad let your ugly mou' ne'er her, at Robin Fiergrieve's kirn, last hairst. Thump,—Aye, God, I'll tak' the heat out o' ye. An' that filthy auld deevil o' a minister rins awa' to the bonny leddy o'er at the Burnha', an' stays there for days thegither; but surely she thinks mair o' her nain braw man, than to hae ony thing to do wi' an auld deevil like him. Now, curse ye, I'm dune wi' ye. I haena got mysel as weel emptied this ten yeer; but I think you and me 's about square now. There's ane mair to ye,—thump,—to finish the bargain, ye——".

Here Meg's career was suddenly terminated. The good folks of the village of C—m had too much regard for their Dominie, to allow him thus to be exterminated; and although Meg's rapid movement had thrown them all aback, they soon rallied, and, witch though she was supposed to be, she was seized neck and crop by some of the bystanders, who had now gained admittance, (for on entering she had most adroitly locked the door inside, which gave her time to perform her work at leisure,) and hurried out of the school; while Jock,

still in the *dishabile* into which the Dominie had thrown him, was kicked after his virago of a mother.

The Dominie was drawn out almost dead with fright from the hole into which he had jammed himself, and in a most pitiable plight found his way to his house; while it was announced that the school would be vacated for the day. This was glorious news; and off we skipped, head over heels, mad with fun at the events of the day, and no way sorry to have purchased a day's freedom at such a fearful expense to the poor Dominie. But I must close with these childish recollections, over which the memory but too fondly lingers, and hasten to the more serious and important events with which it was my lot to be mixed up. But I cannot leave Dominie H—n, without mentioning the high honours to which he afterwards arrived, and how completely he established his power over the simple villagers of C—m, and the whole adjoining country. The office of bailie of the barony had been long laid aside by the Earl of H—, the feudal superior. This appointment the Dominie prevailed upon the Earl to revive and bestow upon him, having promised to the Earl, whose fortune was at a low ebb, that he would rake up his rights of superiority, and recover considerable sums of money, of which the Earl stood greatly in need. No sooner was the pe-

dagogue installed baron-bailie of C—m, than the weekly court was proclaimed, and encouragement given to petty litigation, and disputes of every kind. The new bailie found suits innumerable. The school-desk was converted into a seat of judgment; and every Thursday the Dominie laid aside his taws, to lift the more awful sceptre of justice. Not satisfied with exercising his authority within the modern limits of the Earl's superiority, the pestilent pedagogue explored the ancient extensive jurisdiction of the H— family, when they were nearly proprietors of the whole county of B——; raked up every ancient right and usage, long become obsolete, and of which the peaceable inhabitants had never before heard. Summonses were dealt out in every direction; and when the Thursday morning arrived, the unfortunate delinquents might be seen flocking from every quarter to the place of judgment, in rueful wonderment what new infernal plague was this that had so suddenly beset them. The Dominie's son was installed clerk, in order that no grist should escape his mill; and a fine, more or less, was the inevitable consequence with the party summoned. Many were the pretty pieces of eloquence and supplication used by the delinquents, to shew cause why they should not be fined; but the Dominie was proof against such appeals to the feelings; and any thing in the shape of a common

sense argument, was answered by a thundering piece of Latin eloquence from the learned judge, which at once confounded and silenced the unfortunate pleader. The fear of the Dominie now extended far and wide; and those who at first talked boldly of resistance, were glad to succumb. The pedagogue, with spectacles on nose, and seated at his desk, which, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, was contrived "a double debt to pay," being, as I have said before, the rostrum from whence he issued his mandates and instructions to the young generation, and pronounced judgment against the trespassers on the lordly rights of the noble house of H—, was more dreaded than any judge in Britain. Various were the degrees of flattery to which the parties had recourse, to soften the decision of their obdurate judge. My Lord, and your Lordship became too trite terms for the dignity of Dominie H—n. New modes of address were, therefore, applied, and in the first instances not in vain, for greedy as the Dominie was of the *pecunia*, his lust of gain sometimes gave way to his greed of flattery. As he rose in the scale of power, "your grace" became a more acceptable term; "your highness," and "your gracious lordship," next came in course, with all the necessary accompaniments of bows and becks; but "the crowning rose of the whole wreath," and that which put on the copestone of the Dominie's fame,

was the address of a reverend father of the village, who, seeing that his case was on the eve of being lost, advanced to the judgment seat, with blue bonnet in hand, and scanty locks, frosted by eighty winters, enough of themselves to excite commiseration in the most obdurate heart, and reverently kneeling down before the uplifted pedagogue, most humbly entreated that his *most gracious majesty* would once more take his, the delinquent's, case into his royal consideration, and, if he could not acquit him, at least, on account of his old age, and his attachment to his royal person, pardon his offences. There was no withstanding this appeal; old Robin was assoilzied instantly, commanded to rise from his humiliating posture, and, amidst the deafening shouts of the whole court, the exalted Dominie looked and moved an object not unworthy the royal dignity with which honest Robin had invested him. I have no doubt, kind reader, that thou wilt think this last scene overdrawn, but I do most solemnly tell thee, that it did *actually* take place, which many still can vouch, and witnessed, although it certainly does appear most singular that such petty tyranny as Dominie H—n was guilty of could possibly be practised in the beginning of the nineteenth century, or submitted to in the tame and ridiculous manner which I have stated, yet such was actually the case, and, disgraceful to say, he

was supported in all his doings by the feudal superior, to whom he brought some wretched multures by this system of petty oppression. The Dominie's career, however, was finished soon after arriving, (like Buonaparte), at the plenitude of power, he ventured to stretch his authority beyond the sum prescribed by the law which regulates such courts, and committed a man of some consequence to the county jail. This was the finishing stroke to the Dominie. An action for heavy damages was brought against him, and ultimately carried, upon which the Earl of H—— put an end to the pestilent court.

I wonder what has always tempted poets and romancers to paint in such florid colours the beauty and innocence of the country. By my troth, if they knew the morals of the nymphs and swains as well as your humble servant, they would have spoke less rapturously of their *purity* and *simplicity*. You will naturally say, reader, what means this sudden start off? then I shall tell you, before I bid adieu to the country for ever, and hurry you through trackless oceans, the torrid zone, introduce you to men and women, black, white, copper, and mulatto, and finally, bring before your mind's eye, and into terms of familiarity, the greatest man the sun ever shone upon, at least in this ant-hill earth of ours; for what sort of mortals he shines upon in the other planets, or what

wonderful beings inhabit those vasty creations, surpasses our poor mortal conception, yet may one not dare to guess. Saturn, for instance, is at least half a dozen times bigger than this world; is it not, then, natural to think, that if inhabited by rational beings, by "lords of the creation," as we pigmies style ourselves, that they should be six times bigger than us? therefore, a new born infant of a lady of Saturn, must be equal in size to our most stately full-grown gentlemen, and his babeship of six feet will be dandled about with the same ease by his lady-mother of thirty-six feet high, as one of our fair belles would handle the first product of her tender love, when the small he or she does not exceed eighteen inches. They talk of enlarging one's ideas by books and travelling. I think I have hit upon a plan of enlarging our ideas in a much easier way. The theory is perfectly consistent with the scale of creation. And what a fund for reflection and amusement, to imagine the wooings and cooings, the soft sayings, and tender glances of a gentleman of forty feet high, and a lady of thirty-eight, square in proportion; but what, in God's name, have I to do with Saturn or Jupiter? Surely I have been dreaming this last half hour. It was an affair of earth I was about to describe, and that too in an obscure country village, overlooking the German Ocean, before setting out upon my travels.

We had, in the village of C—m, a Meeting House, that is, a place of worship for people of tender conscience, to whom the ways of our good Scotch ministers of the Establishment had become an abhorrence, and who declared that *they* and *their* pastors were alone the pure elect. Having a dissenting congregation, we had, of course, a dissenting clergyman. Yea, a very pattern of a dissenting clergyman, meek, pious, watchful of his little flock, rigid beyond rigidity in his sayings and doings, the sworn enemy of vice of every kind, and more especially did he set his face against the damning vice of propagation "*sans bans*," which, notwithstanding the purity of his congregation's morals, somehow or other, I *cannot* tell how, did take place oftener than any rational cold-blooded calculating man could have imagined. Still, I think, these mistakes, which happen so often in the "rural vale," much oftener certainly than in the town, can be easily accounted for. Like Haidee on her lonely isle, that Eden of the noble poet's imagination, the children of the country are all children of nature, and implicitly follow its impulses, without vows or scruples, so that, were it not for priests, and justice of peace courts, those mortal enemies to nature, and *natural* productions, Heaven knows to what extent this simplicity might be carried. With us inhabitants of towns, that is presuming, kind reader, that,

like myself, thou art town-bred, the case is quite different; both sexes are so thoroughly trained, from infancy upwards, and nature kept so completely in awe by the labours of art and artful matrons, that she dare not show face in polite society. I have sometimes thought, on looking through a drawing-room, that if so many puppets could be set agoing upon their wires, with the accompaniments of tea-cups, pianos, stools, music-books, &c. they would go through the motions just as well, and with as much display of passion as our modern beaux and belles. Oh, ye Gods! give me ease, wit, and sprightliness, the dimpled cheek blushing crimson to the manly but tender whisperings of some ardent spirit, and not the "rural scandal and the rural jest," for that must not be admitted into drawing-rooms, but, in place of starched dulness, give me any thing,—the town scandal, the town jest, and the town wit, if it's to be found, any thing to vary the scene and sweeten our path as we move through this mixed existence. And Parson Sharp, for so was the dissenting clergyman yclept, did give the villagers of C—m a little variety, and gallantry too, as you shall presently learn.

The parson's chief elder, or prime minister, to talk in political phrase, was also the chief man in the little village; and a thriving man he had been; for, from the humble profession of a heckler, Peter had

gradually risen to possess the best shop in the village; and if Peter's own word was to be taken, every thing he sold was of the best quality, far surpassing the commodities of the lesser hucksters of the village, on whom Peter looked down with contempt. Peter was, moreover, a man of taste, and he displayed it most prominently in his choice of a wife. Though a man of short stature, Peter had gigantic ideas, both as regarded mercantile and matrimonial pursuits; and Mrs. Peter was a living specimen of her husband's good taste, tall, handsome, young, (much younger than Peter,) fascinating both in look and gesture. "Grace was in all her steps," and in every motion there was at least love, if not dignity; loquacious, if not eloquent, and, above all things, most devout; although the "roguish twinkle in her eye" sometimes hinted that mother Eve's tempter was still trying his old tricks upon her descendant. Whatever was Mrs. Peter's strength or weakness, she was in such safe keeping, that to step aside was impossible. Elder Peter, if not a stern, was at least a man of austere morality, and then Parson Sharp, her spiritual guardian, worthy divine, and constant attendant, was a terror to evil doers, and enough, so pure was his morality, to cool the very atmosphere in which he moved. The minister and the elder were of course great friends, and as Parson Sharp,

as was said lately of our talented and reforming prime minister, had no domestic engagements (which by the way, I suppose, is found sufficient excuse in these reformed times for a bachelor, whether minister of the gospel or prime minister, to domesticate himself with any obliging fair one who has already the advantage of matrimonial domestication), I say, then, Parson Sharp having no domestic engagements, became in a great measure domesticated in the house of his chief elder, honest Peter. Mrs. Peter's tastes were literary and religious; of course, the parson and she were companions meet for each other, and while Peter was pursuing with diligence his daily business, superintending his hecklers, serving his customers, sanding and damping his sugar and tobacco, mixing his tea with leaves of the sloe thorn, carefully prepared for the *honest* purpose, watering his molasses, and mixing the old half rotten and new meal together to sell for the finest new meal that had ever been in his shop, Parson Sharp and Mrs. Peter were snugly seated in the little back parlour off the shop, discussing matters of high import, and wrapt in visions of heavenly, and, I am afraid, often of earthly bliss, (which to be sure is the easiest understood of the two), of which the humble and confiding Peter could form no conception.

In this happy state years glided away, while all things went on improving both with Peter and the parson. Mrs. Peter produced annually, (for she was very prolific), a happy addition to the well contented elder's stock of live material, and all "went merry as a marriage bell," and might have done so until Mrs. Peter's youth, and beauty, and prolificacy had all vanished; but the world will not be quiet,—confound the world, I wonder what the word means; I have myself had more pest with that same world than any well-intentioned gentleman that, I believe, ever lived. It is most strange that people cannot be allowed to go to the devil their own way, without every petty intermeddling reptile boring their nose into one's affairs; and it generally happens too that the world, as it is called, is busiest with the best of the species, who, perchance, has a failing or two, or say three, for I know those same failings multiply upon us, who are not hypocrites enough to cloak them up, and

> "Steal through a window frae a ——
> But point the rake that takes the door."

Now here, in thy presence, reader, and be it known to all who may lift these pages, do I enter my protest against the world, whose dread laugh, though no philosopher, I have learned to scorn, and for which I care not one pinch of snuff. The world

is a good world, a capital world, and I have had many happy days in it, and so may you if you know how to use it; but there is in it a busy set of devils who delight in breaking in upon the private comforts of the neighbours, who, I trow, would never think of infringing upon them. What business had the old women, and young women too of the village of C—m with the noses of Elder Peter's children? What was it to them, whether their noses were flat like a black's or tapered like a Circassian's—whether their lips were thick or thin, or whether their complexions were fair or black? yet they did interfere, confound their impudence; and hinted, too, that some of the elder's bairns were liker the minister than Peter: "At ony rate, what was the minister doin' sae muckle wi' Mrs. Peter, mair particularly when Peter was frae hame;—atweel it wasna decent, to say the least o't; mair fit he was at hame studying his sermon, than claverin' wi' his elder's wife: troth, a gay, glaiket hizzy she was, wi' her lang legs swabblin' ower the counter whan ony young man cam in, an' buskin' at her tap-knots for hours thegither, mair fit she was mindin' her bairns than readin' her trash o' novelles; my certy, if she wasna sae fou keepit, she wad hae less daffin' in her head; but there wad be an outcome frae a' this yet, an' that afore lang."

Whether the village gossip had reached the ears

of Elder Peter, or whether the noses of some of his bantlings did really savour something of the parson, God only knows; but certain it is, that Peter's demeanour, to those who knew him best, suddenly changed, and all hell seemed to have entered his breast at once. This was only discoverable, however, from certain wincings and mutterings, and occasional starts, which indicated that all was not sound within; but what was the cause Peter carefully concealed, and, like a prudent man, he determined to watch the "march of events," and keep his own counsel. With the exception of those wincings, no change took place in his outward deportment towards his loving spouse or the minister either, and he was received as usual with unchanged respect.

I cannot conceive what the deuce tempts every little man to go full bolt in search of a big wife. Confound the impudent pigmies! do they know the value that every lady, whose height, like Queen Mary's, "rises to the majestic," puts upon herself, and how very likely she is to look *down* with contempt upon her loving lord, should she deign to wive her, from worldly considerations, with some small gentleman, hopping about like a skip-jack round her dignified person? It is a fatal error, reader, and one that is fallen into nine times out of ten, but no doubt nature has wisely ordered it, for beyond all

question, if all the tall he's and she's stuck together, and the little fellows and trig maidens were condemned to go on without variety, we should have distinctly two breeds, the one increasing in size, and the other diminishing, until I verily believe the one set would be carrying the other about upon their hands like puppets, for their amusement. But had Parson Sharp been a tall man, I could half have forgiven Mrs. Peter; so far from that, he was as ugly a little reptile as I ever clapped eyes upon, with an evident portion of African blood in him, as the thick lips, flat nose, and almost woolly black hair, plainly indicated. Now Elder Peter was a dapper little fellow, all smiles and sunshine, quick in his movements, a round laughing countenance, and the bow always ready, he was worth a dozen of the ugly, sour, libidinous, hypocritical, anti-burgher priest, and what quality he possessed that charmed Mrs. Peter, the world could never discover, though no doubt Mrs. Peter knew it well, for women never sin merely for the pleasure of sinning, and that Parson Sharp had some *secret* charm about him invisible to the vulgar eye, I have no doubt; but be that as it may, it became evident to the most careless observer that there was a vile cross, a very Moorish cross, in the breed of Elder Peter's progeny; and Peter was determined, like a philosopher, to be at the bottom of the mystery. The

effect was evident, but whence the *cause* poor Peter could not divine,—or rather, poor Peter did divine, and traced it too, in his own mind, to a *divine* origin, or found that a *divine* was the *origin*, which I think is the more proper expression of the two. Such a source, you would say, should have satisfied an elder of the kirk—yea, even an elder of the secession;—but it by no means satisfied Peter. The legal means of detection was now to be concerted, and Peter laid his plans accordingly. A card of invitation to drink tea and spend the evening (that being the fashionable phrase), with a friend who lived some miles off, was handed in to Mrs. and Mr. Peter. This invitation Peter was pretty sure his loving spouse would decline, as she had for some time shown great aversion to going from home, but always recommended to her lord "not to confine himself on her account, as his close attendance to business required sometimes, for his health's sake, a little relaxation, while she, poor soul, immersed in the cares of her beloved offspring, cared not for all the world beside. Oh! woman, woman! wert thou not so sweet a decoy duck, I would have at thee with my worst Billingsgate; but it will not do, there is such an intrinsic feeling within me of thy bewitching qualities, that whenever I intend to rail, my spirit gives way, and I sink under the influence of thy tender dominion. But forward—the plan succeed-

ed,—Mrs. Peter declined, and Elder Peter accepted the invitation. The day came, a fine summer's day, somewhere between May and June, when all nature is in a frolicsome mood. Mrs. Peter enjoined her husband "not to stay too long, not to get drunk, not to dance with the idle gawkies, in derogation of his gravity as an elder, &c. &c., but to return to her *chaste* and longing arms, (God the while,

> 'Oh, for a forty parson power,
> To sing thy praise hypocrisy.')

at least before the witching time of night;" which was faithfully promised, and, as you shall hear, gentle reader, as faithfully performed; that is, wanting certain little odds and ends, the non-performance of which led poor Mrs. Peter and Parson Sharp, not into an awkward scrape, for that they led themselves into, but into a very awkward discovery of that which on earth they wished to conceal the most.

Instead of finding his way to the home of his inviting friend, Elder Peter, on deadly projects bent, only jogged on about half a mile, when, watching carefully that he was not followed, suddenly wheeled to the right, and under cover of a belt of planting, navigated his backward way to within a few paces and in full view of his own door, while he had the advantage of being completely concealed in the

thick copsewood, to go on with his reconnoitering at leisure. In this position he remained not long until he saw the Parson enter his house, accompanied by one of his own children, who had evidently been dispatched for the man in black, alias the black man; for the divine could not be misnamed by either appellation. If thou art a husband, reader, thou canst easily imagine Elder Peter's feelings; and if a bachelor, and was ever jealous of some hated rival, thou canst have a tolerably good guess of what was passing in poor Peter's breast; and if of the softer sex—no, I will not go on, for though there be some sad vixens among ye, yet ye are withal so sweet, so kind, so gentle, that, like my uncle Toby's oath, when presented at heaven's chancery, could I cancel the whole backslidings of the sex with a tear, or with an ocean of tears, which I am afraid would be required, like the recording angel, who dropped a tear on the word, they should be all blotted out for ever. But the Parson, the wicked Parson, I must have at him; I owe his cloth a grudge for their hypocrisy, and I shall be revenged of them.

Elder Peter lay not long ensconced in his Patmos —human nature could not refrain long under the circumstances, and ere half an hour elapsed, Peter had quietly wormed his way to the back of his house, and took a peep through his bed-room window,

which was on the ground floor adjoining the back parlour, already described. What Elder Peter saw, I shall not say, for I am a gentleman possessed of great modesty; but what he did I can tell distinctly, as I heard it from his own lips. He seized a half brick, lying most opportunely at his elbow—threw up the window, and took such an especial good aim, that he struck the Parson fairly between the eyes, and at once bolting through the window, prepared to grapple with this trespasser upon his sacred soil; but the Priest had anticipated Peter's movements, and made his exit by the front door ere Peter succeeded in getting in at the window. In what plight he escaped, I leave all good Christians to guess; but, as Byron says of Don Juan, as the Priest liked not the inside he locked the out, which was wisely done, as, had the infuriated Elder clawed him at that moment, the strangulation of the parson would certainly have been the consequence. The minister's ridiculous appearance, as he crossed the street in his flight to the adjoining copsewood, had, however, not escaped notice, and that too by a member of his own congregation. The pleasant scandal flew "far and wide with the speed of light," and Peter himself was the first to proclaim his own shame. The affair happened on a Saturday evening; and on Sabbath by ten o'clock, Peter betook him to the village cross, an erection of so many cir-

cular stones piled one above the other, like the ascent of a pyramid, with a wooden pole stuck in the middle, as much resembling a cross as a Chinese mandarin. Upon this pedestal did Peter mount him, which elevated his diminutive person to a commanding position, in which he was assisted by the vicinity of the cross to the meeting-house, which rendered it impossible for any one of the godly entering thereto, not to be attracted by Peter's elevation. Here the Elder commenced his tale of woe to the astonished rustics, as they arrived from various quarters of the parish. The inhabitants of the village, young and old, and of both congregations, were early assembled round Peter, and as the church hour drew near, his audience rapidly augmented, until Peter had assembled round him the congregations both of Kirk and Secession. Again, and again, and again, did the frantic Peter relate the sacrilegious invasion of his domestic hearth, and show that this wicked pastor had taken more than a due care of his flock, for he had even taken his own (Peter's) pet lamb into his bosom with foul intent. The language of passion is always eloquent, and Peter was eloquent to a degree that astonished all who heard him. For once the congregations of the Establishment and Secession laid aside their doctrinal differences, and listened intent and jointly to Peter's harangue, which was ever afterwards known by the

appellation of "Peter's second sermon on the mount." In vain did the old pot of a parish bell ring for divine service, and as much in vain did the audacious Parson Sharp, with his eyes blackened and bandaged, pass through the assembled crowd to enter his pulpit, as if nothing had happened, but not without the hisses and groans of his former devotees. No one entered either house of worship, but stood riveted round the maniac elder, sometimes struck dumb with wonder at the daring perfidy of the Parson, and now convulsed with rude laughter at Peter's furious expressions and mad gesticulations. Alas, alas, they knew not the hell fire that raged within the breast of poor Peter, as he reverted with cruel tenacity of memory to the numberless instances in which his faithless rib had conspired with the wicked Parson to encumber his brows with, not the horns of the altar, but the horns of a vile priest—the viper he had been cherishing in his bosom only to sting him the more furiously through the medium of his supposed better half. I tell you, gentlemen, the thing is not to be endured, and that Elder Peter did not become at once a raging bedlamite, is proof positive that he had more philosophy than most men would have shown under the same circumstances.

Now, sweet village, I bid thee a long adieu. Thirty years have passed away since the scene I have been describing took place, and all the actors

and most of the audience have gone to that place where the wicked cease from troubling, and even Parsons are at rest. Art thou fond of war, reader? If so, thou shalt have a touch of it by and by; but pardon me for reverting for a moment to the tough old Commodore, his expected earldom, his plans for providing for his numerous swarm of young aristocrats, and, above all, how the sons of old Griphard acquitted themselves in their undertaking to establish his rights. It is an old saying in Scotland, "that it is ill to take out of the flesh what is bred in the bone," and so thorough-bred was Griphard's posterity in the selfish ways of their father, that for them to do, or even imagine a generous action, was impossible; and, accordingly, after keeping the claim in their hands for more than ten years, so far from having advanced it, they now pretended that insurmountable obstacles presented themselves on all hands, talked largely of the folly of empty titles, and the happiness of being contented with one's lot, and strongly advised the old Commodore to think no more of the matter, but to stick to the cultivation of his few barren acres in C—m moor, and, above all things, to keep his children industriously employed at country labour, declaring that the age of twelve or fourteen was soon enough to send any of his family to school, and that to be able to read and write, and understand the four com-

mon rules, were attainments enough for any one. Their object in this would have been evident to any worldly-wise man, as, by keeping the young generation in ignorance, and bringing us all up clod-hoppers, they knew that we would be for ever rendered incapable of asserting our rights; but my father saw not this, and blindly followed their insidious recommendations, which, indeed, but too well accorded with his own ideas. He had two brothers, however, who were not so easily to be duped by the Griphards, and of whom they stood in more awe than the easy-going Commodore. The brother immediately younger than himself was a complete representative of his feudal ancestors while in the plenitude of their Border power; and in him the spirit of his namesake, the grim baron of W—n, famous in history for the murder of the Count de la Beautie, and who, in the face of the royal authority, then in the hands of the Regent Albany, held his own and his chief's lands, seemed to bloom again in renewed youth,—bold, restless, dark, intriguing, avaricious, selfish, cruel, ferocious, —while his eldest brother was honourably serving his king and country, he remained at home, and filled some inferior station in the civil department, contrived to presuade his father to bequeath the small patrimony that remained, to *him* instead of his elder brother, so that my father was disinherited

even of this last remnant of the possessions of his ancestors; but although guilty of this act of villany, he possessed a strong desire to aggrandize his family, was thoroughly acquainted with the trampled rights of his race, and possessed an instinctive and exterminating hatred, open and avowed, to the whole of the Griphard progeny, whom he looked upon as vile usurpers, and base-born intruders in the princely halls of his noble ancestors. The younger brother was bred to the law, a mild harmless man, whose person was a complete model for a statuary of the antique order,—possessed of great talents as a genealogist, an antiquary, and a decipherer of the ancient hands, the dupe and the tool of his designing brother, but warmly attached to the grand cause of his family. The Griphards dreaded this man more than the whole family combined, as he possessed exactly the kind of abilities which we most stood in need of, and most diligently did he apply himself to the task of establishing his eldest brother, the old Commodore, in the rights of his ancestors. Meanwhile, years slipped away, and my father determined that his sons should have a share in the hard knocks that were so copiously dealing throughout the civilized world, more especially in the most civilized part of it, the Continent of Europe. Oh, Divine Providence, for what were we civilized! Was it to make ourselves adepts in the art of cut-

ting each other's throats in the most gentlemanly way, and sweeping at once thousands of our fellow-mortals into one promiscuous hecatomb; but I suppose civilized Europe required something in the shape of a blood-letting, to rouse her from her dormancy, and I think the greatest lovers of the obstetric art will allow that she got it to the full, or rather to the emptying of every vein, and certainly to the emptying of the purse of poor old John Bull, who was glad at last to sit him down, after the "crowning carnage at Waterloo," quite worn out with the struggle, not a shilling to bless him, and nothing to console him, but that he had honourably wasted his blood and his treasure to give France an imbecile Caput instead of a Napoleon, and thrown the balance of power, about which he had kicked up such a devil of a row, into the hands of the barbarous autocrat of all the barbarous Russians, instead of allowing it to remain pretty fairly balanced between the French and the Russian despots, who might have gone on, as the lawyers say, during their natural lives, turning out yearly some quarter of a million of their fellow creatures, on either side, for butchery, while honest John might have looked quietly on, and kept his purse snug in his pocket. Confound digression, it is a barbarous failing I have, as bad as a Russian. It was the kicking off of my brothers and myself to

the army and navy that I was about to speak of, and not Alexander and Napoleon—pardonnez moi, Monsieur, Napoleon, and Alexander; let me take care of my classification.

CHAPTER II.

"The Border slogan rent the sky,
A Home—a Gordon, was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced—forced back—now low—now high,
The pennon sunk and rose."

In order to get rid of his offspring, the Commodore abandoned his hut in C—m Moor, and bundled us all into Edinburgh, pled his family pretensions with the commander-in-chief, then a royal duke, and craved, that in consideration thereof, and his own hard services, his royal highness would be graciously pleased to give his eldest son an opportunity of shooting or running through some score Frenchmen, or of being shot or skivered himself, by appointing him to an ensigncy in one of the regiments now in movement for the Peninsula, under the command of the gallant Moore, with which modest request his royal highness was graciously and humanely pleased to comply, and my brother appeared duly gazetted as F— H—, gentleman, to be ensign without purchase.

Frank Home.

Of late years I have heard a parcel of vile democrats declare that there was neither honour, nor generosity, nor humanity, in our royal family. I tell the impudent levelling rogues that they have been guilty of a gross libel upon royalty, and after reading this page I think they will close their mouths. Here was a young fellow, merely because he had some patrician blood in his veins, and his father had been in a dozen fights or two, most humanely allowed to expose himself to be shot or run through the body, and that too without paying a shilling for the privilege, all through the *humane* consideration of a royal duke. So let me hear no more against our beloved princes. God bless them all, and most especially our charming little doll Victoria! What a happy fellow is John Bull! though as bold as a lion you can tickle him with a straw. John has been very doucely employed these last eighteen years, rocking the cradle, and looking after his purse, growling most infernally about his former extravagance, and swearing he would reduce both church and state, when, all at once, he finds the baby he had been nursing with so much care, (for John is a kind hearted old fellow,) has turned out a lively buxom girl, and an insinuating little rogue to boot, for she pats John's rough shaggy whiskers with her pretty small hand, and, looking up in his weather-beaten face with her

sweet blue eyes, says, "Give me a kiss, my dear papa, and your daughter will take care of you in your old age!" Up springs John, and, with tears of delight in his eyes, hugs the sweet child to his heart, gives her twenty kisses instead of one, swears that she is the best and most beautiful daughter he ever had, that she shall have every thing she wants, d—n expense, John, once in humour, cares not a pinch of snuff for millions; and were any one to say that it was wrong she did, or said, John would fell the daring villain to the earth with one blow of his oaken bludgeon. Na, even cautious Saunders, too, gies a sly look, an' declares, "Weel, she's a real fine bairn that, I darsay I maun buy her a new gown to mak her braw for the fair. A wonder whan they'll pit the bit goold thing on her bonny head. Surely I maun toddle up to Lunon to see the bit lassie crouned." And, Paddy, my jewel, what say you? "Och, by my shoul, pace, my dear fellow; by the powers, if you say one word against the swate little darling, you shall have the shilela over your braincase in a minute. May she be blessed all over, from the crown of the foot to the sole of the head. Och, she is the most charming creature that ever blessed the earth; and were our Dan and her to make it up, you know; and be my shoul she likes Dan, or tother ould fighting chap, with the hawk's nose, him who beat all the devils in Spain,

ould Ireland's shamrock would again flourish green on her mountains, and we'd all get poratoes and whisky in plenty."

Now, reader, there is digression again, for which I suppose you would kick me if you could, but I am behind the curtain, my boy, and ungetatable. My eldest brother, then the presumptive Lord P—, a piece of raw material, in his eighteenth year, was packed off to Spain, to undergo, in a few months, the fatigues of Moore's retreat, which closed the earthly career of many a gallant veteran, and many a noble heart. I think I see my old father yet, taking hold of his son's hand to press it for the last time, (for they never met again,) while my mother, in all the bitterness of silent grief, was depositing some token of remembrance in a piece of paper, and slipping it into her son's pocket, with us younglings weeping around. "Now," says he, "my boy, I don't bid you run unnecessarily into danger, but do not allow any opportunity to escape you of annoying the enemy. You owe your life to your country, and, if lost in its defence, it is the most honourable way the debt can be paid. Remember in the hour of action, that your family has produced many a brave fellow, but never a coward. If you fall with honour, I shall weep you as a father, but rejoice in you as a true scion of the noble stock from whence you

sprung. If you return with honour, my arms shall be open to receive you; but mark you, Frank, d—n my eyes and limbs, if you play the coward, never show the beardless chin of you under my roof, or within a hundred miles of me; but this, my boy," pressing his hand, and softening the harsh tone his voice had assumed, while a tear glistened in his half sightless eyeballs, " this, I say, my boy, is impossible in a H—, or a son of mine. So, God bless you, Frank, obey your officers, do your duty; and, Frank, have a care of these d—d beldams of women, the giddy jades; a red coat and a long sword puts them crazed; but they are all fireships, Frank, blasted fireships, so keep your luff, and stear clear of them, else, my boy, you will find your lee-sheets on fire before you have time to put about. Now, my boy, get under weigh, and be off, and let us have done with this snivelling."

The next eldest, quite a lad, and severely threatened with consumption, was appointed, about a year afterwards, to a lieutenancy of marines, and died in a few months. My third, a fellow of infinite jest and good humour, who took the world fair and easy as it came, was sent off to the navy, where he was rapidly rising, when he burst a blood-vessel, and expired almost instantly. I was not long kept at home after my three elder brothers; and the moment I expressed a wish to go to sea the

Commodore lost no time to take me at my word, walked me off to the eccentric old Earl of B—n, who graciously condescended to give me a letter to the Port-Admiral of Leith, Sir E. N.; and on retiring from his lordship's presence he laid his hands upon my head, and blessed me. Alas, alas, poor Lord B—n! if all thy blessings turned out as complete abortions as that thou pronouncedst upon me, I am afraid, to say the least of it, they fell far short of thy good intentions. I cannot pass over this curiously constituted human being, without mentioning an anecdote of him, which, though well authenticated, I have never seen mixed up with the many notices of his oddities. A lady, whose husband and son he had got appointed to a regiment in India, the father promoted, and the son appointed to an ensigncy, waited on his lordship, and begged of him, as he had been *already* so kind, he would be so humane as afford her some pecuniary assistance to enable her to join her husband in India, upon which his lordship, with his usual placidity of countenance, retired for a few minutes, and returning, with a look of great satisfaction, presented to the lady a small parcel of calling cards, with the earl's title written with his own hand upon each of them, "There," says he, "madam, you have only to present one of those cards at each stage of your journey, and the name of the Earl of B—n

will pass you free of charge to the farthest corner of the earth." The lady was by no means satisfied with this sort of paper credit; but the Earl gave no time for remonstrance, and politely bowed her out of the house.

A little sceptical, however, of the magic attributed to the title of B—n, she consulted a friend, who instantly undeceived her. In this rueful plight, she again presented herself at the Earl's door, but was refused admittance. By some means or other she had been known a little to a Quaker of stocking-selling celebrity, who for many years held the even tenor of his way between his quiet snug residence in the Meadows, and his shop on the South Bridge. To this truly benevolent Quaker she made bold to tell her story, but with little hope of obtaining relief. The Quaker, like the Earl, retired after hearing her to amen, and after a few minutes bitter suspense on the part of the poor lady, who was probably looking for a second presentation of calling cards, Quaker M—r returned, and, with the greatest gravity of countenance, presented to the astonished applicant the sum she had stated as equivalent to her wants, observing, at the same time, " Sister, thou wilt peradventure find, that the broad pieces which I now give unto thee, stamped with the head of the man George, yea all of them warranted good gold, not of Ophir, but of Peru, will be of

more use to thee and thine in thy journey through the wilderness than the tickets of *friend* B—n.

But to my tale. With Lord B—n's letter in my pocket, I posted down to Leith, got admission to the Admiral, who received me with all the courtesy of a bear, bolt upright upon his hind legs. Taking the letter from my hand, and tearing it open, he remarked, in a strong Irish brogue, after having travelled down the first page, "No, I'll be damned if I do; better at asking favours than giving dinners, my Lord B—n. Confoundedly stingy of your wine last time I dined with you. More free with your cursed old-fashioned stories than your grog, old boy. I say, you d—d young spalpeen, what are you grinning at there with your white-washed baby face? Make a sailor of you, eh!—But come my boy, never mind, you're the son of a brave old officer, and that is a *better* recommendation to me than twenty earl's letters." So saying, he stroked my head, laid his hands upon my shoulders, whirled me round like a spin-top, swore I was a young Nelson, and immediately ordered me to be appointed to the T—t sloop of war, then on a cruize off the coast of Norway, but soon expected into port.

As I may never have occasion again to mention this fine old Irish Admiral, it may amuse the reader to hear how he came by his promotion and knighthood.

When in command of a frigate somewhere on the Irish station, he had gone on shore one day with most of his officers to dine with a hospitable countryman of his own, whose residence was some miles in shore. The jovial party had not left the ship many hours, when, shortly before sunset, a signal was made from one of the telegraphs, which, at that time lined the whole coasts of Britain and Ireland, that an enemy's ship of war was in the offing. Upon which, a junior lieutenant who had been left in command of the frigate, immediately dispatched a boat on shore for the captain and officers, giving directions to the young midshipman in charge of the boat to force them on board, *drunk* or sober. "You will most likely," says he, "find them all drunk, and the captain will swear it is a trick of me to get them early on board, and spoil their fun; but if nothing else will do with them, order the cutter's crew to seize them neck and crop, and bundle them down to the boat." Meanwhile, he unmoored the ship, keeping her at single anchor, and cleared the decks for action. The officer commanding the cutter lost no time in finding his way to the dinner party, where, sure enough, he found the gallant captain and his officers more than half-seas-over, and in full tilt of boisterous merriment. On announcing his errand, he was "ordered to be gone, for a blasted impudent skamp of a youngster;" but youngster as he

was, he stuck to his orders, and refused to take share in the plentiful libations that the rest were so liberally pouring down their throats. Finding persuasion vain, he determined to lay ceremony aside, and as by this time the whole party was completely muddled, he ordered his boat's crew to lay violent hands on their captain and officers, literally carried them down to the shore, stowed them into the boat, and had them safely on board the frigate in a trice. They were now become all oblivious, and the young officer in command, after seeing all his seniors safely under hatches, quietly slipt his cable, and stood out to sea in the dusk of the evening. Giving charge of the watch to an inferior officer who had not been of the jovial group, he wrapped himself in his cloak, threw himself down on deck, with directions to rouse him if any thing of consequence occurred before day-break. Nothing of consequence did occur before *day-break ;* but at earliest dawn they found themselves almost under the guns of a French fifty gun-ship, all ready to pour her broadside into them. The crew of the frigate had followed the example of their brave young officer, and were all stretched along the deck at their guns, ready to start and fall to at a moment's notice. The ship was ready for action in an instant; and by this time the *bon vivants* of the previous evening, having partly recovered from the effects of the debauch, and having, as

they say at sea, "turned in all standing," were ready for the deck upon the first rouse from the middy dispatched below to inform them what was going on. The captain had scarcely taken charge of the quarter-deck, when the action commenced, and to it they fell in good earnest, the night's debauch was soon shaken off by the awful activity of the morning, and captain A.'s Irish courage being fairly roused, he fought the ship like a hero. A tremendous fire was kept up on both sides for more than two hours, but seeing there was no chance, from his deficiency of mettle, of making any thing of the Frenchman, he determined to board her, which he immediately effected, and carried her in ten minutes, himself being the first man who gained her deck, and with his own hand hoisted the British ensign—

> "Which for a thousand years has braved
> The battle and the breeze,"

above the tricoloured flag.

This was a glorious consummation of an affair so inauspiciously begun. The captain brought his prize into Plymouth, posted to London with the news of his glorious exploit, and was made an Admiral and knighted before three days went round. While his hand was in, however, he generously told the whole story to the first Lord of the Admiralty. The

young officer who had acted so nobly, and who had lost an arm in the action, was immediately appointed a commander. The Prince of Wales, then in the hey-day of youth, and running his mad race, was so much tickled with the Irishman's adventure, that he invited Sir E. N. to dine with him, put his drinking powers again to the test, and found him such an invincible champion of Bacchus as well as of the British flag, that he was found worthy of being admitted a member of the Prince's famous Twelve Bottle Club, a sort of promotion which, by the way, killed most of those who had the honour of getting into such high society, whose powers of head and paunch fell short of the royal caput and rotundity. And from that day forward he was ranked amongst the Prince's personal friends, which, take him all and all, he well merited.

To get rigged in midshipman's uniform was now the height of my ambition; and my father, who was never slow in his movements, soon had me fully equipped, with dirk by my side, and my sea-chest, strongly dove-tailed and ironed at each corner, stuffed full of shirts, stockings, jackets, trousers, shoes, a Bible, a pewter wash-hand bason, soap, combs, and brushes. I am giving thee an inventory of my kit, reader, as, if ever thou hast a son to send to sea, thou wilt learn from this how to rig him out, blankets, pillows, not forgetting two knives and forks,

with table and tea-spoons, in like number, the latter, being silver, were carefully marked with the family crest, viz. a unicorn's head, with "remember true to the end," engraved round about it. This flourish, however, did not prevent their fate, and before I was a month at sea, the spoons disappeared. The boy of the berth was suspected, and finding he was about to be detected, he committed them, *crest* and all, to the safe custody of the sea, which tells no tales. He was, however, seen throw something overboard, while the search was going on, which the first lieutenant deemed proof sufficient (as they are not very particular about *proof-positive* on board of men-of-war); and gave him three swinging dozen to prevent such accidents in future; but this is anticipating.

Bedizzened in my new finery, the Commodore took me in his hand to several of the houses of the nobility, who all received him with marked kindness and respect. His fine reverend appearance was introduction sufficient any where; but the Scottish nobility were quite convinced of his right to be one of their order, and most of them intimately acquainted with the peculiarly unfortunate circumstances of the family. He had also voted as Earl of M—t at an election for representative peers, and his vote was sustained; therefore he was *tacitly* acknowledged by the body of nobility as of their own rank, and by

many of them treated as such, and styled by the title he claimed, so that, my Lord, and your Lordship, and the Earl of M—t, notwithstanding our poverty, became familiar in our ears "as household words."

Having been furnished with an introductory letter from his never-failing friend the Earl of B—n, to little Duke Henry of B—, we were received at the palace with more than ordinary respect. The good little man had just returned from reviewing his favourite militia, and was still in uniform, with his nose begrimmed with snuff, which, dispensing with the superfluity of a box, he kept in large quantity in his waistcoat pocket ready to throw about him on all occasions. War was the order of the day, and the good Duke smiled when he looked at my uniform, and saw that, young as I was, I was preparing for the *onslaught*, as Dugald Dalgetty would have termed it. Refreshments were ordered, and from my father's blindness, the benevolent Duke administered to his wants in person. I delight in mentioning this circumstance, as every thing that truly kind-hearted nobleman said and did is worthy of recording; indeed, from the intrinsic modesty of both him and his amiable Duchess, I well believe that many of their best actions are unknown to the world, except to those whose wants they relieved. On taking leave, the Duke observed to my father, that

he would hear from him soon, stroked down my head, and holding out his hand as if to shake hands with me, slipped a gold piece into my hand; and two days thereafter, his Grace's factor waited upon my father in our humble mansion in Edinburgh, and begged his acceptance of a hundred pounds to assist in fitting me out. This was an act of as pure benevolence as was ever exercised by a human being, and it is with strong feelings of gratitude and satisfaction that I *now* give it to the public. I am aware his race are now inimical to our cause, as they have wived them with the connexions of those who sit in our mansion, and occupy our ancestral domains, still will I never conceal a good action, and this was one of pure and unalloyed humanity.

As my ship was not expected for a week or two, a thought struck my father of sending me to the county of B— on a visit to the Griphards, with whom he had not been in correspondence for some years, and who had of late renewed their offers of service, and expressed a wish to be of use to his children, as that commodity had not multiplied upon themselves.

Although I have hitherto designed this family by the surname of its founder, the reader must know that, upon coming into possession of the family estates, they had laid aside the name of Griphard, and assumed the surname of the original family, in hopes

that, by degrees, the odious name of their father would be forgotten, and they being in possession of the lands, would be looked upon as the original stock, to which they were in some measure entitled, as, by the mother's side, they were actually of our blood and lineage. The nefarious transaction of their father, however, was too recent to be forgotten, and the opening up of the M—t succession, and my father's service as male-heir of both the families of W—n and M—t, conspired to keep their obscure origin in remembrance, and hence we were classed in the county of B——, they the female line *in possession*, and we the male line who *should* be in possession of the estates. This mode of distinguishing the Griphards, great as their possessions were, was a source of eternal vexation to them, and, do as they would, they never gained that respect from the old families of the county which they thought themselves entitled to; and in the midst of all their grandeur, a gloom and a curse seemed suspended over their heads.

Old Griphard, as I have said before, was twice married. By the first wife he had an only son, and by the second, the Baron of W—n's daughter, he had two sons and a daughter. Griphard did not pass through life without tasting of its bitterness. His son by his first marriage, married another daughter of the Baron of W—n, so that the father and

son, old and young Griphard, became brothers-in-law. This was gall and wormwood to old Griphard, and so enraged was he at his son for forming what he considered a connexion so unnatural, he cut him off with a shilling, and never exchanged words with him from the day of his marriage to the day of his death. Young Griphard had two sons by his marriage with the Lady of W—n, which stood in the connexion of half nephew and full cousins to the sons and daughters of the old Griphard. The eldest of young Griphard's sons went to the West Indies, acquired immense possessions, partly by marriage, and partly by exercising a greater degree of cruelty and extortion than was even common in that region of extortion and cruelty, and at the end of a very few years returned to Scotland, purchased a large estate, built a splendid mansion, and attempted to mix with the gentlemen of the county ; but it would not do, the name of his grandfather was still too odious, and wherever he went he was met with galling taunts and mortifying neglect. Determined not to endure this, he made use of his family interest to get an appointment abroad, and obtained the governorship of the islands of St. Vincent and Grenada, whither he repaired, and commenced, on a wider scale, his system of plunder and cruelty.

The blacks suffered for some years, but at last even *their* patience wore out, and in a general rising

of the slave population, he was seized, along with some of the chief planters of the island, carried to a hill-top, where they were kept for several days, and forced to perform all the labour of slaves; were flogged and tortured in the same way that they had been in the practice of treating the blacks, and then turned out and shot.

The younger brother became a lawyer in Edinburgh; and, on the murder of his brother, succeeded to the whole of his property. The eldest son of old Griphard was for sometime member for the county of B——, built a superb front to the old house of W—n, far exceeding the ancient castellated building, enclosed the park and pleasure-grounds with a wall of lordly height, and lived in a style of great magnificence; married, but had no posterity, quarrelled with, and separated from his wife; became discontented with every body and every thing, retired to London, and in gloomy misery, for all his immense wealth, ended his days in obscurity and contempt. His brother succeeded him, but died in about a year after taking possession of the estates, which devolved to the daughter of old Griphard, who was in possession at the time of my proposed visit to the halls of my ancestors. This lady had never married, but throughout life, I may say, from childhead to old age, she had kept house with the youngest of the two sons of young Griphard, to

whom she stood in the relationship of half aunt and cousin-german. They were much about an age, and common fame said (but fame's a liar) were much attached to each other; but, being within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, they could not marry. The lawyer, however, never married, so that the two kept house together, and lived it out, old maid and old bachelor, to the end of their lengthened existence. This man, of all the Griphard race, most resembled his grandfather, he was equally cunning, greedy, and rapacious, as much of a hypocrite, but less command of temper than it was said old Griphard possessed. His hatred to us, the male line, he could scarcely conceal, even when it best suited his own purposes. To him had been entrusted the conducting of our claim to the M—t earldom, under the most fair and fervent promises, and by him it had been basely neglected and retarded.

The old lady, his aunt and housekeeper, was by no means a bad character; womanlike, she was fond to see the male line likely to flourish in the young generation, and finding that my brothers were behaving well in the service, she had hinted a wish to have a visit from me at W—n, before I went to sea; her nephew had long relinquished the law, and, in possession of his own acquired and his bro-

ther's bequeathed property, resided with her at the chief family seat.

My visit to my great friends being agreed upon, and a seat taken out in the old lumbering stage-coach for the following morning, the Commodore ordered me to take pen and ink, and write to his dictation an introductory letter to old Miss Griphard, which, as far as my memory bears me out, was nearly as follows:

"DEAR MADAM,

"I use the expression, dear, to you, because you never offended me, and you are my cousin to boot, but you are the only one of your race I would use such a kindly word to. This will be handed to you by my son George, who also writes it, to let you see that the youngster has not been altogether neglected in his schooling. I shall not ask you to be civil to him, because if you are not I have ordered him to be off, and never break bread under that roof, where his ancestors lived some hundred years with the splendour of princes. I do not expect any unkindness from you, as you was always a warm-hearted little brat, and an old sweetheart of my own, so you must like my son; but I expect nothing but snarling and biting from the old rascal you have kept tied to your petticoat strings the best

of your lifetime, though it always astonished me what the devil you could see at him, Jean. Make my best compliments to him, and tell him I hate him as cordially as he can hate me for his soul. Now you see I am the old man, and as I have stretched a point to be civil in this letter, I expect a little attention to my boy in return. He is something like yourself, Jean, you will see the family feature, a confounded big nose, but not ill-looking withal, only I think he will not be so dumpy as you, although, not to flatter you, when a buxom wench of twenty, you put down a pair of as handsome pins as I ever saw trip it at the long room at point after a six months' cruise. Show him the old armoury, Jean, and tell him all about the achievements of his ancestors, which I know you have at your finger-ends; and now, my lass, as I am rather in better humour than when I set out, with thinking of younger days before I received so much bad treatment from your brothers, and especially the old shark still with you; I say once more, and I scarcely thought I should ever say it again to one of you, may God bless you, and when I say so, Jean, for all that is come and gone, I wish it from the bottom of my heart. Our voyage of life is nearly run, we have soon to appear at the last grand court martial, where hypocrisy wont do, Jean, so

that it is full time, while we still hold on here below, to forgive and forget. Adieu, sweetheart.

A—— H——."

EDINBURGH, 28*th April* 1809.

With this precious document in my pocket, which appeared to me at the time quite a masterpiece of the epistolary art, a good breakfast, and an ample quantity of cheese and bread for coming emergencies, I took my seat in the stage-coach at eight o'clock in the morning, to perform a journey of forty-four miles in twelve hours, which, in these days of improvement, takes up only about a third part of that time. So much for the changes of twenty-eight years; I wonder what the next twenty-eight will bring forth; aye, and wonder on, thou fool, art thou not better covered in thy shell of blindness than to be put mad with fear or expectation, if the actual certainty of futurity were to be unveiled before thee.

In the stage I found three passengers besides myself, two stout elderly gentlemen, say about fifty-five or so, both dressed in black, and both sporting a pair of topped boots in excellent keeping, while, from the gravity of their demeanour, and lengthened mode of expression, it was evident they were either doctors, ministers, or lawyers. The third was a lovely girl of seventeen, whose laughing eyes

formed a sweet contrast to the sour looks of our fellow travellers; and beside her I placed myself, or rather beside me she placed herself, for I think she was a second after me; and, thus pleasantly situated, we moved forward on our journey.

Oh, what a glorious season is youth! how buoyant our spirits! how uncramped our minds! how untrammeled our bodies! what a smile sits on the face of nature to the young eye, which, year after year, as we advance in the hackneyed path of life, loses its refulgence, until that which was before so beautiful becomes one wide barren waste, at least it has been so with me: but I suppose, like many others, I have made a desert to myself; plucked the roses of life too early and with too great avidity, and left nothing but the thorns behind.

The courtesies of the morning were soon exchanged between me and my young travelling companion, and a pleased sly glance she threw at my naval uniform, let me know that I was likely to be on good terms with her for the day. She seemed personally acquainted with the two gentlemen in black; and "how do you do Dr. S. and Dr. C.?" with a "how are you, Miss W.? most happy to see you," put us all on speaking terms. To any one accustomed to travelling, they would of course say that this was quite enough to set all our tongues agoing; for although I have seen a whole half dozen

passengers sit as silent as if they had been gagged, for half a day at a time, some sudden swing of the coach, which caused a temporary fear of upsetting, or a fat gentleman sitting half asleep bringing his head in sudden contact with his opposing passenger, which set the rest a laughing, or any such trifling incident, set all their tongues a-wagging at once, and from complete silence you would think the confusion of Babel had broke in upon you. Not so with us four, however, in the D—— coach, silence was immediately resumed; and, save the soft whisper of my she-companion, as she modestly pointed out any object worth notice in passing, and an occasional grunt from either doctor, all was as silent as the grave. In this way we passed the first four hours, and I thought the whole day would have gone over the same way; but it turned out that the silence was too ominous to last, and only proceeded from the smothered hate that lurked in the breast of either son of Esculapius against the other, which, despite of all courtesy to the young lady, at last burst forth in no measured terms, and was kept up with medical courage to the end of the journey, to the great terrification of poor Miss W. and my infinite amusement. Dr. C., who seemed the best natured of the two, and least dignified personage, did occasionally pop in a word to amuse us youngsters, whom he seemed eyeing with much pleasure,

as much as to say, aye, your day is coming; but whenever he opened his mouth, a most contemptuous ahem, or umph, proceeded from Dr. S. Upon which Dr. C. coolly took a long pinch of snuff, and eyed his dignified adversary with a most provoking leer. Although only four passengers, we mustered three on one side, and only one on the other, in the portly person of Dr. C., so that the doctors confronted each other; and whether the waggish Dr. C. had purposely pinched the gouty toe of his adversary, God only knows, but certain it is that we were suddenly startled by a furious oath from Dr. S., and a roar of pain. Upon which Dr. C. remarked, has " ony sudden illness attacked you, Doctor S. I am sure if I can be of ony service, notwithsta——

" Ony service, you impertinent fellow, you have pressed my toes to a mummy, and I believe designedly too, and then you offer service; if I needed medical assistance, it would not be yours I would ask, or any ignorant quack in the country; keep your feet away from mine, sir, I do not wish to come in contact with you in any way."

" I'll keep my feet just where I'm entitled to keep them, Dr. S., and if ye get a rub in the bygaun, ye maun just tak your chance; and let me hear nay mair about quacks, for fear I should gie you a bolus about the pit o' the stamick, it 'ill mak you quack like a duke for a month to come; ye ken

we're a' upon equal terms here, Doctor, ane's as good's anither, and I've paid my seat and my *diploma*, too, Doctor, as weel as you; sae patience, man, and dinna mak a fuil o' yersel afore the young lady, and that smirkin' thing wi' the bit dirk at his side. G—d, Doctor, it wad mak a good lancit, if ye should be suddenly seized wi' apoplexy, which, frae the redness o' your face, I would be likely to suspect might happen."

Before this harangue had ended, Dr. S.'s ire and pride seemed to have swelled to such a pitch as to exceed all power of utterance; but after a great deal of stuttering and stammering his tongue found play, and he thundered out,—" It is a pity the laws of the country are so constituted, sir, that such men as you should be allowed to shew their noses amongst gentlemen, and men of learning to be exposed to your galling impertinence with impunity. Had I got my way, sir, I would have had our town cleared of you twenty years ago, with your onion steeps and your wonderful cures; but you make a silly girl believe that you and *you* alone had recovered the use of her leg; and because her father is a member of Parliament, forsooth, he takes your part against us gentlemen of the faculty; buys you a St. Andrew's diploma, and leaves you at large, and laughing in your sleeve, to insult regularly bred gentlemen of the profession, whose regard to

their character and medical rules prevent them risking the lives of human beings, in the butcherly way in which you have sometimes stumbled upon a cure, but——"

"Now bide you there, Dr. S., or may be I'll gie you a *but*, sae very consistent wi' the rules o' art that you gabble sae muckle about, that ye'll no be inclined to dispute my skill again.

"Aye, sure enough, you and the rest o' your gang fought a stout battle to get me put down, but, faith, Miss B—— an' her faither beat you though,—an ingon steep, Lord, Doctor, an' ye wad but just let me try the experiment upon you, ye wad never forget it a' your born days; afore the ingons was sax hours upon ye, I venture to say ye dance as pretty a hornpipe as though ye were only twenty year auld, though ye're now turned o' eighty, an' superannuate eneugh, na doubt. Aye, Doctor, ye maun confess yoursel that it was a bad job, you an' the D—se doctors made o' bonny Miss B——, poor thing, had it no been for my superior skill, she wad nae hae put the weel-made leg o' her to the grund again; but, faith, Doctor, for a' yer bunglin' I made a job o' her after a', an' set the bonny lass up as weel as ever again; aye, aye, Doctor, ye're a poor set in D—se, am sure but for me I dinna ken what wad become o' the toun."

This second attack, concluded with such a piece

of consummate self-praise, completely silenced poor Dr. S., and satisfying himself with looking the very emblem of indignation, he folded his arms, and threw himself back in the corner of the coach without returning a word. Dr. C. having fairly driven his antagonist from the field, got into an immense flow of spirits, snuffed, cracked, and laughed alternately, rallied Miss W. upon her fine colour, which made it rush several shades deeper to her lovely cheeks, quizzed me upon my warlike appearance, and asked me how many flees I had killed w' my rapier, while the snoring of Dr. S., real or pretended, announced his entire contempt of his fellow travellers.

In this happy state we reached the half-way-house, where a comfortable parlour, in the little country inn, and a smoking dinner, presented a prospect of creature comforts, at all times highly acceptable to the appetised traveller, especially if he has time to eat, which, in these modern times, seldom happens ; but at the happy period of which I speak, when mortals had no idea of posting along a road as if the devil was in chase of them, ample time was allowed for mastication, and *drinkification* too. I do not know if there is such a word, but there is such a *thing*, and that's enough for my vocabulary ; and at the Inn of Whiteburn, in 1809, one hour was allowed for changing of horses, and

the passengers to dine; but here another fracas occurred between "proud Esculapius' sons," which was likely to lose us our dinner, for which my young jaws were watering.

Dr. S. would not so much degrade himself as to sit down at the same table with such an impudent vulgar quack as Dr. C., and on entering the inn ordered his dinner to be served at a side-table. "Never mind him," says the facetious Dr. C., "sit doun Miss W., and sit doun young gentleman, or rather young officer; what's your *name*, callant? Faith, if I'm no greatly mistaken o' your countenance, *its* a gaye auld, and has been a gaye gret ane in our county. Are ye no ane o' the young H—s, o' W—n that *should* be?" "The same." "Then sit doun, my fine young gentleman: I'm proud to see you; but stop, bide you there, Dr. S., wi your lang gully. Lord, lad, first come first served; if ye wull indulge yersel wi' a side-table, ye may get a side-joint too; for, faith, I'se serve this bonny young ledy, and this weel-born gentleman, now since I ken wha he's come o', afore ye pit a bit in the greedy mou o' ye." At same time, starting up, and placing his carving knife and fork between Dr. S. and the roast of beef.

The aspect of affairs now became serious: both medical men, armed with carving knife and fork,

looked ready to commence the work of dissection, not upon the beef, but their own persons; when a sudden scream from Miss W., and the entrance of the landlord, who had overheard the high words, restored order; and poor Miss W. having recovered from her half fainting fit, the dinner passed over in solemn silence.

Having again taken our seats, off we jogged at a mended pace; and, as the doctors kept silence, we went on pleasantly enough. Miss W., having learned who I was, and knowing my family, and the purpose of my journey, with which I had made her acquainted, happened to remark, that she had heard, before leaving B—re, the other day, that old Miss Griphard had sent for gentlemen of the law to make her final settlements; and that it was said she intended to leave my father a large portion of her estates, failing her nephew, the son of the younger Griphard, who was as old as herself, and therefore was not likely to survive her long.

This was glorious news to me; and, when coming from the lovely lips of Miss W., it sounded with tenfold sweetness. Dr. C. expressed his great delight to hear that Miss Griphard was about to render some justice to the disinherited family; when Dr. S. (who, by the way, was physician to the Griphards), slowly raised his eyes, and gave Miss W.'s report a direct contradiction.

"From whence have you your authority?" demanded Dr. C.

"To that impertinent question, sir, I do not condescend to answer," returned Dr. S.

"To whom did you hear the estates were to be left?" timidly inquired Miss W.

"Why," says the Doctor, with some kindness in his countenance, as he looked at the innocent face of the lovely girl, "you know, Miss W., being the family physician, I have some right to know their secrets. The entailed portion of the estate cannot be put past the persons to whom it was destined by the first Griphard. These are the descendants of a daughter of the first Griphard by his second marriage; who, from her having married a person contrary to her father's wish, was disowned and never mentioned. Her husband afterwards became a minister of the Church of Scotland, and his daughter again run off with a common labourer, or rather a working mason, to whom she had two sons and a daughter. The old mason is still alive, and was lately rouped out of a small farm which the present Griphard had given him, because he fell back of his rent; for they are a hard family, you know, Miss W. The eldest son is a planter in the West Indies, upon young Ninian Griphard's estates,—he that was murdered by the blacks at St. Vincent, I

mean. The other is a poor attorney in B—k-upon-T——d, who cannot make bread to his family; and the sister, who is pretty, and rather clever, lately caught a lean long-legged minister, who has a church somewhere about St. Abb's Head, so that she is the best provided for of the whole of that family; but I can tell you for certain, Miss W—, that the whole of the unentailed property, which is very extensive, and all their ready money, is to go to their adopted daughter (for she can be considered in no other light); Miss Nancy Skinnington Viper, who"——

"Their adopted daughter, Miss Nancy Skinnington Devilskin," interrupted the enraged Dr. C., with a voice of thunder; at same time mimicking the pompous style of Dr. S.; "What! leave all their estates and ready money to that vinegar-faced, nondescript, scrofulous West Indian importation, Nanny Skinny Viper! L—d, if they were to be guilty o' such an action, and so many young fallows o' their nane kith and kin to heir the property, they should be taken out to the market-cross, and hanged without judge or jury. An' even tho' it war true, as has been currently reported, that she never saw the Wast Indies, but was, as they say, auld Jeany's, and her half nephew Geordie Grippy's douchter; still, what is she but a bastard o' the

warst kind, after a'. An', think you, is the male heir to be defrauded for Nancy Skinnyface, for that wad be a better name for her; but the deevil a drap's blood she's to them: she hasna a feature o' ony o' their twa faces. My faith, she's been a weel seen to getlin already, without gettin five or sax baronies o' land, an' Heaven kens how muckle siller besides. Come, come, Dr. S., gies nae mair o' yer d—d nonsense; we've had plenty o't the day already, an', G—d, this is a crowner ye've gien us; but, be my faith, ye'se no' run awa wi the harrows a' thegither, when ye hae me aside ye, my learned brother Smellfungus; but, L—d, I'll tell ye what am thinkin', Doctor, it ye've a notion o' Miss Nanny Skinny yersel, auld an' dited as ye are; ha'en laid yer ain honest woman in the grave, about the time I cam' amang the stupit set o' ye, to keep ye in order, so ye're free for the "Hymenial altar again," to speak classickly; but, L—d lad, if that's yer drift wi' Skinny, yer a' mista'en, for ther's been a great big chield o' a sea captain, or admiral, I dinna ken which, lookin' after her, him that was married to ane o' auld daft Sir Alexander's douchters, o' Purvesfield; an' deil tak me if I ken whether his wife's dead or no, but that's no muckle to Skinny; she can mak the contract the noo, an' marry the admiral whan the wife's deed. The sea chap wants her

siller; for, though it's no sailor-like, they say he's real fond o' the *pecunium*. So, Doctor, ye may craw an' flee up there."

Dr. C. had delivered his last speech with such rapidity and volubility, that it was near a close before the pompous Dr. S. had time either to interrupt or answer him; but having made up his mind before the termination, he furiously let down the window of the chaise, and thrusting his head out, bawled, "Coachman stop, I say, sir, stop, and let me out; I am determin'd not to sit here and be insulted in such a villanous manner, though I should be compelled to walk the rest of the journey."

The coachman had by this time opened the door, and, quite indifferent, stood ready either to let the Doctor out, or close it again.

"I say, sir," says Dr. S. to the coachman, "am I to be allowed to be grossly insulted in your coach by a sneering vagabond, without the means of redress or assistance, and have no alternative but either to perform the last ten miles of the journey on foot, or submit to his vile abuse."

Here the coachman commenced scratching his head, and evidently meditated some attempt at reconciliation between the contending powers, when Dr. C., taking advantage of his opponent's position, with a single push, sent the great Dr. S. spinning

out at the door, and, suddenly closing it, ordered the coachman to drive on.

The learned Doctor, having fallen into the coachman's arms, received no bodily injury; but, fuming with rage, he commenced a volley of oaths, that would have done credit to the best boatswain's mate in his Majesty's navy; while the mischievous Dr. C., holding fast the coach door, and eyeing his discomfited enemy with his usual provoking leer. "Now, Dr. S., we've had a gay fashous companion o' ye; but the deil be in my skin if ye pit fit here the night again; juist toddle yer ways hame on shanks' naigy, or slip up aside the driver, an' keep yersel quiet, an' I'll stand a' the legal actions o' damages ye may try again me; faith, I've tried your mettle afore now, an' beat you out and out, sae ye may tak yer nain way o't now."

Poor Dr. S., seeing there was no alternative, e'en followed his adversary's advice, and without farther attempt at retaliation, except a few oaths, mounted beside coachy, and so we drove on.

Freed of our troublesome companion by this *coup de main*, Dr. C.'s hilarity burst out uncontrolled. "Now," says he, "my bonny Miss W., "am sure ye'll mind this journey a' yer days, an' laugh heartily when ye think o' the twa auld stupit deevils o' doctors kickin up sic a splore; but tak care ye dinna

mind, at the same time, the bonny laddie it ye've stuck sae close to a' the road, as if the crater, an' his bit sword, could hae protected you against a' deadly. Weel, weel, my bonny leddy, its a' quite natural; but mind ye, they're an oursteer race the H—s, as mony a bluidy deed can tell, an' beardless as that youngster's chin is, an' open his look, I can mark, noo an' than, a swatch o' his revengefu' ancestors within him, an' am thinkin' that you, or ony o' yer kind, 'ill be weel clear o' him; but stop, my 'young eaglet of a valiant nest,' as your kinsman says in the tragedy, we are comin' into your ancestral domains now, an' when I think how ye've been dispossessed, it stirs up the very auld bluid within me, though it owns nae kindred to you but our common ancestor Adam. Look ye to the right there amang the trees, there's the chimneys o' M—t House rising aboon the loftiest o' them, where your venerable father should have been the acknowledged lord fifteen years ago; what for did he no tak possession the moment the auld tyrant M—t breathed his last? his right was kent to the hail country, an' there wasna a tenant upon the estate but wad hae lighted a banefire to hail his arrival; yer race was ne'er deficient of courage, an' I am sure yer father bated them naething; but he was half blind, honest man, half blind, and hadna good advisers. However the day will come when you an'

yours will sit in yon tou'ring mansion, though I shoudna live to see it. Now, twa or three minutes will bring us to the spot where one of the grimmest of your grim race (for ye are aarent deevils when meddled wi'), achieved a grand exploit: yonder stands the auld tour o' Langton, before the gate of which Sir Andrew Darcey, nicknamed the Count of Beauty, appeared to claim his ward; when, descending from yon rising ground, came your ferocious ancestor, the bloody Sir David, as he is styled in history, wi' a mounted troop o' his vassals, or *deevils* ahint him, for atweel, in thae days, they war as like deevils as men, and a bloody fray soon took place between the Frenchmen and the border lowns. Baith sides fought like heroes; but the puir Frenchmen were soon overpowered wi' numbers, and the brave Count of Beauty betook him to flight, while your savage ancestor pressed upon him (for there was ne'er muckle mercy in the breast o' ane o' ye, when fairly roused), along this very spot, they passed at full gallop, the pursued, and the bloody pursuer, with his sword uplifted, ready to cleave him to the teeth. The flight continued for five miles; and they say the Frenchman would have escaped, but as they flew down the Stany Muir, his horse fell, and in a moment Sir David's sword was in his heart.

"Now, what think ye o' that, my young man;

I see ye're thinkin' there was nae great ill in't, an' nae doubt it wull hae been instilled into you to admire sic doins; but, thank God, we live in quieter times; an' wi' the exception o' a bit flite atween twa sic fool bodies as the Doctor outside an' me, there's nae bluid spilt hereabouts now-a-days, tho', faith, am thinkin', Miss W., you was awee feared there was like to hae been anither Count de la Batty story at the dinner the day, for the Doctor an' I looked feerfu' enough wi' our carvin' knives, but we proceeded to nae sic extremities as the auld Baron o' W—n. Before ye leave the country, laddie, ye maun slip doun to the head o' the Stany Moor, and get a look o' the bonny Frenchman's grave; it's no far frae Whitadder Brig, in the middle o' a bit belt o' plantin, an' weil kent to a' the country folk as 'Batty's Grave;' an' there ye'll see a specimen o' your ancestor's handiwark."

As the Doctor went on with his "bald and disjointed chat," the coach arrived at its destination; and having bid a kind good-night to the lovely young Miss W—n, under promise to see her before I left the country, and got a hearty invitation from Dr. C. to breakfast with him next morning, I betook me to the chief inn, over the door of which figured the likeness of a white swan, from which the establishment derived its designation, where I took up my quarters for the night, and put all in

readiness for the important visit of the morrow, the family seat of the Griphards being only about a mile distant from where I was to sleep. Socrates says, "that a sleep without dreams is the greatest luxury that us mortals can experience," and I heartily acquiesce with that divine Athenian, the greatest man the world produced except Napoleon, and at the distance of three thousand years, their fates were nearly similar, both done to death by petty tyrants who feared and hated them. Socrates drank his hemlock in his wretched cabin at Athens, and Napoleon expired of his cancer in a miserable hovel at Longwood, burning under a vertical sun.

Now, whither bound, my friend, it was sleep you was going to tell us about? Yes, it *was* sleep:— Well, I agree with Socrates, that "sleep without dreams must be a great luxury," but, as I have never yet had that pleasure, I cannot pronounce positively, for I am made up of such jarring materials, that even when asleep, or rather that dog sort of sleep, with one eye open and the other shut, which through life has been the extent of my luxury, my mind is as busy, and, if possible, more restive than when I am broad awake. This is a devil of a state for a poor sinner to pass through the world in, but, miserable as it is, I have sometimes, like "angels' visits," such delightful ideas, such well built castles in the air, that I would not exchange

my temperament for the dull, cold, imperturbable dunsity of the soundest sleeper in Britain's Isle.

To bed, however, I betook me in the White Swan in the month of April (the fools' month,) 1809, and, instead of sleeping like a top, I started, and kicked, and dreamed the night through. Sometimes the lovely vision of Miss W., with her blushing cheeks and tender bosom, just bursting into womanhood, stood palpably before me, and, as I stretched out my boyish arms to grasp the fair object, which I durst not for my soul have done if awake, (but, somehow, I think people are bolder when asleep and in the dark than in open day,) I found I had only a fast hold of a feather pillow, and, in my heart cursed the disappointment. Then, again, came the two furious doctors, with carving knives in hand, fiercely confronting each other, and the comfortable dinner smoking on the table at Whiteburn; and, again, my charmer in her fainting fit, half killed with fear that the fierce sons of Esculapius would cut up themselves instead of the beef. The scene changed, and the noble pile of M—t House, proudly surmounting the stately oaks, confronted my mind's eye, and, in imagination, stood my more generous ancestors looking down with stern contempt upon the unfeeling tyrant, its last possessor, who had banished their race from its friendly halls; and, as if roused to some bloody act of revenge, my

mind reverted to the grim Sir David, covered with iron panoply, fiercely pressing upon the Count de Beautie, the blood-stained earth covered with the dead and dying, the clash of arms and savage voices of the warriors of the olden times, the flight and wild haloo as the Baron and his followers darted off, like as many fiends let loose from the slips, after the object of their deadly revenge; the gallant bearing of the Frenchman, even in flight from such fearful odds,—"away, away, for life he rides,"—but his death is doomed, down goes his horse, and down rolls its noble rider, and, the next instant, I see the murderous weapon of the ferocious Sir David thrust through his heart; "off with his head," cries the Chief of W—n to his henchman, now come up; the bloody mandate was obeyed, and, ere the life's blood of the unhappy Count de Beautie had time to pour through the ghastly wound of Sir David's sword, his streaming head was suspended by the long fair hair to the saddle-bow of the grim Chief of W—n,—"so perish," cries Sir David, "every intruder upon the rights of the House of H——." "Gloriously done, my noble Chief," shouts I, "so perish"—"Oh Lord, my nose!" cries a female voice, "I believe you've broken the very bain o't." Here I awoke, and found myself in a fighting attitude, with every stitch of clothes kicked over the bed and a servant girl standing close by

with both hands upon her face, from whence the blood was rapidly streaming. Having forgot entirely where I was, I stared wildly round me, and exclaimed, "good God, what means all this!"—"Aye, my certy, ye may ask that, after first briken the brig o' ma nose; ye're surely no right, ye left word to be waukened at seven o'clock, an' a juist cam' to the room door to do sae, whan I heard ye makin' an awfu' speakin' an' noise an' rumlin', sae a juist cam' forit to the bed, an' there hae ye a' the claes kickit aff ye, an' yer right hand gaun like a man sawin' corn, sae I thinks, 'deil tak' the daft laddie, he 's ather dreamin or crazed, but a 'll wauken him,' —weil, juist as I pat ma hand on yer shouther to gie ye a bit dunch, a gets a thump on the nose that made the fire flee frae ma een like twa caun'les, an' ye roars out, 'gloriously done my noble Chief, sae perish,' an' than begins to stare about ye an' asks me what a' this means, as if a had been meddlin' wi' you an' no you wi' me,—'sae perish,' my faith, a think ye 've perished ma nose, but ye 're a guid like crater after a', an' maybe ye was dreamin', though it was a gay rough sort o' a dream, hae, there 's the key o' the door, pit it doun ma back, an' that 'ill maybe stop the bluidin', an' a 'll say nae mair about it."

Instinctively obeying the orders of the good natured chambermaid of the White Swan, the bleeding soon stopped, and the bridge of her nose

not being so fairly unarched as she at first anticipated, which she allowed me quietly to examine and pronounce upon, order was restored, and, having promised never to dream so furiously in future, my peace was made, and, rigged in my best togs, with dirk by my side, which made me a world's wonder as I passed along the streets of the quiet country town, whose inhabitants had, probably, never before witnessed so small a gentleman in the man-destroying costume, I found my way, about the breakfast hour, to Dr. C.'s, per invitation of the previous evening.

The Doctor had been up for hours, had paid his morning visits to his numerous patients, and was just returned to his shop in great good humour, ready for breakfast.—"Come away, my fine young laddie, gie 's a shake o' yer hand, right proud am I to see ane o' your faither's sons under my humble roof, atweel his ane has been as yet but nane o' the loftiest, but the day will come whan ye 'll sit high eneugh, or I 'm greatly cheated,—now come awa up the stair, I see the eggs has gaen in an' the tea 's ready."

I was now ushered up stairs to the Doctor's snug parlour, where every thing looked as comfortable as the honest Doctor himself. Being a bachelor, he performed the honours of the table himself, and, what betwixt helping and pressing me, and laying

in his own cargo, which I thought would never have an end, the Doctor's office at the breakfast hour was no sinecure, although he would certainly have been the better of a small allowance, bearing that pleasant name, to assist in providing for his corporeal demands, which seemed numerous and great; however, to do the Doctor justice, what he took to himself he shewed great pleasure in supplying to others, a quality which we rarely find in this selfish world, therefore, if I had not stowed away as much ham, eggs, pickled tongue, and cold fowl as the Doctor, I had, at least, been compelled to swallow as much and more than my young stomach could conveniently make room for.

Breakfast over.—"Noo," says he, "bairn, I hae nae time to pit aff wi' ye, bit I am going to within a stanethrow o' the gate o' W—n, and, on the road, I 'll maybe gie ye some advice that 'll be of use to ye, sae, let us set out, although I wish we mayna get a' the laddies o' the toun about us to look at that bit swordy o' yours, however, I hae a sma' stick here that 'll maybe keep them in order."

So off we set, and, on going down stairs, I took a look of the Doctor's "sma' stick," as he called it, which was knotted all over, measured at least six inches in circumference, and the convenient length of two feet nine for active use, if required. Through the town we passed, however, without much annoyance

from the young generation, except an occasional "ee, look at that laddie wi' the sword at his side," but a frown from the Doctor soon put an end to their idle curiosity.

Once out of the town and fairly upon the road to the gate of W—n.—"Noo," says he, "my lad, let me tell ye, ye'll no meet wi' muckle kindness at W—n, except frae auld Miss Jeany, wha ay had a woman's hankerin' to yer race; she had a notion o' yer father when she was a young lass, and a bonny bit crater, I darsay, she wad be than, but yer father, I understand, was proud and sour, an' didny like ony o' them, man or woman, the auld grudge stickin in him, na doubt; so Jeany an' him never southered, an' then she gade to keep house wi' auld Geordy, her hauf nephew. He was young then, ye maun mind, and hou thae did, God kens, but thair baith auld eneuch now, as ye will see afore an hour gangs round. As to Miss Nanny Skinny Viper, I maun put ye on ye'r guard against her; she likes a' bain o' nane o' ye'r skins, for, kennin she has na right hersel', she's jealous o' every soul it's a drap's bluid to them, an she's naturly an ill contrived canker'd limmer. She cam hame frae the Wast Indies, they say, amang young Ninny Gripy's bales and bundles, after he was murdered be the blacks, which I believe he had wraught weel for; but whare Ninny gat her frae, I canna

tell. However, as I tell't yon auld useless deevil o' a Doctor it we had in the coach wi' us yesterday, that, come frae whar she may, she's been a weel seen-to getlin, an' I'll be greatly cheated if Miss Skinny doesna play her cards to some purpose yet. It was true eneuch the Doctor said, she is just like a a kind o' adopted douchter, although I contradicted him just to mortify the auld pompous sinner's pride, an' as they grow auld an' dited, Skinny 'ill steal in upon them; and, tak' my honest word for't, if auld Jeany slipps aff afore that cankered grippin earth-worm Geordy, ther's no ae rap ill come to your side o' the house. He hates you a' himsell, wi' an inborn hatred, an' be you assured, that Miss Skinny will help him out wi' it. Now fair ye weel, callant, ye'r gaun unfledged, I may say, into a bad nest; but I'll tell ye what, my young man, I'm greatly cheated if ther's no something within ye it ill had ye'r ain wi' the best o' them. Ye dinna look very strong, but faith am thinkin ye'r weel wullen, an' that's the best o' the battle. Let me ken the news afore ye gang back to Edinbro'. I've ta'en a kind o' notion o' ye, an' I would like juist to hear hou ye come on amang ye'r great friends before ye leave us a thegither." Here the Doctor gave me a hearty shake by the hand, pointed out the gate of W—n, and off he jogged in another direction, humming a tune, and

thumping the hedges with his stick, quite independent of the world and its vanities.

As I drew near the gate, boy as I was, a curious and indefinable feeling crossed me. I was old enough to know that all was not right, but what was wrong I could as little tell, but the young mind is easily warped by new objects, and on approaching the gate, the colossal lions, the emblematical supporters of the noble family, in a recumbent posture, grimly keeping watch on each side of the massive iron gate, at once attracted my attention, and the ingress and egress of bees from the mouth of one of those formidable supporters, called forth my boyish curiosity. The porter at the lodge informed me that a stray hive had taken possession of it years ago, and by orders of the proprietor no one dared to disturb them, so that the bees were allowed "to eat and drink, and enjoy the fruit of their labour."

The house of W—n lies low, and in ancient times had been surrounded with a moat, but that was now drained and filled up, and the superb front built by the late Griphard, contained in its massive arms the old residence of the W—n family, mutilated and reduced to make room for the new building. Although I paid little attention at the time, I recollect very well now, that, on going down the extended avenue leading from the gate to the house,

lined with primeval oaks of enormous growth, whose outstretched arms had thrown their shade over my ancestors through a period of five hundred years, an air of deep gloom seemed to pervade the place, as if a spirit whispered, "the present possessors have no right here, *and they know it.*" As I approached the immense pile, I was struck with the desolate appearance of the heavy mass, which looked as if there was not a tenant within its walls. The builder of the new house had never finished it; but, in a state of gloomy discontent, had left the country (almost immediately after he had put up the shell), to which he never returned, so that more than half the windows were built up, and splendid as the external architecture was, the whole looked like Hassan's Hall,—

> "The steed is vanished from the stall;
> No serf is seen in Hassan's Hall.
> The lonely spider's thin gray pall
> Weaves slowly widening o'er the wall.
> The bat builds in his Haram bower;
> And in the fortress of his power
> The owl usurps the beacon tower."

The chief entrance looked small and diminutive when compared with the extended building; but to it I approached, and used a heavy brass knocker to such good account, that I had a footman at the door in an instant. On inquiring for old Miss H—, for,

as I have said before, the family had for years laid aside the name of their founder, and assumed the name of the supplanted family, I was conducted into an apartment very soberly furnished, and quite at variance with the elegance of the external pile, although the marble jambs and hearth denoted some attempt at grandeur. The first that appeared was the old male Griphard, who, although I had never seen him before, I instantly recognised from his strong resemblance to my father, though almost a spectre when compared to him. To this man I presented my introductory letter to Miss Jean Griphard from the old Commodore, and, as he was confoundedly deaf, I had to roar to him through a speaking trumpet which he kept tied round his neck for the purpose, what was the purport of my visit. He peered at me with his small gray eyes, as if he would have looked me through, and such a look of innate hate I have never encountered from that hour to this. I met his glance with boyish innocence, and as if suddenly softened, he got out in a harsh guttural voice, " Sit down, boy, sit down. I shall give Miss H— your father's letter," so saying he left the room, and in a very few minutes Miss H— or Griphard entered. Her countenance was a real relief to me, from the demon-like leer of her nephew. She was evidently on her last legs, as the saying is, and although she attempted to walk briskly, the totter in

her gait was easily discovered. She shook hands with me cordially, and remarked that she would have known me to be one of the family though she had met me in a wilderness, inquired kindly for my father, observed that she saw by his letter that Sandy was just the auld man, after all, and told me I must stay for two or three days at least, and she would shew me all that my father desired. "Our factor's son is staying here just now," says she, "and I will cause him shew you through the new and old house, and every thing that is interesting about the place." In a very few minutes the factor's son made his appearance, a lad about two years older than myself, and shortly after him appeared the celebrated Miss Nancy Skinnington Viper (I like to give her her full name), of whom I had heard so much before, both in my recent journey, and on many former occasions; but for the first time I had the honour to meet Miss Skinny personally. For a female countenance, her look of hatred fell little short of that darted at me by the old savage I had first encountered, who, from his stoop forward, lathy frame, grim furrowed countenance, twinkling gray eyes, and a stick, which he always carried, in the house or out of it, across his breast like a club, put me exactly in mind of an orang-outang of the largest size. Miss Skinnington advanced close up to me, and without offering to shake hands, or opening her

mouth, examined me from top to toe. I had risen up on her entering, to pay her that respect which I knew a lady deserved; but as she neared me with her fiendish look, the blood of my race flew to my cheeks, and I confronted her in sullen silence, darting back her hateful glance with tenfold hate. Not expecting to be thus confronted by one so young, she fell back in some confusion, and a simple how do you do? from Miss Skinny, answered only by a slight inclination of the head from me, formed our first introduction.

The first day passed over pretty well, the second came, and being now more at ease, I ranged through the extensive parks, and dwelt on every spot that recorded any thing of my family. Miss Jeany had accompanied me herself to the ruined monument raised on the spot where fell the fifth Baron of W—n, who was slain by a marauding party of English within sight of his own door, and upon this I hung with fond and boyish recollection even to shedding tears. The good old lady observed my enthusiasm, and looked at me with a fixed melancholy in her decayed countenance, over which death was beginning to throw his shadows.

I came little in contact with the old he Griphard or Miss Skinnington Viper, both of whom shewed an evident wish to avoid me, so that, as Dr. C. had truly told me, I had only one friend in the

house, in the person of old Miss Griphard, now rapidly sinking to the grave, so that our last hope was closing in that quarter. Miss Nancy Skinny Viper, as Dr. C. sarcastically termed her, had *been* young, and withal not ill-favoured, but she was now turned of thirty, had lost any little flesh she ever had, and the old maid was growing daily more visible. She certainly had the most acid countenance I ever clapped eyes upon, before or since; and as it was the custom of the family to speak broad Scotch, and her voice having nothing of feminine softness about it, when she spoke, her vulgarity became glaringly conspicuous. Cunning she seemed to possess to a great extent, and knew perfectly how to humour the two old people who had adopted her, and her hold over them seemed strongly riveted.

On the second day of my visit, we had dined all tolerably comfortable, and the factor's son was desired to conduct me to the armory, a room in the old house of W—n, where was deposited the warlike accoutrements of the ancient Barons, with the blood-stained banners which they had borne through many a hard fought field, (for this I had been burning), and permission was no sooner granted, than I navigated my way through the long narrow passages, and in a few minutes stood in the hall, surrounded by the armour, swords, pikes and spears, which had covered or been wielded

by the warlike race whose blood filled my veins. I was no young Edgar Ravenswood: Nature had not fitted me to act such a part; and, at the time I allude to, that inimitable tale, the most deeply tragical, sublime, and poetical of all Scott's prose works, lay yet embowelled in that vast mine of genius, the ore of which has since been poured forth in such quantity, as to astonish, delight, and instruct the civilized world; but I was the son of as proud a line as the imaginary Baron of Ravenswood, whose misfortunes in *reality* exceeded any thing that has been painted by the author's imagination of the ruined line of Ravenswood; and, after the expulsion of my race for a hundred years, I again trod the halls where they had lived and moved, and no doubt exercised many acts of feudal oppression. The walls of the large low roofed gloomy apartment was hung round with portraits of many of the old family, in whose lineaments I thought I could trace a resemblance to my own. Here hung the coats of mail worn by Sir David and his seven sons at the bloody and disastrous field of Flodden; that generation was designed the Seven Spears of W—n, all the sons having followed the profession of arms, and all of them rushed to that fatal field, where the flower of Scotland was cut down like grass before the mower. Sir David and his heir fell by the king's side, but their bodies were carried

off the field by their faithful vassals; and hence their armour adorned the old hall, in the same group with the rest of the seven spears: there hung the panoply of the fierce Sir David, the murderer of the Count de Beautie, and the very sword with which he pierced him to the heart; beside which hung the arms of the ill-fated Frenchman, which had been carried to W—n after the bloody deed. Wherever I turned my eyes, they encountered objects that recalled to my boyish mind our vanished greatness, and former power. In a large oaken chest was carefully deposited the banners that had been borne at Flodden, at Pinky, and Dunbar, still bearing the blood stains of the chieftains who fell at those battles, whose dead bodies had been wrapped in them, after they were carried from the field of strife.

Drawing these from the large chest, I commenced making some very heroic remarks upon the achievements of my ancestors, which the factor's son, who knew very well our present circumstances, seemed to consider rather assumption on my part; and, being aware, no doubt, that I was only considered an intruder by the old male Griphard and Miss Skinnington Viper at least, he made some observations that by no means suited my present exalted mood of mind, and, amongst other things, told me, that I had nothing to do with any thing in the room;

that they never belonged to any ancestor of mine, and what were we at *best* but a set of beggars. This was quite enough; had he been twice my size I would have knocked him down with the first thing I could lay my hands upon; and giving him not a moment's time for preparation, I darted upon him with fists and feet, capsized him into the open chest, amongst the banners that had waved at more fearful onslaughts, and, throwing myself above him, commenced a wholesale pounding, such as I well believe he never had met with in his lifetime, blaspheming, at same time, in a tone so loud, that his cries for assistance were quite drowned in the higher octave. Oaths ready made, that I had never uttered in my life, came crowding to my lips, and found utterance as fast as they came. I have often thought that my temperament is one of singular construction, for, from the most perfect placidity of countenance, I pass at once to the most boundless rage, which for the time deprives me of my senses. This sudden change, of course, has always been of use to me in the outset of my contests; for before the offending party knew what they were about, or suspected any thing in the shape of attack, I had my man floored and pommelled, before he had time to help himself.

Thus, then, even when I was only fourteen, did it happen with the son of Griphard's factor, who dared

to call my race a set of beggars; his bellowings, at last, reached the ears of the straggling inmates below, who came flying up stairs to the rescue of Mr. Factor, junior. Before their arrival I had let him out of the chest, and determined to confront him on equal terms, although he was both bigger and older than myself; but somehow he shewed no wish to renew the combat, but made his appeal to old Griphard and Miss Skinnington, who had by this time entered the apartment. The first act of the old savage was to make a blow at me with his club-like stick, without asking whether I was in the right or wrong, which, had it struck me, would have felled me to the floor; but, from his stiffness, I easily evaded the blow, and, seizing an old rusty spear that was lying amongst some armour, I brandished it with such a furious gesture, and shewed such good will to meet his attack, that he cried to me to desist, and tell him how this happened. Old Miss Griphard, hearing the alarm, had found her tottering way to the scene of action. As she entered, I grounded my point, and slipped the deadly weapon out of my hand, but kept my eye upon it, ready for a second attack, determined that, if violent hands were laid upon me, to sacrifice the first that would make the attempt, the lurking savage blood within me was completely roused; and at the moment, as I have always been since, when once fairly heated,

entirely regardless either of my own life or that of others, I stood quite indifferent whether I was killed myself, or killed any one else. No doubt, the latter desire was most prevalent, as is quite natural; and so convinced were the gaping inmates of this feeling within me, which they saw glancing through my kindled eyes, I suppose, that although the whole Griphard establishment, fourteen at least in number, were by this time in the gloomy hall, no one dared to approach, notwithstanding the repeated orders of old Griphard to seize me, and turn me out of the house.

It is astonishing how small an animal, if it possesses true pluck, can defend itself against one or many of ten times its size. I remember of once observing a sparrow, yes, reader, a little sparrow, in the act of picking up some small crumbs from a dunghill, when a hen, at least fifteen times bigger than the sparrow, interposed its stately person, stately when compared to the sparrow, for all things go by comparison, to deprive Mr. Sparrow of his humble meal, no doubt thinking that the sparrow would never dare to shew face against a lady of her majestic bearing; but, by my troth, Mrs. Hen was mistaken: the sparrow cocked his wing, put himself in a fighting posture, precisely like your humble servant in the hall of W—n, to compare, as Milton says, "small things with great," or rather men

with cock-sparrows, let fly at the hen with his little beak and spur at the same time, and off fled Mrs. Hen, leaving the heroic little sparrow master of the field. So, like the cock-sparrow, I stood with pike by my side, with at least fourteen grown up persons of both sexes, staring at me, while not one dared to come within reach of me.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Nanny Skinnington Viper, (I would not fail to give her her full name, if it was the last scrap of paper I had in the house, it sounds so delightfully),—"Oh!" exclaimed Skinny, to old Griphard, "did I not tell you *never* to let one of his vile breed into the house? They are all serpents, you know; and look to poor Mr. J—. I am sure the monster has murdered him. Oh! get him turned out, or he will murder us all. Is there no one who will seize the young villain?"

Here two or three of the most courageous shewed symptoms of obeying Miss Skinny's request, when, again seizing my spear, I made a sudden charge, and off scampered the whole group, kicking down Miss Skinny, and old Griphard, and leaving me to murder them quite at my leisure. The only one that shewed neither fear nor rage was poor old Miss Jeany; when the cowardly scullions fled from a boy, she kept out of their way, and when she got room walked quietly up to me, put her hand on my shoulder, saying, "Come away with me, boy, this is mad

conduct of you, it grieves me to the soul; but, no doubt, your fiery blood has been provoked to it. Oh! I weep for your foolish race; nothing will teach you worldly wisdom, or to control your passions, else you would not be what you are to-day; and, alas! alas! I shall not live to better your lot."

Here the good old lady groaned in spirit as she tottered with me down the damp narrow stair-case, and as we gained the front part of the house, and entered the large dining-room, I observed her cheeks wet with tears. We had scarcely entered when we were followed by Skinny, old Griphard, and the factor's son, the latter besmeared with blood from the pounding I had given his nose, and his eyes almost closed up; and now that I was disarmed, they were proceeding to lay their cowardly hands upon me, to force me out of the house, when old Miss H——, (for she behaved so nobly on this occasion that I shall not disgrace her with the name of Griphard,) interposed her frail person between me and my enemies, waved her hand to them to keep off, with a dignity that instantly put them to a stand. "Back with you," says she, "every one of you, a hand shall not be laid on him while under my roof, for, know you, that I am the Lady of W—n, and, weak as I am, while I have life and my senses, I shall be obeyed as such; and you, ye base minion, how durst you open your

plebeian mouth, and tell the descendant of so noble a line that he and his was a set of beggars, you whose father we stripped of his beggars' rags, and made a gentleman of, at least as far as such a base churl can be made a gentleman. Get you gone, this moment, from these walls, and never, while I live, show the clownish face of you within it more. Here, boy, turning to me, ring that bell." A servant answered immediately, or rather two or three, for the whole house was in commotion. "I say, fellows," continued Miss H——, "see Mr. J—— out of the house instantly. Obey my orders, and don't stare at me. And now, Miss Skinnington Viper, begone to your apartment. I know your hatred to this boy, which I have marked since he came here. I say, begone to your apartment, and bear in mind (although I hate to be ungenerous) that you are but a poor dependant on our bounty. We received you here with scarcely clothes to cover you, and take care that I do not send you out again to the world as bare, mean, and destitute, as we found you. Begone, and not a word in reply. And now, cousin," says she, turning to old Griphard, as the discomfited Skinny skulked out of the room, biting her thin pale lips with the passion she durst not vent, "I shall say nothing to you. I know you like not the male line of W—n, but I have a very different feeling; and I bitterly regret that

this fiery boy has given cause to justify your bad opinion of his family, which may do much mischief when I am dead and gone; but he was provoked to it, no doubt, although that is not sufficient excuse for him. Now," says she, "boy, (turning to me) you shall not leave my house this night, but you must retire to your bed-room immediately, these walls have sheltered your race for hundreds of years, and you shall not this night be denied that covering they so long afforded your ancestors, but you must prepare to depart on the morrow, as the quiet of my house must not be rudely broke in upon. Retire to your bed-room. Refreshments shall be ordered. And now, good night, and repent of your misconduct, my exhausted frame had much need of some rest after such an unusal alarm." Here the old lady rung the bell, candles were ordered, and, accompanying me to the door, she whispered, "You little know, poor boy, what mischief you have done yourself, or what vexation you have given me." My heart smote me as she pressed my hand, and I burst into a fit of incontrollable tears. "Ah! poor boy," she repeated, "there is a warm heart within you, but that violent temper will be your ruin. Good night. Take care of him, Jacob. He is Sandy's son, you know."

Here honest old Jacob, whose years seemed not

many fewer than his feeble mistress, bowed assent to her injunction, closed the door, and leading the way, with candle in hand, he whispered aloud,— "Ay, my certy, ye needna tell us whase son he is, mi ledy; faith, he'll faither himsel. He's Sandy's son, sure eneugh; deel ane 'ill deny that, that's seen this day's wark. Tak care o' him! My faith, we had need a' to tak care o' him, or else we'll maybe get an auld speer dung through us afore we ken whar we are. God, I dinna think the great big auld rusty speet's been as near through a Christian man's puddins sin' his dour deevil o' an ancestor swaggered it about him at Dounhill, an' fearfu' wark, they say, he worked wi' it that day afore he fell. An' the auld carle was in his ninetieth year too. Lord sake, callant, whar hae ye learned the deevlish art o' fechten sae soon. My faith, yer as gude at it as though ye had been at the tred this twenty year; but its just nateral to yer race, a' fancy."

Here Jacob ended his soliloquy with a ha, ha, ha, as he opened my bed-room door, and knew himself to be fairly out of reach of being overheard. "God, but I cannot but laugh whan I think o' the hale establishment o' the noble house o' W—n tumlin' heads o'er heels down the stair frae a bit daft striplin' in his teens, wi' a rusty auld warld speer in his hand, pokerin' up their hinder ends;

ha, ha, ha! God, if your forebears had played a plisky or twa o' yon kind they wad hae gotten the auld house to themsel' again, an' the new ane too, I'm thinkin', for the present family, as they ca' them, is no fechtin' folk, it's just the siller they fecht wi', or rather it they are say muckle in love wi', that, whan they ance get it into their hand, the deel himsel' woudny get it out again; ha, ha, ha! Weel, the deevil o' sicken a daft splore ha' ever I seen in the H— o' W—n, about whilk I've been this sixty year, man and boy, as the sayin' is. Lord, weel did I expect to see Miss Skinny get a pocker in the by ga'en, an' so she would, too, had she no been knocket o'er, for I noticed be the glance o' yer ee it she's na favorit o' your's. My certy, had she got a peg a hint frae auld Sir David's rusty speer, it wad ha' been a mot in her marriage wi' the muckle grum-like Admiral it's rinnin' about her. I trow his wife's no dead yet, but she's in a decline, poor thing, an' no very right in the mind. She's a douchter o' auld Sir Alexander o' Purresfield. They're a' daft thegether, ye ken. An' they say, whan she slips the girth its a' settled it our Miss Skinny's to get the Admiral; an' deel mak matter though she was out o' the house. Mony a bite an' scart hae I got frae Miss Skinny, whan she was a lassy. A viperish deevil she was ay, a' her days. A'm sure she's weel named. A fancy

the blacks she was born amang had just ca'd her that, for its surely nae Christian man or woman's name; an' sae, as nae body kenned whar she belanged to, she's just been allowed to keep it in place o' a better. But I maun awa an' obey orders. A'm a claverin' auld sinner; an' I declare this has been sick a funny day that my tongue's set a gaun we't. But pardon me, young gentleman, maybe I've used ow'r muckle freedom. An' now, whan I recollect mysel', I houp ye'll no let out what I was sayin' about Miss Viper, for if she heard it, lang as I hae been the servant o' the family, my time wad be short here. I'll juist slip awa and bring a drap wine, an' the round o' beef, an' aiblins a bit cauld chucky, an' what ither things I can get to mak ye comfortable, for a'se warrant yer no out o' the need o' some refreshment after this "Shirra Muir; ha, ha, ha! God, the like o'd I ne'er saw a' my born days. Yer servant, young sir."

Although relieved and amused with old Jacob's remarks, a consciousness of having acted improperly pressed down my spirits; and even when he returned, with all his comfortable accompaniments, I partook of them sparingly, and felt as if every bite would suffocate me. "Ye're surely no very weel, young gentleman," said the old man, with kind concern, who had been standing behind my back all the while I was eating. "Well enough, Jacob, but I

begin to get ashamed of my behaviour, and I shall be afraid to face old Miss H— to-morrow.

"Never mind, young gentleman, leave that to me, she's a kind-hearted auld ledy as ever lived, an' amid a' the brulzy, I thought she looked as if it was weel ye did. Come, cheer up now, an' think nae mair about it; what was it but a bit callant's quarrel after a', only *a* thing *your* folk says and does if it's in the least o' the north side o' right, the hale warld's let ken about it. What's a that for, but to hide what *ye* kens wrang, an' make folk believe it ye're no worth the countenancin, I ken mair about ye're family nor ye wad think, an' whan Miss Jeany was young, mony a story has she telt me about the auld Barons, though I was bit a poor servin' lad. Oh, she was a fine body a' her days, but ye ken, or aiblins you've heard frae yer faither, wha spoiled her," (here an arch smile crossed the old man's countenance), and he continued; "aweel I declare whan the brawl was gaun on, ye maun ken I had got into a safe corner whar I kent the rusty speet ye had haud o' coudna reach me, an' I was laughin' in my sleeve at a' their faces. Lord, it ance struck me that some o' the picters o' yer dour ancestors hung round the wa's, began to smirk at what was gaun on, an' deevil be in the auld pow o' me, if I coudna swear I saw the bluidy Sir David grip the big sword he's drawn wi', stever in his

red right hand, an' mak a swagger as if he was comin' down to help yer young arm ; my certy if he had, afore half an hour had gane round between the twa o' ye, the auld an' the young deevil thegether, baith Miss Skinny an' a' the rest o' us wad been speldered like as mony haddies. But my auld braine's wrang th' night, and to pit it awee to rights, I will just tak the liberty to help mysel to a glass o' this wine, that I may hae the pleasure o' drinkin' to yer good health, an' a better finishin' o' this ill business than may be expeckit. Now, your bed's made down, sir; an' am juist usin' the great freedom o' takin' another glass o' wine; I shall juist wish your young honour a guid sleep. Wull I tak awa the things, or let them stay?

"Take them away, good Jacob, and I shall try and get some sleep."

"Aye, do that, my bonny laddie, an' I shall be with you betimes in the mornin' to pit ye a' to rights."

Here Jacob cleared the table, and, as he was going out at the door, he turned and slyly remarked,

"I hope, sir, ye'll no try the spear the morn?"

"No, no, Jacob. Good night."

The night passed restless enough; and before Jacob tapped at the door to warn me that the breakfast was at hand, I was up and dressed, with my few travelling traps packed up, well aware that

it was to be my last day within the walls, which had for some centuries been the abode of my race.

"Come in, Jacob, I am all ready you see. Am I to breakfast with the rest, or is there to be any for me at all, for I am quite indifferent? I wish to see old Miss H—, however, before I go."

"Miss H— waits you, young gentleman, in the breakfast-parlour. The old gentleman and Miss Skinnington is to breakfast in a room by themsels, and I am desired to say, that Miss H— expects you soon."

On entering, the old lady received me with her usual kindness; but a deep gloom sat upon her countenance.

"Come away," says she, "George, you see I am the only member of the family that will enter the room where you are; but I hope time will soften down this great offence, which certainly does not look so serious in my eyes as some others would have it appear. Sit down and make a hearty breakfast, you have a long journey before you, and young folks are always hungry."

Without almost looking up, I concluded a hasty meal, and remarked to old Miss H—, that I was ready to depart. She then rose and presented me with a letter, written in her own trembling hand, to my father, and another directed to myself, carefully

sealed, which she told me I was not to open until I arrived in Edinburgh; but, says she, as you will need money to pay your passage in, there is a L.5 note to you, which I think will cover your expenses, and now, ringing the bell, I shall order one of the servants to carry your few things to D—, and I shall accompany you as far as the gate myself; I feel very feeble, and even that is a far journey to me now o' days, but I shall make an effort for once.

The servant appeared, my small portmanteau was ordered, and offering my arm to old Miss H—, we proceeded to re-cross that threshold which in my heart I wished I had never passed. As we walked up the avenue, and a splendid avenue it was, or is, for ought that I know, lined on each side with towering oaks, that, when in foliage, and they were so at the time of which I write, almost shut out the sun beams, and

> "Made a sort of chequer'd day and night,"

who should we meet plump in the teeth, and before they noticed us, but old Griphard, and Miss Nancy Skinnington Viper; there goes her full name again, reader, and is it not a most beautiful one? A sudden halt on both sides took place, and I would have felt confused, but rage once more took the place of bashfulness, and I confronted the pair without a mark of confusion in my face.

"So you are going away, my young lad?" says the old Griphard. "Yes." This laconic answer allowed no room for remark; but Miss Skinnington, not to be done out of her wish to get in her fiendish remark, asked me if I was not sorry for what had happened yesterday?

"No, I would do the same again, were the same language used to me at this instant."

"Oh," says Miss Skinny to old Griphard, "you see he repents nothing of what he has done, I'm sure he will commit murder yet." For once, however, Miss Nancy Viper overacted her part, and even old Griphard seemed to see through it. "Pugh," says he, "nonsense, a silly boy to frighten us all, he's as little like a murderer as you are! Here, my boy, here's something to buy sweetmeats to you on your way to Edinburgh. You are going to sea, and if you behave yourself I shall not lose sight of you for all that's happened. Jean, are you not frightened to go with such a sad fellow? are you going to run away with him, or do you mean to come back with us?" Here the old savage tried to smile, but a more horrific attempt to mimick that Divine attribute, bestowed on the human race alone, was never before made by one of the species.

"I shall go with him as far as the gate," says

the old lady, "and be back presently. I think my cousin's son deserves as much."

Here we parted, Miss Griphard and I making our way up the avenue, while old Griphard and Miss Skinnington took another direction. I chanced to look back, and I saw Miss Skinny looking after me with an expression of hate in her countenance, that to this hour I could scarcely conceive the Divine face of woman capable of displaying.

The gate gained, the old lady quite exhausted laid her hand on mine, and with death painted on her countenance, she exclaimed in a broken faltering voice, "Fare you well, boy, fare you well, I shall never see you more, much am I inclined to serve your family, but I am a feeble woman and can do little, I feel myself rapidly sinking; but should it please God to spare me a short time, I shall make a strong effort to remove your race from thraldom; but if I am cut off before effecting it, may God forgive my soul!" Here the old lady burst into tears, and leaned her head on my shoulder, sobbing as if her heart would have bursted. I knew not her feelings, I was a mere boy, still it embittered and surprised me, and in return I wept as convulsively as her.

An old woman, the keeper of the lodge, seeing her mistress so deeply distressed, came up and supported her in her arms. Taking advantage of this intrusion, I took my little portmanteau from the

servant, and was about to depart, when Miss H— suddenly put her hand on my shoulder and stopped me. "I have still this to give you," says she, putting a parcel of some weight into my hand; "and now may God Almighty bless and watch over you. If my actions in this world bear me not out, it must be attributed to my weakness, and not my want of will to provide for the original stock of W—n."

I have lived for nearly half a century, without meeting any scene like that which I have been describing; and, although I can now account for the excellent old lady's feelings, at the time her grief was to me a mystery.

As I had promised, I did see the good hearted Dr. C. again, and spent an hour or two in the evening with my fair travelling companion. Alas! poor Miss W., an early fate was thine, ere twenty summers had passed over thy head, the lily was nipt from the stalk; a rapid consumption broke down thy angel form, thy spirit had returned to the presence of thy Creator, there to revel in that bliss, of which thou wert an emblem here below, and thy body consigned to the cold embraces of the tomb!

"Beauty, thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before,
The grave discredits thee;—
Thy roses faded and thy lilies soiled,
What hast thou more to boast of?"

CHAPTER III.

"Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,
List you landsmen all to me,
Messmates hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea."

ARRIVED in Edinburgh, I hastened home, and found that, two days ago, a friendly message had been sent from the lieutenant of the Calton signal station, (an old messmate of my father's in Cook's voyage), announcing the arrival of his Majesty's ship, to which the jolly old Admiral had appointed me. This was heavy news to me, but I was obliged to put a good face upon it. My mother, as usual, submitted in silence, and in bitter sorrow, to see the last of her buds torn from the parent stem; and thrust into the rough waste of life, and of war. But the old Commodore, quite in his element when any movement was making, rejoiced that he had another son to give to the service. "And now," says he, "my boy, lose no time to be off, and get out of the way of your mother's whimpering. You are the

fourth son I have given to the king, to help to put down that d—d scoundrel Buonaparte; your three brothers have all been in action, though the oldest of them has not been a year in the service yet, and they have stood fire as a H— ought to do. Follow their example, and stick to your gun. You're scarcely old enough to be of any use at a gun-tackle, but, d—n me, George, you'll make a capital powder monkey; that was my post, my boy, in Hawke's action off Brest, on board of the old Queen Anne; and a crazy old hulk she was. We all thought she would go down the first broadside, but the old b—ch stuck together, and we pelted away as well as the best of them. Mark you, George, never jink about and duck when you hear the report of a cannon, shying does no good; if you are to be knocked on the head, it will be done before you hear the report; and its d—d cowardly like to see a fellow putting the ship's side between him and the bullets, —take a peep out at the port now and then, to see if the enemy is about to strike. I never saw a coward, George, but had his brains blown out, a d—d deal sooner than a brave fellow, who despised such paltry tricks. I never knew but one thorough-paced coward in my life, and that was the first lieutenant of the old Broune; we engaged a French privateer, that carried heavier metal than us, and we had a devil of a hard fight of it before she

struck. The first luff clapped the mainmast between him and Monsieur, and there he stuck like a chicken-faced son of a b— as he was, during the whole action; an old quarter-master tried to rouse him out, but there was no moving him, and he actually stood to be p—d upon by the old fellow, without changing his position. Well, thank God, the service has seen few such, and I hope it will never see another." Having finished his harangue, he pulled his Kilmarnock a little closer to his head, tugged up his breeches, and resumed his quarter-deck walk across the parlour floor.

Next day, I was escorted to Leith by all that remained of the family, consisting of my father and mother, two sisters, and my only remaining brother, still an infant. The ship's boat was soon found, my chest lowered into it, and the young middy who had charge of the boat, having returned from the Admiral's office with letters for the captain, immediately took charge of me with a fatherly air, though not above two years older than myself; placed himself in the stern sheets, giving the word, "shove off," in a strong Irish accent, which was instantly obeyed.

My poor mother, weeping bitterly, waved an adieu, and thus was I committed to my new element. On coming on board, I presented my credentials to the captain, who received me with all

the politeness of a thorough-bred Irish gentleman, entirely free from the roughness of old Sir E. N., but not less warm-hearted. As I had got an introductory letter from the never-failing Earl of B—n, who never hesitated to write to any one, whether stranger or acquaintance, conceiving that every one must have heard of his great name, I was received with every mark of respect, the Earl having stated that I was the son of the Earl of M—t, omitting, of course, the very material points, that the title had not yet been confirmed by the House of Lords, and that the estates were in the hands of others; these points, I say, having been omitted, I was received as the son of an earl, and in that respect stood on a footing with the captain, who was likewise an earl's son of the sister kingdom. My messmates, to be, were sent for on deck, and after having had the honour of a glass of wine with the captain in his cabin, I was handed over to the senior of the midshipmen's berth, with due instructions from the captain to see me provided with a hammock, my chest placed in a good berth, &c. &c. Whether the officers in this ship imitated the manners of their captain, I cannot say, but except in another instance, I never saw, during the time I remained in the Navy, such a gentlemanly set of officers. There were no tricks played off upon new comers, none of those beastly practices which I have seen exercised

upon poor youngsters, which at once disgusted them with the service, and made them take the first opportunity of escaping on shore, bag and baggage, never to return. I found the midshipmen's berth neat and clean, handsomely painted, with all "appliances and means to boot," in the shape of buffet, glasses, decanters, clean towels, &c. &c. The *young gentlemen*, as the midshipmen are designed, were as clean as new pins, and the lieutenants, without anything gaudy about them, so handsomely dressed, that they would have been no discredit to the first drawing-room in Auld Reekie. It was fine midsummer weather, the ship's decks were as white and clean, as water, holystones, brooms, and swabs, could make them, and the ship's company were the picture of health, strength, and cleanliness; in excellent discipline, but it was evident they were under no tyrant's rule. The captain himself looked the only melancholy man in the ship, and was evidently suffering under some mental affection, which weighed down his naturally buoyant spirit. I afterwards learned that this arose from a circumstance which happened when he was a junior lieutenant. The first lieutenant and him had quarrelled at mess, and the high-spirited Irishman, conceiving himself grossly insulted, had struck the first lieutenant, a canny Scotchman, who, probably not thinking himself a match for his junior in the art pugilistic, for the

Irish, high and low, are devils in a row, came superior officer over him, telling him he would not venture to do that on deck; but in this Sawny was mistaken. The Irish blood was up, and he cared nothing about the consequences, so, following the first lieutenant on deck, he knocked him down. This was precisely what he had been seeking for, he knew the impetuosity of the young Irishman's temper would lead him into this breach of the articles of war, whereas, had he remained below in the mess, whatever had happened *there* would only be set down to a quarrel between messmates. The junior lieutenant was immediately placed under arrest; a court martial on both was the consequence; the first lieutenant was dismissed the service for unofficer-like conduct, to which he was never restored, and my young Irishman sentenced to be hanged for striking his superior officer, according to the article of war on that head, as the lawyers say, "made and provided."

Now Paddy, my jewel, here is a swate scrape you have got yourself into, and all because you couldn't kape fists down, and be insulted with impunity by your superior officer. Well, although I am a very mild mannered gentleman, I cannot too rashly condemn my hot-headed captain; when one sees a cold-blooded cowardly useless fellow having recourse to such a low subterfuge, as that practised

by the first lieutenant in question, to draw a man into a sudden act of violence, at the risk of his rank and his life, flesh and blood cannot bear it, and when I reflect how near I have often been of falling into the same scrape as the poor Irishman, during my short naval career, the wonder to me is, that I was not hanged before I was two years in the service; and probably, kind reader, you may exclaim, I wish to God you had, and then you would have written no dull books. Granted, most excellent sir or madam, but then, my good friend, I have a tolerable regard for my weasand, and if thou likest not my book, thou canst lay it down, or throw it down, or kick it after it is down, which is contrary to fair play; but there is so little of that same article going here below, that I must just take my chance.

The whole interest of the young lieutenant's family could hardly save him. George III., of stubborn memory, was never fond of pardoning any one, be they who they would; but he seemed to have a peculiar itching to tuck up any of the aristocracy, who, by accident, brought their necks in contact with the hangman, merely by way, I suppose, of teaching them they were as easily hanged as the vulgar plebeians, or, as old Boswell said to Johnson, when talking of Oliver Cromwell and Charles the First's execution, to show them "that they had a lith

in their necks." In fact, his most gracious Majesty had very leveling notions in this respect, though himself, of course, a staunch Tory; for, when poor mad Earl Ferrars blew out his valet's brains, after giving him time to say his prayers, which was certainly very considerate in the noble earl, for which act, not making him say his prayers, but shooting him dead on the spot, his lordship was condemned to grace a gallows, his Majesty, very unpolitely, refused the simple request of the earl not to be strangled by the ugly hempen cravat used for the order plebeian, but to allow him the luxury of a silken cord for his aristocratic throat. "No, no," says King George, "no silk, no silk, since Earl Ferrars killed a man, let him be hanged in the usual way, the usual way." So much for King George; and yet, I think, his Majesty should have had a little more sympathy for mad people after all, particularly of the *higher* order.

Through enormous influence, however, the king was at last moved, and he granted the lieutenant's pardon, with the savage reservation, that the whole of the ceremony should be gone through, with the exception of the actual hoisting to the yard-arm, and that the culprit should only be made acquainted with the royal clemency after the night-cap was drawn over his eyes, and the handkerchief put into his hand to give the fatal signal, all of which was actually gone through, and the secret kept from the unhappy man

to the last moment, which had given both his constitution and mind such a shock that he was never the same man again. I only once heard him speak of this himself, and he remarked, that the trifling pain he had to suffer, had the sentence been carried into full execution, could be nothing to what he had already endured, and when the cap was removed from his eyes, and the pardon read, he knew nothing of what was passing, and was quite insensible for some hours to any thing like happiness for the life thus barbarously granted him.

In a few days I began to think better of my new profession, got leave to go on shore to see my mother, and when we got orders for a two months' cruize in the North Sea, I felt quite pleased with thoughts of the excursion. In a few days, after receiving our orders, we dropped down the Frith of Forth, and, in a day or two more, we were boarding the Licensed Dutchmen, and giving chase to every thing we saw in the shape of a sail, in whatever point of the compass it might appear. We had not been out a week before we had taken several paltry prizes, and sent in two Yankee brigs suspected of malpractices. I was sent off prize-master of a wretched privateer, out of which we took a dozen of as desperate looking fellows as one could wish to clap eyes upon, leaving the master and one of the crew, according to rule, as evidence of the

country the vessel belonged to. An old quarter-master and four hands were sent on board with me to take the prize into Leith, while I was installed captain, *pro tempore*, under the direct superintendence of old Stewart the quarter-master. We directly made sail for Leith, not at all suspecting that the Norwegian skipper and his man were already hatching a plan to knock us all on the head, and recover their craft. The attempt was made the second day after loosing sight of our own ship. Stewart was stowed away in a hole in the miserable cabin, half dozing, while I was very pleasantly employed picking at a pork bone and drinking some grog at the table, when a sudden noise, like some one falling heavily on the deck, was heard over head, and then the cries of a man in the water shouting for help. Stewart immediately started up, crying, "Stay where you are for your life, youngster!" seized a hatchet, lying, by lucky accident, in the cabin, sprung upon deck, and in an instant clove the Danish skipper to the teeth, and chased the other Dane down below. The plan was tolerably well concerted. We had only two hands on deck, while the other two and Stewart were down below. They had carefully battened down the fore-hatchway, so that our two men could not get on deck. The man at the wheel they knocked down with a crow-bar, and threw the other overboard before they

had a moment's time to defend themselves, or had the least suspicion of their designs, and but for old Stewart's prompt movement, which they had not calculated upon, or had not time to secure the cabin hatch also, we should all have been in eternity in five minutes, for the other one afterwards told me they meant to throw the whole of us overboard.

I shall never forget the horrid sensation I felt when I ventured to crawl up the ladder, and saw the Dane lying quite dead, in a complete puddle of blood, with his skull cleft in two, our man, who had been felled with a crow-bar, lying insensible on deck, while our other two hands, who had been asleep at the time the scuffle took place, were standing in their shirts and trousers beside old Stewart. "Come away, youngster," cries the old fellow, quite in good humour, although he had sent a fellow-mortal to the other world not a minute before; "come away, and don't be frightened, you're quite safe; but it is a mere chance that we were not all in Davy Jones's Locker before now. That d—d skipper very nearly did for us, but I think he is settled now," giving the dead man a kick with his foot. "I say, young gentleman, do run down and bring us up a drop of grog. Bill, I see, is recovering the infernal blow that rascal gave him with the crow-bar. I say, Bill, my old boy, how do you feel? not dead, I see, but only spachless, as Paddy says." By this time

I had come up with some rum, and the old chap, besmeared with the Dane's blood, took an especial good sip, and then handed it round to the rest, stooping, with great kindness, in his own rough way, and putting the grog-can to the stunned man's lips, "Come," says he, my boy, "drink a drop of that, and we shall have you up in five shakes. You know you always liked a drop of grog, Bill; and I hope that rascally Dane has not stopped your guzzle for ever. Come, now, that's a good fellow. Well done; but, yo ho, Bill, stop, my boy, a dead man should not drink too much at first, you know. Avast heaving there, and leave a share to the rest. Well, d—n my eyes and limbs, if you hav'nt swigged out every drop. By G—d, catch Jack Stewart giving his grog to a dead man again."

Here the good hearted old fellow took a hearty laugh to himself. His prescription answered much better than the doctor's lancet; and in a few minutes Bill was on his feet again, as brisk as ever. The other poor devil of a Dane was now to be looked for, and we got him stowed away in the cable-teer, shaking like a leaf. He was halled out, and put both legs in irons, but in other respects treated quite well, instead of which he expected to be knocked on the head the moment his hiding-place was discovered. But old Stewart had no such mean feeling of revenge. He looked upon the attempt of

the two Danes to recover their vessal as fair game; and although it was his duty to kill a dozen of them, had there been as many, when the contest was going on, once overcome, he considered that the survivor was entitled to fair treatment. "And now," says he "young gentleman, we shall go down and see what we can get to eat." So down he dived to the cabin; and thus ended the attempt of the Norwegians to recover their wretched craft.

Arrived at Leith, Stewart took care to have me equipped in my best uniform, to carry the account of the arrival of the prize, and the log-book of our proceedings since we left his Majesty's ship, written in my own hand, which contained, of course, an account of Stewart's exploit, to the Admiral's office, whither he accompanied me, merely by way of aide-de-camp, to hear at a distance the Admiral's remarks. Immediately on our arrival I was ordered into the Admiral's presence, and presented my credentials, which, having carefully gone over,—

"So," says he, "youngster, I am glad to see you; but what the devil tempted J—s to send you in with a prize? By G—d, you can no more keep a ship's way than you can fly; but I see an old fellow outside there, that, I suppose, has charge of both you and the prize; let me hear what he has to say; but stop, you have a log-book here, kept by whom, you, is it?"

" Yes, Sir E—."

" What the devil have you been about here? an attempt to recover the vessel, a man killed, the master, too! I say, youngster, you have been 'going it' at a beautiful rate; holloa, sir! come here," waving his hand to old Stewart, who, hat in hand, and with his sea-bow, and scrape of the right foot, stroking down his forehead with his left hand, at same time, approached the Admiral.

" Well, my old fellow, let us hear this wonderful story."

Upon this he heard Stewart's account very gravely; and, when the old man had done, without any remark, he turned round to his secretary.

" I say, Frye, take a sheet of paper, and hear what I have to say to Lord Mulgrave about this fine old fellow's conduct. Here is a pretty job. J—s sends in this craft under the charge of a mere youngster, who knows as much about the working of a balloon as a ship. That's just what I should have expected of J—s. D—n the rascal; why did they not hang him at once when their hands were in; many a better fellow has gone the same way; but, stop. Tell Lord Mulgrave the story; that's a good fellow, Frye, and add, that I wish Stewart made a gunner, which I think he well deserves. You're taking a sly look of me, as you did when I first saw you, you blasted white faced son

of a sea-cook; perhaps you have impudence enough to think that I should get you a lieutenant's commission too, for your bravery on the occasion, which you tell me yourself was all displayed in the cabin over a pork bone; but stop you a little, although you want the bone of your father, the tough old Earl, (I like the old fellow dearly), I think you have the muscle, my boy; and, by and by, when you have passed, I may be of use to you. Now, be off. Stewart, there is your letter for you; put it into the post-office yourself, and then you will be sure it is off. I'm not like some of your great folks, who sometimes pretend they have written in a poor man's favour, when the lying scoundrels have never troubled their heads about him. I say, youngster, if I catch you grinning again in my presence, by the Lord I shall have you married to the gunner's daughter in a trice, you impudent rogue. Go up to J—'s wife, and she will likely give you some toast and butter; she is close by here, and will be happy to see you, to hear accounts of her crack-brained husband. She has a devilish pretty girl of a sister; speak a word in my favour, will you, or would you wish to put in your own beardless chin, eh! I suspect you're game, my young fellow, or I'm damnably mistaken; but be off, the pair of you, and don't let me see you again till you have taken another prize, and killed ano-

ther Dane. I say, Stewart, go up to my butler and get a glass of grog; and stop a moment, youngster, come here."

I followed the Admiral into a side parlour. "Now there," says he, filling a glass of wine, and cutting a tremendous slice of ham, with a corresponding piece of bread; "Now," says he, "drink that, and eat your lunch as you cross the Links. They are not quite so fine as your father's saloon; (God help the Admiral, he little knew what sort of a saloon my poor father had), but you can put up with it in a rough and round way."

Here he gave me a hearty shake by the hand, which let me know I was a favourite; and Stewart being ready to jog, off we set together, Stewart keeping about a pace behind, to shew that I was the superior officer.

The Admiral's letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty had the desired effect; and before our own ship arrived, Stewart's appointment, as a gunner, had taken place, and he was named to a vacancy on board of one of the ships on the Leith station. Thus should merit and true courage ever be rewarded, and it affords me great delight to record this good action of the brave old Sir E. N. Few may lift these pages, and fewer take the trouble to read them, but should they meet the eye of any

one whoever knew Sir E. they will be well aware that I have not done him injustice.

I can find nothing to amuse the reader on the face of the cold Northern Ocean, and must make a skip over a few years, which comprehended nothing but the dull monotony of a midshipman's berth.

Napoleon, to whom I mean to introduce you by and by, if you will permit me the honour, kind reader, at the period of which I write was rapidly running his wonderful career. He had entered Russia, traversed its boundless wilds, occupied the ancient palace of its princes, looked from thence to their deserted and mighty capital in flames, and been nearly engulphed in its burning masses, bivouacked his hardy veterans amidst its smoking ruins, and finally lost the most numerous, best disciplined, best appointed, and most heroic army that ever the world witnessed, in the trackless regions of the frozen north. His invincible courage and perseverance, however, had re-assembled a second army, nearly as numerous as the first; but, oh! what a falling off was there: the iron phalanx of his veteran legions was replaced by raw conscripts that had never seen a shot fired in anger; still, even with those green troops, so mighty was the genius of the man, and so terrible his name, even in adversity, that the scales hung long nearly equally balanced

between him and combined Europe. They at last preponderated against him, and the mighty colossus fell prostrate to the earth. The iron barrier was passed by a million of barbarous intruders, and the fertile fields of France became the scene of action. Foot by foot was the ground contested, but all in vain; the arm of his power was broken; his gallant legions, with which he could have defied the combined world in arms, strewed the face of the Russian wastes, which denied them even a grave; the strength of France lay bleaching in the snows of Russia. Still, I think, at that moment, Napoleon appeared greater than at any former period of his unparalleled career; his movements were made with a rapidity exceeding human conception; he was everywhere present, banishing despair from the hearts of his faithful few whereever he appeared; and even at this last stage of his death-struggle, the hearts of the *holy* allies (oh! heavens, what a name for slaughter), seemed to have sad misgivings. Treachery, however, did what numbers could not effect. The capital was taken, and the Emperor became a prisoner at Fontainbleau. The peace of Elba was concluded, and bleeding Europe obtained a respite from the longest and most dreadful war that the annals of the world record.

The discomfited hero had set out for his isle in

the Mediterranean, to gain a short breathing time. All seemed o'er,

> " Ambitious life and labour, all was vain,
> He wears the shattered links of the world's broken chain."

The brig I belonged to at the time, was dispatched for the East Indies with the glorious intelligence. Glorious, indeed, and most beneficial it might have been to this country, had the conclusion of the treaty fallen into the hands of a man of sense, *or in his senses*, or one who had the good of his country at heart; but Castlereagh sacrificed the best interests of the nation to a vain feeling of disinterested glory, instead of making those continental despots, into whose countries we had been pouring our money, as if our hordes were inexhaustible, for the previous twenty years, relinquish their mercantile advantages to us, who had saved them from destruction, for our remuneration, and binding them hand and foot until we made them pay us back, at least a part of the enormous sums we had lavished in a useless and unprofitable war, which, but for the catastrophe of Napoleon's grand army in Russia, must have terminated in the complete subjugation of Europe to the French yoke, and the downfall of this country. Indeed, the misery and poverty we have suffered ever since the termination of the war, is proof positive that our resources, mighty as they

were, and their vastness astonished even Napoleon himself, were very nearly exhausted.

The Yankees alone still kept up the contest, but we dropped down channel, crossed the Bay of Biscay, and made the lovely Island of Madeira in thirteen days from leaving Portsmouth, without having seen anything of "Brother Jonathan." As we neared this Eden of the western wave, the wind died away, which obliged us to get out our long sweeps to assist the canvass. The water was smooth as glass, and as we slowly winded round the enchanting island making for Funchal Bay, the evening approached, and the land breeze brought with it the most delicious odour that ever met the senses; the white houses of the inhabitants, scattered in every direction amongst the vineyards,—the cloud-capped mountains majestically rising in the middle of the island,—the convent on the face of the hill,—the town of Funchal, and the opening Bay, all glittering in the resplendent rays of the setting sun, worked upon my fervent imagination, and gave me an idea of a terrestrial paradise that my fancy had never been able to paint; and as you shall know, reader, before I get over many more pages, it very nearly proved my last paradise on earth, or rather last resting place, with some twenty more of his Britannic Majesty's liege subjects. However, I escaped, for which I shall return thanks to the latest hour of my

existence; for, sooner than my body had been laid in a grave beside a parcel of villanous Portuguese, though it were on the most lovely spot on earth,—and that would signify little, as the sun does not shine four feet under ground, which is a reasonable depth for a Christian's grave,—I would sooner that my earthly remains should lie, if it must be so, without a grave at all, on the top of the highest hill in Scotland, the bottom of one of its lochs, or, in short, any where that would ensure me that a Portuguese should not come near me, so cordially do I hate that nation of boasting assassins, for whom, and their scarce less assassin brethren of Spain, more English blood has been spilt, than for all the nations of the earth put together.

The Portuguese are famous for illuminations, even more so than John Bull himself, and, God knows, that is fond enough, and as we brought the news of peace, we were duly greeted by a discharge of artillery, and a magnificent illumination followed next evening. We feasted upon oranges, bananas, grapes, and Madeira, and would have been quite happy, but we had a turbulent little fiend of a skipper, an Irishman too; but oh, how different from the aristocratic commander of the sloop I joined in Leith Roads, who so very nearly escaped hanging, as I have somewhere told you already. This pestilent pigmy was the son of a famous Irish barrister, the

cotemporary of Burke and Sheridan, but no more like his father "than I to Hercules;" and had he been hanged in good earnest before I happened to come his way, it would, to say the least of it, have saved me a great deal of trouble.

Paddy C—n had kept us in hot water the whole way out. In the short space of a fortnight he had had every officer in the ship under arrest for imaginary offences; had flogged half the ship's company at least,—stopped their grog,—black-listed them, and played the very devil. He went on shore for a day or two at Madeira, however, which gave us a short breathing time. Meanwhile, us young gentlemen got permission from the first lieutenant to go on shore for a few hours, and off we set in company with a parcel of mates and midshipmen belonging to two outward-bound East Indiamen lying at Funchal. When landed, we mustered in all about thirty, and after regaling ourselves with some of their bad beef, a bottle of Madeira each, with all the fruits of a tropical sun,—stop, says Mr. Critic, "the author, who would be very fine and poetical in his way, has made a gross display of his ignorance when he tells us he eat the fruits of a tropical sun in the Island of Madeira; but probably the gentleman, though he pretends to be a sailor, is not much acquainted with latitude and longitude;" —well hit, my good critic, but if Madeira is not

within the tropics, it is within some ten degrees, or so, of it, and you will find the very same fruits luxuriating in Madeira that you find under a vertical sun. Well, this point settled between the critic and your humble servant, I say having, with other et ceteras, regaled ourselves on all the fruits of a tropical sun, we determined to set out in quest of adventures, under the command of my elder brother, who was acting lieutenant of the brig I belonged to. He was a soul of a fellow for such an excursion, six feet two inches high, square in proportion, full of life and vivacity, reckless of danger, and having been inured to both cold and warm climates, he was as hard as an oak plank. Holding roads in contempt, we made at a straight cut for the convent on the face of the hill that overlooks Funchal (mentioned by every traveller that has scribbled about Madeira), leaped the hedges, threaded the vineyards, laughed at every Portuguese who challenged us, and any that were hardy enough to try to stop our progress were either elbowed out of our way, or literally walked over. But we at last met with a more serious obstruction, in the shape of a tremendous large dog, which a Portuguese had slipped from his chain, and sent open mouthed upon us. This fellow threatened to be a more serious antagonist than a score or two of cowardly Portuguese. Swords were instantly drawn to receive

our canine assailant, whose flashing eyes and open jaws let us know that we had no quarter to expect. But his career was suddenly stopped by receiving the point of my brother's sword right into his open mouth, which instantly sickened him of the conflict, and he made off to his master, making a most infernal howling, and the blood strewing his path as he fled.

We reached the convent without farther molestation, little suspecting what was awaiting us on our return. The nuns shewed their pale faces at the grates, and gabbled away to us in Portuguese, no doubt in very sweet accents complaining of their caged lot, but not one of us understood a word of Portuguese, except an oath or two, of course we knew not a syllable of what those charmers said. We bought baskets of flowers, made of the rich plumage of the beautiful birds of the torrid zone. At it again, Mr. Critic, Madeira is not in the torrid zone, cry you. Neither it is, you blockhead; but the birds of the torrid zone abound in Madeira. Confound the island, I wish I was out of it before I get murdered or mauled by the cowardly Portuguese, or more cowardly critics. We bought baskets of flowers, I say, made from the rich plumage of the beautiful birds of the torrid zone, by the imprisoned nuns, at their leisure hours, that is, the hours that are not set apart for devotion, or the private amusement of the

priests, (but let me not be wicked,) with which we intended to decorate our enamouratas of Portsmouth, should we live to return to merry England, or perhaps the more moral of us meditated a present to his mother or sisters, for whom he hove a sigh, when he thought of " the white walls of his home," in some fair valley of England, smiling glen of Scotland, or enchanted spot in the Emerald Isle. Alas! alas! our gaudy collections were doomed to a more sudden and less tender fate. As we descended the hill on our return to Funchal, we observed a group of Portuguese huddled together upon a shoulder of it, near to which we were almost obliged to pass. This boded no good. We proceeded, however, without paying any attention to them, but as soon as we came within stone-throw of the blackguards we were greeted with as infernal a shower as ever assailed the ears of a set of unfortunate devils. One was roaring, Oh, my leg! another, Oh, G—d, my teeth are knocked down my throat! a third, his arm, and so forth. There was no time to put off, a charge was instantly agreed upon. A line of two deep was formed in a moment, the oldest and stoutest forming the front line. My brother headed the charge, and most of us being well armed with good swords, we advanced fearlessly upon our assailants, who most heroically betook themselves to their heels before we got within ten yards of them,

keeping up a running fire of stones, which they threw with the fairness of a musket ball, galling us most unmercifully. After chasing them fairly off the field, and thinking they could not reach us again before we got to our boats, a regular run down hill was proposed; but no sooner was the retreat commenced, rather disorderly, I confess, than our cowardly antagonists were again at our backs, throwing their stones, with admirable effect. The lieutenant of marines stuck in a hedge, and was stabbed in the back by one of the assassins, and as he fell his foreteeth were knocked almost down his throat, from a blow with a bludgeon. In this dilemma a second rally and charge was made, and carried in masterly style. Our opposers fled once more, but not without getting a few swashing sabre wounds to remind them with whom they were engaged. The poor marine officer was lifted up, and carried down to the beach half dead. But all our baskets and flowers were gone, many of them beat to pieces about the heads of the rascally Portuguese, by those who had no better weapons, offensive or defensive.

Thus ended my visit to the charming island of Madeira, which I found to be inhabited by a race of assassins. The Portuguese have improved nothing in their character by their migration to the western hemisphere; in fact, it is truly said, "strip a Spaniard of all his good qualities and you make a

Portuguese of him. And, I think, when Napoleon asked one of their counts (I've forgot his name) if they would wish to become Spaniards, instead of taking it as a gross insult to the character of his nation, the count should have considered it a great compliment, as the Spaniards really have some good points about them, the Portuguese *none*.

Next day, Paddy C—, our dapper little tyrant of a captain, came on board, bringing with him a beautiful vision in flowing white raiment, to dazzle the eyes of his ship's company. She had two Malay female attendants; and we learnt that she was the wife of an old East India nabob, had been on a visit to her friends in England, was returning in one of the Indiamen, and having met with the captain at a party in the island, she had agreed to make a transfer to our fast sailing brig, no doubt, with the view of getting sooner to the arms of her beloved lord. The cabin was screened off and divided by flags. The lady and her attendants occupied the one side, one of the servants sleeping at her mistresses feet, by way of safety against male intrusion; and the captain slung his cot within the flags, on the opposite side of the cabin, of course. Having got this pretty play-thing to amuse him, we were in hopes that we should have a little more quiet, but no, no, Paddy, it would seem, found time to play the gallant and the tyrant too. Flogging went on as

briskly as ever. The time allowed the ship's company to dinner was shortened from a whole to a half hour, contrary to the rules of the service. Both watches were kept almost constantly on deck, by night or by day, so that the men were quite wore out. Black listing and extra work went on at a fine rate, and, upon one pretence or another, the grog of almost every man in the ship was stopped or mixed with six waters. While all this was going on, it would appear the busy little devil was not idle below in more tender pursuits; and it began to be whispered amongst the officers that matters were managed more lovingly in the cabin than on deck.

The lady found that the Malay girls being in her sleeping berth made the place too warm, and they were provided with a screen berth outside the cabin. This new arrangement caused a little tittering amongst the luffs and middys, and even Misses Quashy looked sly, with their ivory teeth and lanky hair, as much as to say, "you see what's going on." But the grand burden of the exposé was doomed to fall on my own devoted head, and that too with no more intention of working mischief, most kind reader, than I have at this blessed hour, when my blood is as cold as a cucumber, neither stimulated by young life, a tropical sun, or even a solitary glass of grog, because I took an extra drop last

night, reading to a friend the unlucky adventure of Parson Sharp and Mrs. Elder Peter, therefore, I am this day on short allowance, and black-listed by my matrimonial tyrant, who, I solemnly declare to thee, is as bad as Paddy C—n himself. But I shall proceed to show thee how this unlucky accident happened.

Monsieur le Capitain, or Monsier le Diable, for the one name suited him as well as the other, always left orders that he should be called if any thing of consequence occurred during the night. This was effected by a bell placed upon a table inside the cabin, which the sentry at the door had orders to ring, upon the midshipman of the watch coming down with a message from the officer in charge of the deck. I was mate of my brother's watch, and as it was coming on to blow very hard, he gave me orders to go and tell the captain that he thought it would be necessary to reef top-sails and shorten sail, for the most trifling movement could not be made without the little tyrant being informed of it. So down I bolted. It was the middle-watch, about two in the morning, and finding no sentry at the cabin door, or light either, and taking it for granted that he must be inside the cabin, I opened the door, popped in my head, but seeing no light there, I forgot about the bell, walked up to the captain's cot, gave it a shake, and commenced bawling out, in the

dark, Captain C—n! Captain C—n! but no Captain C—n answered. Thinking all was not right, and in secret wishing that Paddy had betaken him to his last sleep, I put my hand inside the cot, but no Captain C—n was there. The sentry now entered the cabin with his light, and, in great confusion, first rung the bell, and then commenced pockering about the cabin for the captain, who, I told him, was not in his cot. His clothes, epaulettes, and all together, was lying upon a chair, and where the little devil had esconced himself became the query. "I hope," says I, in the simplicity of my heart, "that the captain has not jumped overboard. I have observed something wrong with him lately." This remark, I suppose, had finished Paddy C—n's patience, of which he had at any time but a small stock, and regardless of consequences, roused him from his delicious stowing place; for the first thing I noticed was the whole line of flags on the lady's side of the cabin making an advance movement, like "Dunsinnan Wood in Macbeth," when away they all went, and floundering in the entanglements of the mass of bunten, over rolls Paddy C—n, *en cuerpo*, for he was naked as he came from his mother, at full length upon the cabin floor, kicking and sprawling to free himself of the flags. The lady, who, no doubt, had been asleep, sweet innocent, being thus suddenly exposed to the light, and the

rude eyes of man, which, of all things on earth, she most dreaded, started up, as you need not doubt, in great surprise, for what lady of proper delicacy could be otherwise, and opening her sweet eyes, and blushing crimson, exclaimed, "Oh, my G—d! what is the matter? Send my servants here. Heavens protect me! What is the matter? I shall be murdered!" "No fear, ma'am," says I, with the greatest simplicity; "there is nothing very far wrong. I will get your servants, and I will replace this flag." But here my gallantry was suddenly terminated, by the most damnable blow across the back that ever was inflicted upon a harmless youngster as I was, doing the best he could to mend a lady's case, with a "Out of the cabin! D—n and blast the bloody soul of you! What the devil brought you here, without a light, you scoundrel? You did this purposely; but I will be at the bottom of it." "Oh, Captain C—n," cries the lady, "do not kill the poor young gentleman! He was only helping to put up my screen, that has, by accident, been pulled down, I *can't* tell how. Bless me, what a sound sleeper I am. I fancy there's been a dreadful noise in the cabin for hours, and yet I have never waked. Bless me, Captain C—n, what have you been doing? Where have you been? Has any thing confused you? Oh, be a good boy, and do not hurt the fine young gentleman!"

Oh, woman, woman, woman! I shall never believe that the devil deceived you, but that you deceived the devil I perfectly believe. And here was a case in point; for I say, had Sir Multiface himself entered the cabin at the moment, and no doubt he was taking a peep of us, for his worst enemies allow that he is very attentive to business, and always at the head of his own affairs, which, I suppose, is the cause of his thriving so well; and this matter was quite in his line. Still, I protest, had he entered at the instant, in a visible shape, and been asked for his opinion, the moment he looked upon that sweet face, covered with blushes, those modest eyes cast down in shame and confusion from the rude gazers, her white arms drawing the bedclothes close to her chin to conceal the world of charms below, *not guilty* would have been the word, and get you out of the cabin for a set of impudent scoundrels, would have proceeded from the devil himself. Nay, I question much if his Satanic majesty might not have had recourse to the same weapon as his swate child Paddy C—n, and cleared the place of us, certain I am that he could not have hit me a more infernal rap than did Paddy himself. On receiving the blow, my first impulse was to leap upon the little tyrant and strangle him, if I could, though I should be hanged at the yard's-arm the next morning; but most fortunately for me, my

brother, who, hearing the noise below, had run down from the deck, and entered the cabin just as I was proceeding to grapple with my assailant, who still kept the pocker in hand, and was laying upon the unfortunate sentry. My brother's entry restored order. I fled on deck. The poor sentry was relieved, and put both legs in irons for having left his post. The lady's servants were summoned to attend their poor dear frightened mistress, and all was as quiet in ten minutes as if nothing had happened; but woe is me for to-morrow,—it turned out that the sentry had been entrusted with a quantity of barley water by the doctor, to be administered during the night to some sick people, and the medical gentleman not wishing to be disturbed from his rest, had requested of the sentry to slip forward to the sick bay when all was quiet, and give the drink to the sick men, which he, poor fellow, good-naturedly complied with; and upon this friendly errand he was when I entered the cabin. The tyrant had been nursing his wrath all night, and appeared on deck in the morning, pale with passion. Suspecting that my brother was also in the plot against him, he ordered him to be put under arrest, and the doctor also, for not attending to his medical duties, but entrusting them to the marine. He was not long in venting his vengeance. At ten o'clock the hands were turned up for punishment; and the poor innocent sentry, for doing an

act of humanity, received the most unmerciful flogging I ever saw inflicted on a human being. I was disrated, the doctor continued under arrest, to be tried by a court-martial on our arrival at Rio de Janiero; but as he could lead nothing home to my brother, he was ordered to return to his duty. But from that hour he contrived to make both our lives miserable.

Having run down the Trades, we drew near to the Line, and preparations for the grand ceremony of shaving, rigging out Neptune and my Lady Neptune, were set about with unusual alacrity by the ship's company; but the captain's tyranny was becoming so insupportable that the men determined to make a stand out for their rights, and at least have the treatment to which *men* were entitled, for hitherto they had been treated like as many beasts. They had intended, we afterwards learned, to delay the day of revenge until the ceremony of crossing the Line should give them an excuse for using liberties with their officers, and, in the midst of the confusion, as if by accident, to pitch the captain overboard, and, very likely, some more of us would have gone the same way, when their hands were in, but C—n's tyranny wore out their patience, and, fortunately for him, hurried them to the attempt prematurely, and before they got time to concert their plan. Accordingly, a day or two

before we made the Equinoctial, the hands were turned up at the half hour after having gone to dinner, when there was no need for calling the men from their meal, but not a soul appeared on deck except the officers and marines. My brother, as junior lieutenant, went between decks to rouse them up, but returned immediately on deck, and told the captain that every man was armed with his drawn cutlass and brace of pistols, and only a hum was heard from berth to berth, while no one moved when he gave them orders to go on deck.

The little tyrant's face grew as pale as ashes, and thus pushed home, he was feign to consult his officers, which he treated in general with so much contempt, what was to be done. "Done," says the first lieutenant, "I am afraid it is too late to ask the question; you should have looked to that before now. I was sure what this tormenting of a ship's company would end in, and I suppose we may now prepare to be pitched overboard; but it is no use wasting words, and standing like fools this way. To arms, marines, to arms. Pass the word for the captains of tops, captains of guns, and all the petty officers; let us see if they will obey orders. Aft to the poop, young gentlemen, up with the arm-chests, and throw us a parcel of cutlasses down here, and a few boarding pikes. Bear a hand, my brave fellows; well done, marines, form in line on the

quarter-deck, and bring your arms to the charge,—fix bayonets; but don't move till I order you. Here comes the petty officers,—come away, men, come away. Now, Captain C., be so good as stand out of my way, and let us have a fair chance for our lives; at least let us die like men, and not be butchered in cold blood by these mutinous scoundrels,—poor fellows, I can hardly blame them, after all; but we must put them down, if we can."

It is said that tyrants are always cowards. This general rule does not always hold; for several of the bloodiest tyrants the world ever produced have died like heroes. Our Dicky the third, for instance, than whom a more blood-thirsty monster never lived, died game at Bosworth; but still the remark is found just nine times out of ten. Our captain, hitherto so valiant, became completely panic-struck, and, instead of standing the foremost man to defend his ship against mutiny, meanly shrunk behind his lieutenants.

What I have been describing passed in five minutes from the first alarm, and the first lieutenant's promptitude and presence of mind, no doubt, saved much bloodshed. The men moved up the forehatchway, and came aft in two dense columns along the gangways, numbering about fifty men on each side, fully armed; while the whole of us, marines, petty officers, and all put together, did not muster

forty souls. This, to a hundred, was a poor look out. The ringleader, a powerful muscular Scotchman, of the dreaded name of the wight of Ellerslie, took speech in hand, and after enumerating with great clearness the grievances they were daily exposed to, he concluded by saying, "that it was a very hard case for a hundred and twenty brave fellows to be flogged and used like beasts, merely to gratify one blasted little Irish tyrant." At this moment the two lieutenants, as if it had been previously concerted, or, I suppose, brave men act instinctively together, sprung forward, seized the speaker before he had a moment's time to get out of their way, or defend himself, and dragged him amongst the marines on the quarter-deck. "Charge marines," cried the first lieutenant, "but shed no blood if you can help it, my brave fellows." This sudden movement was decisive of the mutiny; the marines charged slowly forward, and the mutineers, deprived of their leader, gradually retreated until they reached the fore-hatchway, down which they went, man after man, quietly laying down their arms at the command of my brother, who, by this time, had found his way amongst the middle of them, and from his assurances that they should get better treatment, they expressed themselves perfectly willing to return to their duty. Both lieutenants now went between decks and repeated their assu-

rances that the captain was sensible of his misconduct, and that he would use them better in future. The boatswain's mate was ordered to pipe all hands, make sail, and I never saw such a joyous tumble-up in my life; suspence and fear was as completely passed away, as if such a thing had never existed, at least as far as the officers and men were concerned, but not so with Paddy C. He felt himself humbled even to degradation, and saw that, in the hour of danger, he cut but a poor figure. He therefore determined to bring the ringleader, Wallace, to a court-martial upon our arrival at Rio, making no doubt he would be hanged; and he also meditated revenge against the doctor, whom he looked upon as the chief cause of the exposé that had taken place on our way from Madeira to the Line, in which I had the misfortune to act so conspicuous a part. But a scheme was fallen upon by the wardroom officers to save poor Wallace, who was one of the best men in the ship, and as quiet a fellow as ever reefed a topsail, if he wasn't trampled upon. This was no less than to obtain the intercession of the fair cabin passenger with the captain, over whom it was now pretty generally understood she held considerable sway; and as, by this time, the lieutenants had also obtained some *small* sway over the lady's Malay handmaids, who, "though black were comely," and warm as the sun under which they were born,

and which was now stirring up our clay with its vertical force. The thing was managed through them. Wallace's irons were ordered to be struck off, and in the presence of the whole ship's company, he received a most awful reprimand from the captain, and ordered to return to his duty. This was capitally managed, the doctor wrote a letter of apology, which was received in good part, and complete harmony was restored.

On crossing the line, which we did the day after Wallace's release, the ceremony was admirably gone through. The ship was hove-to to receive "Old Ocean's God," and his godship, with trident in hand, and his Amphitrite seated beside him upon a gun-slide, performed the routine of the deck, superintended the shaving, drank a hearty bumper of grog to the health of the captain, officers, and ship's company now received as his worshippers, in which the divine Amphitrite, who, by the way, had had her whiskers shaved off for the ceremony, heartily joined him, and put all the requisite questions to the newly initiated, who were henceforth to be under his godship's dominion. The lather, consisting of soap suds, grease, tar, and twenty other combustibles, every one more abominable than another, was lavished in great abundance, not confining it to the beard, but beslabbering it over the whole "human face divine," and thrusting it into the mouth of every

novice, if he was raw enough to open his mouth to answer Neptune's questioning; and although warned by my brother, who was an acknowledged subject of the watery god some years before, not to open my mouth on any account, and I determined to stick to his advice, yet, when it came to, "What country do you belong to?" resolved never to deny my country, "Scotland," roars I; "that's a fine fellow," cries Neptune, "never deny your country," and at the same moment my mouth was filled chock full of as beastly stuff as ever entered the jaws of a Christian, while a horse-laugh resounded from the bystanders at poor Sawny. But Neptune's razor, which otherwise would have flayed the face of every one who had the misfortune to come under it, was greatly mildened by the timeous application of a few gallons of good rum, which greatly softened his godship's heart, as well as his razor. The shaving being finished, the sluicing commenced, which was at first confined to the novices, now made freemen of Neptune's dominions; but latterly all who came in the way got a share. A double allowance of grog was served at six o'clock,—the ceremony declared finished,—hammocks piped down, and all concluded in peace and good order; whereas, but three days before, it was intended for a day of revenge and murder.

In twelve days from crossing the line, we made Rio de Janiero, and entered its capacious harbour.

If Madeira was lovely on a small scale, here we had nature in towering majesty, a harbour that would contain with ease the whole British navy, nay all the navies in the world, interspersed with islands of eternal green, covered with stately trees planted by no human hand, but thrown forth in the exuberance of nature, and surrounded by hills which sheltered it from every wind. Here I determined to get clear of Paddy C., for I well knew that his hatred to me still rankled at bottom, and that he would find some opportunity, sooner or later, of doing me a serious mischief. On my telling him that I wished to return to England, he seemed quite well pleased, told me he would speak to the Admiral to get me a passage home in the first ship, and offered me an order on his bankers in Portsmouth for any sum I might require. I could not understand what made him so very condescending; but I afterwards found out, that he was glad to get rid of me, lest any disagreeable story about the confounded mistake I had made in the cabin in our passage out, which led to a most disagreeable discovery, should have peeped out in India, and have reached the ears of the lady's husband. As I never saw my brother again, or a living soul belonging to the brig, I had no opportunity of knowing how the fair she was received by her husband, or whether any grand discovery was made on her reaching India; but all I have to say on the

subject, is to recommend all elderly gentlemen, who marry young buxom dames in India, to be very careful how they let them home to visit their friends in England, particularly to go solitary passengers with a young captain of a man-of-war, with only a thin piece of bunting between them, twelve hours out of the four-and-twenty in total darkness, and under the very electrifying influence of the torrid zone. By the gods! in such a climate, and under such circumstances, with time and opportunity, and "all appliances and means to boot," I would not be answerable for the chaste huntress goddess herself. So, if the old gentlemen will be so foolish, they must take their chance; but remember I have warned them, and given them a very good account how such things come about.

I was transferred in a day or two to the frigate that bore the Admiral's flag, and bid adieu to Paddy C. for ever. In dismissing him, I must mention, that on my arrival in England, I found he had no credit with the bankers on whom he had given me an order. I had some money in his hands, but he most liberally gave me an order for double the amount, telling me I would pay him when we again met,—but we never met. I got not a shilling from his bankers. So Paddy C. both got clear of me, and kept my few paltry pounds besides. Well, he is long gone to that place "where the wicked cease

from troubling;" so peace to his ashes, but a more pestilentient pigmy, and engrained petty tyrant never trode a quarter-deck.

Here I took a last farewell of my favourite brother, than whom a braver or warmer-hearted fellow never breathed. He lived some years afterwards, returned from India, was made a captain, and died on the Halifax station in his twenty-sixth year, from the bursting of a blood-vessel.

Out of one scene of confusion into another; I had not been a day on board of the flag-ship before I found that all the officers, with the exception of the captain and first lieutenant, were only acting, and had been very recently appointed. This arose in consequence of a quarrel between the captain and his officers, with whom he had been formerly great friends, and familiar to a degree that is not strictly consistent with good discipline, when all at once they went to loggerheads, as is generally the case, upon a very trifling point.

The frigate had been laying at Pernambuca, where there is always a tremendous swell, and the captain ordered the ventilators or scuttles, which gave air and light to the lieutenants' cabins, to be closed, for fear of the water getting in. This, it seems, gave great offence, the officers considering the precaution unnecessary, and done for the purpose of annoying them. They remon-

strated, the captain refused to humour them; they persisted in keeping them open, and he caused them immediately to be closed, and determined they should not have their way. To insure his orders, he made the scuttles be caulked up. No sooner was this done, than Messieurs the wardroom officers, in utter contempt of all authority, takes an iron crow-bar, and drives it through the glass or "bull's eye" of the scuttles. This was instantly communicated to the captain, upon which every soul of them was placed under arrest, and the midshipmen ordered to take charge in their place till the ship arrived at Rio.

Now here was a pretty childish story, three lieutenants, a purser, a doctor, and a lieutenant of marines, all put under arrest, and to be brought to a court-martial about some six or seven pieces of glass being broken, not one of which exceeded four inches diameter. I hate any thing in the shape of tyranny, but in the navy there is an absolute necessity for a captain keeping a proper distance from his officers; and had the captain of the frigate used less familiarity, his officers would not have ventured to oppose his authority in such a trifling matter. No sooner did they arrive at Rio than the Admiral took part with the captain; the refractory officers were removed to the guard-ship, and acting officers appointed in their place. "It is an ill wind that

blows nobody good," and the dispute between the captain of the frigate and his officers proved a good wind to the passed midshipmen on the Rio station, besides a captain's clerk and assistant surgeon, who jumped into the places of the refractory officers. In this way the poor fellows had been kept for more than a year, turned over from ship to ship, as the Admiral's flag was shifted, and made a gazing stock to every ship's company on the station.

When I was sent on board of the frigate, she was under orders for England, her time on the station being nearly out, and the Admiral having thought it the best way to send home frigate, captain, old and new officers, all bundled together, to take their chance of a court-martial in England, so that, happen what would, his hands should be washed clear of him. This was vile bad conduct on the part of the Admiral, for it afforded the captain an ample opportunity of tormenting a parcel of poor fellows during a three months' passage home, who had already suffered enough, God knows, for any little offence they had committed, and certainly the captain did not fail to take advantage of the position in which he was placed, which I shall show by and by. The group of refractories arrived from the guard-ship, where they had previously been confined, the same day that I joined

the frigate, and when they put foot on the deck of their own ship, where they had been dearly liked by the ship's company, they were received with many a warm smile, from those who durst so far display their recollection of former kindness, and a fine-looking set of fellows they were, but anxious and care-worn from long confinement. The old first lieutenant of the frigate had deserted his colours and made his peace with the captain, months before the period to which I allude, and was now in the performance of his duty on board of the ship; he was of course looked upon by the rest of the group as a vile renegade; and how far he deserved it I cannot to this hour say. He was a splendid-looking man, an excellent officer, and perfectly good natured. Nephew to a certain great admiral, who, though less distinguished, was perhaps in every respect a superior character to Nelson. Our first luff was a midshipman on board the Victory at Trafalgar, and by some unlucky chance had got drunk on the morning of the action, for which Nelson kicked him off the quarter-deck; he however soon recovered himself, was amongst the first who boarded the ship opposed to the Victory, and displayed such undaunted courage, that he was recommended for promotion, which he obtained immediately upon his return to England.

My stay at Rio was consequently brief; but,

short as it was, the recollection of it holds a lively place in my memory at this moment; indeed, I am blessed with a capital memory, and can scribble away from it about things that passed thirty years ago, with as much ease as if I had a journal of them before me. This, of course, you will say is self-praise, reader; so it is, but let me tell you that a good memory is by no means the great gift that one is apt to imagine; for if it helps you to the pleasant passages of your life, it has also the bad as ready and palpable; and, before you know what you are about, has all your sins spread out before you; and mine, alas! forms a very formidable front; therefore, I say that a good memory, as it is called, is one of the greatest evils that a poor sinner can be beset with. But it was Rio de Janiero I was going to speak about, and not philosophise about the power of memory.

The whole of the Portuguese royal family were resident at Rio; the queen-mother, who fled from the Old to the New World at the time of Napoleon's invasion of Portugal, was still alive, and her son regent, the father of the since celebrated Don Miguel, and his brother Pedro, the expelled Brazilian emperor. Though mixed up with cruelty that makes the recollection disgusting, it was really laughable to see the royal family in progress through the streets of their transatlantic capital. Their out-

riders mounted on mules at a hand-canter, with tremendous whips, histing and driving all before them, while a few mounted soldiers followed, pricking up every old black that came in their way, with a long lance, which they used without ceremony; the unfortunate orange-women, all as black as a coal, had often their baskets knocked off their heads, or from their stalls, and the whole golden contents strewed on the ground, while they roared and screamed like so many lunatics. The royal carriages moved on with the group of young royal bantlings, consisting of Pedro, Miguel, another brother I think, and some three or four sisters, one of which afterwards became Queen of Spain, and another Queen of Naples; they were all young then, none of them exceeding twenty, and downwards, and a pretty family they were; the regent, their father, generally accompanied them, and was the picture of fat contented ignorance, looking down upon that fair earth, which by some mischance had been placed under his despotic sway, and that fairest portion of it too, the extensive and rich Brazils. Forward moved the royal carriages, and the royal bantlings laughing, open-mouthed, at the misfortunes of their goaded subjects, entirely regardless of the pain their rascally escort was momently inflicting. This was a capital school for Don Pedro and Don Miguel, and well accounts for the actions of their after life.

Through the city and the adjoining country, I made frequent excursions, not without an apprehension of being stilettoed by the assassins who inhabit it; and a charming country it is. Every thing in the New World, one is apt to imagine, looks as if it were more young and vigorous than in the Old; there is a vastiness about it, so to speak, that we find not in the old continent; the foliage is more luxuriant, the products of nature more varied and abundant, the trees of more stately growth—"the potent sons of sap and heat"—as our Scotch Jimy beautifully sings; the foliage of the birds more lovely, but then how humble is their "wood-note wild," when compared with our melodious choristers; in short, every thing is superior but man—"at once the head, the heart, and tongue of all"—there the New World is deficient, and utterly wants that genius which abounds in the colder regions of Europe. I could draw no distinction between the Portuguese and their black slaves, the enslaver and the enslaved are equally wrapt in savage ignorance, the slave most certainly the least offensive animal of the two; for they are less sanguinary in their nature, and much more docile and obedient. The Portuguese women I met with, however, had nothing of the savage disposition of the male sex, but were mild and compliant to the last possible degree; and my lady quashee required no courting. I shall never

forget the first time I went on shore for my shirts, &c. which had been sent to a Portuguese washer-woman, who hung out along shore a little from Rio, and who kept some half dozen black damsels, to perform the business of the lawndry, (confound them, they bittel every thing to rags; I had not my shirts and trousers washed above thrice during the time I was at Rio, and though quite new and good, they were full of holes and almost rags, with their eternal thumping). No sooner had I put my foot upon their bleaching-green, than I was seized by four lusty black wenches, and after swinging me from side to side for a minute or two, they deposited me flat upon the ground, and one after another most unceremoniously threw herself upon me, kissing me from ear to ear. To a raw Scotchman of seventeen, this was fine work; here were these black vixens, with scarcely a rag even round their waists, sousing upon me with their shining skins, as soft as a piece of silk velvet, and tickling me with their mischievous hands in every direction. They may talk to me of the milk-and-water Portuguese as they like, I would'nt give a full-formed swashing black she, of sixteen, for a dozen of them; they have no trick or deceit, but enter into the spirit of the thing at once; they are untutored children of nature, and have no idea of shamming matters.

It was lamentable to see the naked black slaves

in the market, exhibiting like as many cattle, where we sent a boat every morning to receive her Portuguese majesty's allowance, of five oranges per man, which was granted in her royal bounty to all English ships on the station, as a sort of quit-rent, I suppose, for us sending out a seventy-four and three or four frigates to defend our *allies* the Portuguese. Pretty allies, truly, against the attacks of worthy "brother Jonathan," who would have stood in small ceremony, I *guess* and *calculate*, of swaggering into Rio harbour, despite of their forts and their copious use of gunpowder, setting fire to their town of assassins and slaves, and stripping the rascals of any little they had to take off them. Anything pleases John Bull,—a few oranges, a fine-turned compliment, at which all foreigners are so excellent,—praise his valour, and above all his generosity, which he can at no time withstand, all this serves the purpose as well as money, of which John would scorn to accept a shilling. No, no, that would be beneath his dignity; and thus are we gulled at all hands, and laughed at to boot, by every petty continental power we happen to take a fancy for.

The captain of the frigate, in which I returned to England, was the son of a celebrated admiral, and bore as surnames the family name of two of the greatest men the service had produced; his own name sounded in a most Christian way, and I

yet verily believe, that he was at bottom a most Christian man, had he been well treated; but I had seen so much of Paddy C—'s tyranny of late, that I had begun to think, that every skin of them, when they got a pair of epaulettes upon their shoulders turned tyrants directly; and hence I was seized, without any good reason for it certainly, with a heart hatred against this post-captain of Christian appellation. Seeing so many of his officers under such circumstances, no doubt, had effect upon me; and, from his having heard from Paddy C— himself, that I had a swatch of the rebel in my own blood, I observed, from my first coming on board, that he watched me with a jealous eye. Being only a supernumerary, for some time after coming on board, I was put into no watch, or desired to do any duty, so that I had nothing to do but enjoy myself. The officers under arrest were allowed the midshipman's berth to mess in, while we had one fitted up for us on the other side. This vicinity, of course, brought us often in contact, and from the first, a sort of sympathetic feeling produced an acquaintance and familiarity. Being as idle as myself, they killed the time by playing backgammon, cards, drafts, eating oranges, smoking cigars, and drinking grog, making me often one of the party. My turn for narrative, and particularly the late story of Paddy C—n, and the beauteous vision who had been the

innocent cause of all the mischief that had befallen me, formed good subject for amusement, and softened down the tedious hours of their protracted confinement. But the day arrived when we had to leave Rio; the captain came on board, bag and baggage, the previous night; by day-break we were unmoored, and in an hour after we were under weigh for England once more. We touched at Bahia and Pernambuca, on our way home; at the latter place, I was sent on shore with the Russian ambassador at the court of Brazil, and an English merchant, who were taking a passage home with us; and, in passing through the surf to the harbour of Pernambuca, a sea struck us and cleared the boat of every soul that was in it; three of our men sunk to rise no more; in fact, they were never seen after the sea sweeped us out of the boat, and I suppose must have got entangled in the sea-weed adhering to the rocks below; the rest of us were picked up by canoes from the shore. I think, somehow, that we have a presentiment of our approaching fate;—after we entered the surf, a slight sea struck us first, which only gave us a wetting; but a second and a heavier one was formed, and curling its monstrous head, as it rolled rapidly towards us; upon which the cockswain, who was one of the three afterwards drowned, touched me on the shoulder and whispered, "that will settle me at any rate;" and sure

enough it did, for the words were hardly out of his mouth, when it struck with immense violence, and away we all went; he with other two, never to rise again. The Russian ambassador behaved with great courage upon the occasion; these barbarians have a devil of a pluck in them after all. As he was swimming for our boat, which the sea had carried through the surf, and was now floating brimfull, but in smooth water, he observed our English merchant, who was a bad swimmer, nearly exhausted; upon which the bold Russian struck out for him, and assisted him to gain the boat, by which they both hung, with several of our men, and your humble servant amongst the rest, until the canoes relieved us from our disagreeable situation. We were conducted to the British consul's house, and treated with every possible kindness. Having lost my hat and shoes, I got a present of a new rig from the consul; and, at parting, received a compliment of two cheeses and a small box of oranges from the fair consuless; for which, of course, I made my best acknowledgments. On coming on board, I divided my present with our ci-devant officers, which procured an invitation to all our mess to take dinner and wine with these hospitable and kind-hearted fellows, when arrests and tyrants were wished to the devil, where they ought to be; and the fair dames of England, not forgetting the consul's lady,

(whose generosity had added to our comforts), was given, with all the honours.

Nothing worth the talking about occurred on the passage home, except a six hours' chase after the famous Wasp of the Yankees, which made more captures during the short war than any of the American cruisers; but she did not think proper to exchange shots with us. We would have had a fair chance of coming up with her, but having a convoy of merchantmen, which we must have lost sight of had we continued the chase, and night coming on, we shortened sail, and gave up the chase, to give the convoy an opportunity of closing before night-fall. "The white cliffs of Albion" once more appeared in the distance, and in the October of 1814, I again found myself at Spithead.

The trial of the officers took place in a day or two; and here I cannot help remarking the dignity of a naval court martial. As the officers to be tried were all of a rank which required the court martial to be composed of post-captains and admirals, and the peculiar circumstances of their case had attracted attention, the court was well packed with officers of high rank and standing; and when I looked upon their weather-beaten stern countenances, hair bleached white with age and exposure to the elements, and powerful hardy frames, it was easy to imagine that they were well entitled to be styled

the Lords of the Ocean. Great sympathy was shown to the poor officers, who got off with simple reprimands, and some of them only a caution. They in return tried the captain, who, it seemed, in going out to Brazil, had taken a freak one day to have an interview with some female convicts on board a ship under his convoy; two of the best-looking were brought on board, the captain took one, and the first lieutenant the other. This would have been a small offence in the eye of the old admirals and captains of the court martial, who had probably all of them done as bad a trick, in their day, but it unfortunately happened that the captain's lady was attending the trial, and when the fact was established, of the incontinence of her lord, she went off in a faint, and alarmed the whole court. The captain was sentenced to be dismissed his ship, and severely reprimanded besides; so that he made nothing of the quarrel with his officers, and what *Christian* means he fell upon to pacify his injured rib, it is impossible for me to tell.

Bidding adieu to my messmates, after one glorious night's fun, and beating up the old streets of Portsmouth, and playing a hundred mad pranks, I took coach for London the next evening, and the following morning, by ten o'clock, I was on board of a Leith smack, dropping down the Thames. We had no steam-ships in those days, to insure a passage in

forty-eight hours, or three days at farthest; sometimes three weeks came nearer the mark; and on this occasion we were thirteen days from leaving the wharf at Wapping, until we cast anchor in Leith Roads, but thirteen more joyous days I never passed in my life before, or since.

The ladies, of whom we had about a dozen, soon recovered their sea-sickness, and the gentlemen, about twenty in number, most of them half-pay officers returning home, after the smashing down of the fleet and army at the peace of Elba, of course, were in no way troubled with sea-sickness, and having nothing to hurry them, the dance, the laugh, the story, the jest, and the music was kept up without intermission. We had one curious fellow who mixed in none of these revelries, but amused himself solely with the grog cup, turning into his berth when half drunk, dozing a little, and then out again to his grog. He wanted an eye, walked lame, talked eternally about France, and relieving his poor countrymen there; swore he had crossed the equinoctial seven times, although he confessed he was born in Scotland, which made the odd number a little unaccountable; and, take him all in all, he was as queer a fish as I had ever seen. He excited the risibility of a young half-pay ensign, who one day watching an opportunity, when the old boy had turned in, drunk and all standing as usual,

to pile every stool in the cabin on the top of him, so as to jam him completely, and prevent the possibility of his turning or even moving in his bed. All hands watched the result of his waking, which we knew would be as soon as the steam of the grog ceased to operate. This was not long; first a grunting, and then an attempt at movement was tried, but all in vain, so completely had the ensign wedged him up.

"Steward, steward," was now bawled out with a thousand oaths of the newest fashion, half French, half English.

The steward attended the call, and relieved him of a stool or two, for which he was rewarded with the third one pitched at his head, with a "d—n and blast the whole set of you." The old hero had now got his hand loose, and most noble work did he make of the stools. Out they came, slap after slap into the cabin, each accompanied by an oath of deeper dye than another, till at last his way was fairly cleared, when out he crawled, drew up his emaciated body, and first drinking off a glass of stiff rum grog to brace his nerves, he told us we were a parcel of d—d army and navy skamps, and he would fight any one of us with any weapons we chose to name, from the small sword to the claymore.

The ensign determined to keep up the farce, de-

clared he would fight him directly. The old fellow was provided with the ensign's own sword, while he borrowed one from me, an old sabre, which I had picked up on board of a transport that had carried some troops out to Spain. To the deck they sallied, amid the cheering of the passengers, and lounges were immediately exchanged, all in fun on the part of the young officer, but not so with old Polyphemus; it was no joking with him, and certainly, with his blind eye, shaggy eyebrows, grizzled hair, long beard, dirty debauched countenance, added to the lameness of his leg, with his clothes half put on, and the other eye shooting out like a fiend's, I never saw a more disgusting looking ruffian. What he had been I know not; but it soon appeared that he had all a Frenchman's knowledge of the small-sword, for before the young officer knew what he was about, he had his ribs grazed in most scientific style, while the old savage was leisurely recovering his point to finish his man with the second thrust. This was beyond fun, and one of the bystanders, with a blow well laid on, brought the old hero to the deck, before he had time to carry his humane intentions into execution. This ended the affair; and old Cumming, for I think that was his name, was allowed in future to drink his grog and take his nap, without any one disturb-

ing him. So much for understanding the small sword thoroughly.

A mischievous rogue was our ensign, and deserved what he got; for, what think you, reader, he amused himself with after this affair?—why, he made a hole in the cloth, which covered a piece of brass gingerbread work that divided his sleeping berth from the ladies' cabin, and indulged his idle curiosity in reconnoitering the private movements of the fair enchantresses, very much to their scandal, who, poor innocents, never suspecting that such audacious eyes were fixed upon them, went on, all unconscious of harm, washing, dressing, shifting, shifting? and a man looking at them all the while! Yes, shifting, do you think ladies never change their shifts? once a month at least, surely; and I can't help a man looking at them, and then you know, they knew nothing about it; and it is generally agreed, that what one does not know does them no harm. But all this does not excuse my brave subaltern, and, had he been in Turkey, and played such a trick, he would have been food for the fishes in ten minutes; although the charming Mary Montague had the wickedness to wish, when in the women's bath at Constantinople, that a famous English painter could have had the luxury of a peep in, just, says she, to get a look of so many fine women. Ah! she was a sad

jade, that Lady Mary; but, if all is true that's said, she got her fill of Turkey and Turks before she left it; but for the truth, see Pope, "the wasp of Twickenham," as she calls him.

Arrived at Leith, I lost no time to find my way to Edinburgh, where I found my father was still resident. My mother and sisters received me with delight; and after the old Commodore, who by this time was quite blind, knew who I was, he rose from his elbow-chair, and hugged me in his arms.

"Right glad am I to see you again, my poor boy, or rather to feel you; for, d—n me, if I can see my finger before me. Changed days with me now, my boy; but the old ship must break up, you know, and it's no use making a noise about it. So you see I am as far from my earldom as ever; these scoundrel Griphards have fairly diddled me, as they did my grand uncle, and grandfather before me. Confound the sharks, they palavered me into a belief that they would again make my fortune, as they had stripped us of the old one, but catch them, they knew better tricks; and so, my boy, you must just tug away at the oar, no help for it, and keep up your heart, no saying how soon things may take a turn for the better. Now, George, rest you a day, and then be off to the port-admiral, and get a ship; he is one of the noble family of Hopetoun, and as fine a fellow as ever walked a quarter-deck.

He has never forgot a good turn I did him when he was a youngster, although I had forgot all about it, till the Admiral himself put me in mind of it, which shews that his heart's on the right side. I shall tell you it. After my return from Cook's voyage, in 1780, and I had got my lieutenant's commission, I was going from London to Portsmouth to join the old Rattlesnake, she that was afterwards wrecked at Trinadad, where my swimming saved this useless old carcass; it was not useless then, mind ye, though. Well, we stopped by the way to take dinner, and, in a corner of the room, I sees two young midshipmen, neither of them above sixteen, I daresay, sitting with rather woe-begone countenances. 'What ship do you belong to, young gentlemen?' asked I. 'To the ——, now at Spithead.' 'Are you for Portsmouth?' 'Yes.' 'Do you go with us? 'No; we—we,—' and then they stopped. Ah, ha! my boys, thinks I, all's not right. Well, I asks the landlord, who, as he was attending us passengers, kept eyeing the young fellows with no very pleasant looks, 'Any thing wrong with those young gentlemen?' whispered I, taking the landlord to a corner. 'Wrong, why yes, sir; if taking a hearty dinner, and drinking wine, without paying for it, is wrong, I suspect they're wrong enough.' 'Oh! is that all?' 'All, sir! it may be little to you; but

do you thinks I get my good wittals and vine for nothing, and then, when I asks them to pay me, they tells me they have spent all their money in London; but that the one's a near relation of a Scotch lord, and the other has an aunt who lives a hundred miles off. Will his Scotch lordship, who wery likely has not enough to pay for his own dinner, or this one's aunt a hundred miles off, pay me for my good wittals?' 'Never mind, my good Boniface, say no more about it; bring their bill and I'll pay you.' 'You pay me! Lord, sir, but that is mighty good of you: will you really, sir? well, but that is wonderful kind; poor young gentlemen. You shall have the bill in a moment, sir.' The bill paid, 'Come,' says I, 'you pair of skamps, you have been amongst the girls in London, I suspect, young as you are; but what if you find your ship sailed when you get to Portsmouth. Come along with me, and I shall try and find stowage for you in our coach, either in the hold or on deck. You would lose your passage, too?' 'Yes.' 'Was it paid for?' 'Yes.' 'So, my poor fellows, never mind; you'll have harder rubs than this yet.' Well, I packs the one aloft, and takes the other inside with me, who, from his tongue, I knew to be a Scotchman. I like all the world, but still I have a warmer feeling for my countrymen; and whereever I heard a Scotch tongue, my heart warmed to

it. He told me his name was Hope, and that he was related to the Earl of Hopetoun. We arrived at Portsmouth; their ship was not gone: they returned me a thousand thanks, told me they would repay me when they got money, but we sailed next day for the Cape under old Commodore Johnston, and from that hour I thought no more about it, and never would have thought of it more, when, lately, who should accost me in the street but the port-admiral. I am as blind as a beetle, you know, so he had to tell me who he was. So, thinks I to myself, is he going to try if the old hulk will float again? d—n the crazy timbers of her, it wont do; I've seen her a tight craft, tho', fifty years ago, but fifty years will wear out the best ship in the service. Well, finding I was in the presence of my superior officer, I off with my hat, and makes my best scrape to the admiral; 'Put on your hat, Captain H.,' says he, 'or rather my Lord M—t, for that is what I should design you; put on your hat; it is for me to take off my hat in your presence, not you in mine,'—(I say, George, I hate that d—d nickname M—t, for what is it but a nickname to call a man an earl, or my lord, when he has'nt an acre of land to support the dignity);—and then the noble admiral put me in mind of the story I have been telling you. 'And,' continued he, 'the debt is prescribed, Captain H—; and, as the lawyers would say, I

am not legally bound to pay it; but a good action can never prescribe, and gratitude for a kindness done *should* never prescribe, therefore you have only to command my services; and in whatever shape or way I can befriend you, rely upon me at all times. You have sons in the navy, I have some influence at the Admiralty, and, when they are ready for promotion, apply to me.' Now, George, this is the noble old fellow I am going to send you to; old, did I say? yes he is old *now* too, and I am much older. What a devil of a pity it is that such men as him should ever get old. Never mind; they will be always young in the history of their country, and the noble hearts that have carried the British thunder to every quarter of the globe, wherever there was water enough to float a ship, will be handed down in youth and vigour to the latest posterity."

To the gallant Admiral I repaired next morning with a letter from my father, was received with the greatest kindness, and appointed immediately to a ship.

"Right glad am I," he observed, "to have it in my power to be of any use to your father's son. I am sorry I have only one vacancy, and that is on board of a gun-brig, which I know you will not be very fond of; but take that in the meantime, and be assured I shall not lose sight of you."

Making my best bow to the kind-hearted Admiral, I hurried home, packed up my chest, and within three days from my landing at Leith, I was again afloat, and in his Majesty's service.

This was quick work; but in my excited state of feeling I had no wish to remain an hour in my native country. I saw all the prospects of my family undermined by our old supplanters; my father deserted, blind, and helpless, and my sisters without the education their birth and prospects entitled them to; one of my brothers buried in a foreign land, and the rest, Heaven knew where, as likely dead as living, for aught that I knew. For the first time in my life I felt my spirit give way; and, with a heavy heart, I bade farewell to my family, entirely regardless what became of me.

As we dropped down the Frith of Forth, in a bleak November day, I stood on the deck of the little gun-brig, watching each well known object, with which I had been familiar from my infancy. Not a mile of coast we passed but had at one time belonged to our allies, the house of Douglas, or to my own scarce less powerful ancestors; and what were we now? solitary unfriended wanderers on the face of the earth: our house, our name, with which renown was rife, our lands and castles, all passed into the hands of cold-blooded interlopers, who heartily wished our utter extinction.

As we passed Fast Castle, (the Wolf's Crag of the immortal novelist, but in reality one of the former strongholds of my family), and rounded St. Abb's Head, I got a momentary glimpse of the white-washed miserable hut in which I drew my first breath, and, with a heart ready to burst, I contrasted it with the magnificent mansion, in which now sat the posterity of old Griphard, and where my fierce and warlike ancestors had ruled in the plenitude of baronial authority for five hundred years. Dashing the tears from my eyes, and stamping fiercely on the deck,—("Forward there, hands; make sail, boatswain's mate." "Ay, ay, sir." "Move up there you d—d lubberly scoundrels, move up, and let me get out of sight of this villanous country"); I uttered a deep curse against the whole race of our supplanters, vowed eternal hatred and vengeance, and turned my back upon the place of my birth, from which I was but a wandering outcast. But courage; the gale freshens, she feels the canvass, the sea rises, and the gallant little bark, as if she felt a sympathy in my overworked feelings, darted with renewed speed through the water.

"Once more upon the waters, yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar,
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead,
Though the strained mast should quiver like a reed,

And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale;
Still must I on, for I am as a weed
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest breath prevail."

The sublime is remarkably fine, if it would always last; but there is a confounded troublesome thing, vulgarly called *hunger*, that seems to have a great pleasure in converting the sublime into the ridiculous; and, in the middle of all my sublime imaginings and bitter heart-burnings off St. Abb's Head, or Wolf's Crag, if you will have classic ground, from thence galloped the ruined heir of Ravenswood (not more ruined than me, I trow), and the lovely innocent Lucy Ashton. I think I see them yet, darting down the flinty pathway, and old Caleb, with his white locks streaming in the wind, looking after them with his anxious prophetic eye. Oh immortal Sir Walter, give me but thy pen and thy sweet imaginings for one short year, and I would not exchange such a dowry for an empire!—But it was hunger I was going to speak about, and, God knows, the young heir of Ravenswood was hungry enough, and a hungry place it is; I 'll tell you what, reader, such a miserable and fearful place is that Wolf's Crag, no doubt it is haunted ground, that when a boy, a mere boy, I took it in my head, one day, to pay a visit to it; it is within a mile of my birth place, and

when I began to ascend the pathway down which young Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton galloped so fearlessly, a dog who accompanied me made a dead halt, and, do as I would, I could not persuade the faithful colley to ascend the steep, I left him and went up to the old ruin, round which the solitary sea-gull wound his mazy flight, whistled for my dog, no, he looked at me, heard me, but would not move a step; he had never before disobeyed me, would have followed me through fire and water, but to Wolf's Crag would he not go, and, whether the fear was of objects earthly or supernatural I do not know, but I *know* the fact, and, whether the dog saw the ghost of old Caleb Balderstone or was afraid I might pitch him over the wild steep, it is impossible to say, but, be that as it may, he would have nothing to do with the ruined tower of Wolf's Crag.

I say hunger is ruinous to the sublime, and so I found it on board of the brig, off St. Abb's Head, and, when my watch was out, I dived down below to refresh myself with some *purser's* cheese, (the sublime is finished now, you will allow,) and a glass of grog, which, I can assure thee, proved an excellent antidote to my melancholy reflections,—let them preach temperance who like, I say a rummer of stiff grog will give a man more true philosophy and courage, let them call it Dutch if they like, than fifty lectures on that same thing called philosophy.

In four days from leaving Leith, I found myself again at anchor at Spithead, and we were ordered to take in water and provisions for a foreign station. The brig was commanded by an old lieutenant, who, I understood, had been twice appointed acting commander, but had never been confirmed, from complaints of tyranny against him, when he arrived in England. He had passed the last ten years at a signal station, and, upon those being done away, he had once more tried his hand at promotion. We got a master at Portsmouth, that is, a *sailing* master, who had been years in a French prison, and was master of the Vincigo brig under poor Wright, who, it is said, had his throat cut in the Temple, under the Buonapartian regime. At the first glance it was evident to me, that the master's upper story was not in a sound state, but, as he went about his duty very demurely, I took no farther notice of it.

Before we left Spithead, Christmas day arrived, and the master and midshipmen were invited to dine with the captain, together with the surgeon, a German, by the way, who spoke English very indifferently. The dinner party assembled, and all went on exceedingly well, until the wine began to operate upon the brain of the half crazed master. A dispute took place about free masonry, the master contending that he was higher in the order than any one present, while the captain protested that

he was higher in *that* order, as well as in the service, than the master; the master retorted that it was a d—d pity if he was, for he was the most ignorant old son of a b— he ever knew in his life; the captain seized the pocker to fell the master on the spot, while the master, no less alert, laid hold of the tongs, which, if not quite so good a weapon as the poker, is not much worse in hands as well willing to be active as those of the master. Thus armed, the doughty combatants stood confronting each other in act to strike. "I am a Royal Arch Mason, you scoundrel," roars the captain, "and your commanding officer besides," —"and I am a Knight of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and a d—d deal better man than you, though you were my commanding officer ten times over, it is a devil of a pity that you are; had I not been taken prisoner in the Vincigo, I would have been a captain before now, instead of an old picked-up-along-shore lieutenant like you."—"Take you that, then, Sir Knight of Jerusalem, and see who will pick you up," shouted the captain, accompanying his word with a blow over the master's brain-pan, that laid him insensible on the deck.—"Och, mine Got," cried the German doctor, "the man is murdert, I must take plood of him directly,"—here the Doctor commenced taking out his instruments, when the captain's steward, who had given the alarm when the row began, entered with a half dozen

marines, and the master was hauled out of the cabin in a state of insensibility, and deposited in his berth, with a sentry over him, for fear of a second assault upon the person of his superior officer. Thus ended the captain's first dinner of invitation on board of the little brig, and we never, you may be sure, had the honour of a second one.

The master, with his broken head, made due apology next day, and, having got orders to proceed to Cove of Cork to join a fleet bound for America, we dropped through the Needles, and, in four days came to an anchor in Cove Harbour, where a great many transports full of troops, with the Boyne ninety-eight and several frigates, were lying wind-bound, under orders for America. The wind, however, continued direct in our teeth for several weeks, and, at last, blew home the news of peace with the Yankees, which put an end to the intended expedition, greatly to the disappointment of our old Lieutenant-Commander, who had hoped to get promotion by the trip and a display of his bravery in his old days against "friend Jonathan." But, if peace came from one quarter, war came from another,—the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba arrived, and put all in motion again.

They may talk of patriotism and all that kind of stuff, but when a man finds that the only hope he has of gaining a livelihood, and his chance of promotion

lies in the continuation of a war, he cares devilish little about his country, or the expenses it may cost his majesty's liege subjects; and, feeling that I was exactly in this position, I hailed the descent of the little hero as the greatest blessing that could befal me. His name carried magic with it, for an unfortunate wretch who was in the height of a brain fever, some how overheard the Doctor speaking to his assistant about Buonaparte's return to France, upon which he commenced roaring the Emperor's name, and actually expired with it upon his lips.

Now, reader, I mean to be off presently to the coast of France, to give you a peep at something worth seeing and telling, but, before taking leave of Cove, the holy ground, and Erin's compliant daughters, pigs and potatoes, I must dispose of my old commander and his precious master, who had lost his senses, I suppose, when he was confined in the Temple, where poor Wright was found with his throat cut.

The commander, being also purser, had let no opportunity slip him of cheating the men of their provisions, and, finding the master willing to second them in any complaint, a Round Robin was drawn up setting forth the captain's malversations in office, and dispatched to the Lords of the Admiralty. The captain suspected that the master was at the bottom of this, and immediately turned him ashore, without

the useless forms of a court martial. I, too, had incurred his displeasure, by finding fault with his steward's coming up the companion hatch and smoking his pipe on the quarter deck; this he made a regular habit of every night after he had served the captain's supper and set the old boy down to his grog, of which he took a devil of a swig always before turning in for the night. I had once or twice warned him that if he persisted in this practice I would give him, some night, a most unceremonious dismissal from his Majesty's quarter deck. He, however, paid no attention to my threats; and, one night, being in bad temper about something else, poor Andrew was doomed to experience the full weight of my displeasure, for this breach of the rules of the service. Just as he had gained the highest step of the companion ladder, and was about to place his wooden pin on deck, (for Andrew sported a stick leg,) I sent him, head foremost, down the hatchway, pipe and altogether. In the fall, his wooden leg had stuck in one of the steps of the ladder, which broke Andrew's fall, but the pin gave way itself; he set up a most infernal howling, roaring out that I had broke his leg, but, as I knew it was only his wooden one, I gave myself no concern about his bellowing. I was prepared, however, for the full swing of the captain's displeasure, and, although he could scarcely venture to find open

fault with me for keeping up discipline, I knew he would watch an opportunity to be revenged upon me for laying hands upon his steward, who was a great favourite with him. I had, besides, grown tired of this beastly craft, that was neither a man of war nor a merchantman, but something between the two, and an opportunity soon offered of getting clear of her.

An order arrived from the Admiralty to bring the captain to a court martial for cheating the men of their provisions, and another to try the master for drunkenness, obscene conversation, and various high crimes and misdemeanours; amongst others, to my surprise, for having fired a pistol at me from his cabin door while I was in my berth opposite. This was, no doubt, a fact, but, as I had made no complaint about it, I could not see that the captain had any right to mix it up with *his* complaints against the master, although, certainly, I was never as near having a ball through me before. He had been taking a glass of grog with me in my berth, and, having remarked what a beautiful shot he was, I asked him to let me have a specimen of his eye, upon which he immediately left the berth, crossed to his own, which was directly opposite, each having a sliding window facing the other, the slides happened to be open in both, and he called out to me "look out here, H—," when, popping my head through the window

something whizzed past my ear, and the report of a pistol immediately followed. "I told you," cries the master, "I could do a trifle, old boy. It was within half an inch of your right ear, I could swear; but, by G—d, let me have another trial, and I will go within the eighth part of an inch and never touch a hair of your head." This being a trial of skill which I had no wish to put to the test, I placed the bulkhead between him and I, and called out to him that I was perfectly satisfied of his great proficiency (of which, by the L—d, I was quite sensible,) and desired him to come over and get some more grog, when over he skipped, laughing heartily at his experiment, as he called it, and proof of his eye. That the man was mad was quite evident; but as he never tried such an *experiment* upon me again, I considered that the thing had passed all off as a joke, and I had no wish to appear as a witness against him, merely to please the old prig of a captain, and this I took care roundly to tell him when I saw what he intended. This put the old commander to the test; and when he found I was not to stand his friend in getting the poor half crazed master discharged the service, he broke out in a furious passion, swore if I did not give evidence against the master, that, by G—d, the moment he got me on board again he would seize me up and flog me. To this I made

no reply, but determined to make my own of it when the court martial came on, which took place in a few days, on board of the Boyne, then commanded by Captain Frederick Lewis Maitland, who, in a few months afterwards, received the fallen Napoleon on board of the Bellerophon.

Maitland was president of the court martial; and it appeared quite evident, from the beginning, that he had no good liking to the commander of the gun-brig. Maitland, than whom a more brave or generous soul never lived, hated tyrants, cheats, and drivelers; and he found this old prig of a commander had a touch of all of them. When I was called upon to give my evidence I related the facts, but declared that I believed the master was not aware of the pistol being shotted, and that I had not one word to state against him, but I begged to state to the court, that for my evidence now given I was to be seized up and flogged the moment I returned to my own ship. This produced farther explanation, and was decisive of the fate of the captain. The master was acquitted with a slight reprimand, and the captain sentenced to be dismissed his ship, but, on account of his long services, he was not deprived of his rank in the service. Before the breaking up of the court martial Maitland ordered me to be called in, and, in the presence of all the

captains, asked me if I had any *particular* wish to be flogged, and upon answering in the negative, "Well, then," says he, "to prevent your chance of it, which, from what I have seen to-day, I think you are pretty sure of, if you choose to remain on board of the Boyne, I shall cause you be immediately rated on the ship's books." I only bowed assent, but my looks, I believe, very fully bespoke the high mark of respect and kindness I had received from this distinguished commander. My old captain looked gall and wormwood, while the crazy master came leaping after me out of the Boyne's cabin, dancing, skipping, and laughing, like a lunatic, as he was. From that hour to the day I left the service I was a follower of Maitland; and I wish to God I had never left him.

Our services not being required in America we were ordered round to Spithead. Maitland was transferred from the Boyne to the Bellerophon; and the little brig which I had so lately left was ordered to carry Captain Maitland's sea stores and followers round to the Nore, where the Bellerophon was laying, so that I had once more the pleasure of looking my ci-devant captain face to face, and drinking a hearty glass of grog with poor Wright's volatile master, always, however, keeping a sharp look out that he kept his hands off the pistols and cut-

lasses in his berth, of which he had a great many, and was very fond of handling them. Arrived at the Nore, we bade adieu to the brig, and got all snug on board of the Bellerophon, so soon to become famous in history.

CHAPTER IV.

"There sunk the greatest, not the worst of men,
Whose spirit antithetically mixt,
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt,
Extreme in all things, hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne hadst still been thine, or never been.
For daring made thy rise, as fall, thou seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the thunderer of the scene."

FROM this to the termination of my sojourn on board of the Bellerophon thou shalt find me, kind reader, more serious, as my wandering narrative must now assume the character of real history, where every name is given plain and in full, and where the greatest name that ever filled the historic page will often be repeated.

Having now my great object close in view, I shall rapidly pass over our previous movements, as affording nothing of interest. In consequence of the change of captains, the ship was nearly new officered, most of the old having followed the former captain, and the new having come with Captain Maitland. When Maitland joined the ship she was in a most

confused and dirty state; but "the hand of the master" was soon discovered; in a few days she was as clean as a dining-room, and all was order and discipline. Our new first lieutenant, Mr. Andrew Mott, was the best officer I ever saw in charge of a quarter-deck. I often wondered when that man slept, eat, or dressed himself, for he was hardly ever missed from deck, was always fresh and vigorous, and his dress and appearance would, at any time, have done honour to the queen's drawing-room. Maitland was withal rather a little easy going, and it occurred to me, that, knowing his defect in this way, he contrived always to get a tolerable tartar of a first lieutenant, so that between the captain's good nature and the lieutenant's severity, which he occasionally checked and tempered when he thought the lieutenant was like to exceed bounds, the ship was kept in capital discipline. From the Nore we proceeded to Spithead, and from thence to Plymouth, coming to an anchor in Cawsan Bay, there to wait farther orders, took in provisions and water, and got all ready for our final destination, the coast of France.

Meanwhile Napoleon had made good his landing on the shore of his, so lately relinquished empire, marched in more than Roman triumph to his capital, and though not one drop of blood was shed, the exploit stands unequalled in ancient or modern his-

tory. Our government having taken its resolution to resist his offers of peace, the coast of France was immediately lined with our cruisers; and on the 24th of May, we bad adieu to the beauties of Montcumb, to take another look of the tri-coloured flag, which, like the sun after an eclipse, had again shone out in meridian splendour. Whether it was the flag itself, or the recollection of the innumerable immortal exploits wherever it had waved, I cannot say, but somehow I never saw any flag that struck me with such a spirit-stirring feeling. We made the south point of Belisle the third day after leaving Plymouth, and in a few days more took up our final cruising ground off Rochfort. We had a busy time of it, boarding the Chasmarees, rowing guard in shore during the night, and keeping up a strict surveillance on the movements on shore. The tri-coloured flag streamed from "fortress, tower, and town," and the impregnable batteries of Rochfort. The weather was delightful, the whole coast looked gay, and our time passed away, without a thought being wasted on the mighty events that were passing in the empire whose coast we were surveying. Brief time was the great man allowed to concentrate his shattered force, but brief as it was, his mighty genius was found equal to the task, from the wreck of that army, that had carried his victorious eagles from the Pyramids of Egypt to the burning

pinnacles of Moscow, surmounted the Alps, twice overrun Italy, and subjugated, or held in terror, every kingdom in Europe. In a few short weeks he was enabled again to assume an appearance so formidable as once more to threaten the destinies of Europe. The heart of the veteran leaped awake at the voice of his leader who had led him to victory in fifty fights, and the exile of Elba found himself once more at the head of an army worthy of the greatest captain that the world ever produced. Thus, not unprepared for war, he asked for peace, which was indignantly rejected, and, of course, he had nothing for it but to submit his fate to the chance of arms, which ended in a wanton sacrifice of the lives of fifty thousand of the flower of Europe.

The news of the battle of Waterloo was conveyed to us by a Tender sent along shore from Sir Henry Hotham, who had his flag on board the Superb, upon which we immediately hoisted the white flag, the emblem of Bourbon France, at the fore, and those of the Holy Allies, at the main and mizen top-gallant mast-heads, and stood close in shore, fired a royal salute, sunk some half dozen unfortunate little Chasmarees that we had picked up and emptied of their cargoes of Bordeaux claret, hove about, and stood out in triumph. This was done, of course, to insult the tri-coloured flag, which still waved in calm majesty at Rochefort, Rochelle, and

the frigates in Aix Roads. We observed the telegraphs in rapid movement, and in a day or two we saw the white flag displayed from several of the steeples of Rochelle, firing was heard on shore, and it was evident that the Bourbon party were making a movement. At last, we got positive information that Napoleon had arrived at Rochefort, and then our vigilance redoubled. From receiving this intelligence to the day of his coming on board we never left Basque Roads. Our boats rowed guard in shore every night, and the men were kept closely exercising at the guns, to make them expert, should an action take place, which was more than likely, as there were two fine French frigates, a corvette of twenty guns, and a gun brig, lying in Aix Roads, which would have been a tolerably hard match for us, had Napoleon attempted to attack us, and make his escape by force. It was a thousand pities but what he had tried it. Most certainly, had he once imagined that we were capable of using him the way we did, he would surely have made a desperate effort for personal liberty; but such a thought, I am convinced, never struck him. We had never before refused the protection of our shores to a fallen foe, or to any one who claimed our protection. The expelled tyrants of every country had found their way to England, and been received with open arms,

housed and pensioned. Men who had broke faith with their own subjects, and who would have broke faith with the surrounding nations, had they possessed courage sufficient to hazard the attempt; these, I say, had been received, housed, and pensioned by Britain; but it would appear, that in this instance, this wonderful turn of the wheel, that brought the master spirit of the age a humble supplicant to our shores, we were to relinquish our generous character, and act in concert with our trembling allies of the continent, who, even in this hour of his deepest depression, quailed at his name, and thought they could never be safe, like the Romans with Hannibal, while he had a resting place above ground.

Never conceiving it possible that Great Britain could so act, in an evil hour he formed the resolution of placing himself under the protection of the British flag; and, after two interviews between the Duke of Rovigo, Las Cases, and Captain Maitland, it was finally agreed that the Emperor should come on board the Bellerophon, on the morning of the 15th of July.

How vivid is my recollection of these events, now that nearly the fourth part of a century has passed away since the scene took place; but who that possessed the feelings of a rational being could witness it, and lose one trace of the wonderful circumstance.

My log-book, kept at the moment, is now lying on the table before me; yet I find I do not need to refer to it, even for dates, or the very hours of the day when the various events took place, so completely stamped is the whole on my memory. I think I see young Gourgaud, in his marshal's uniform, moving with stately steps along our quarter-deck, when he came on board, on the evening of the 14th, charged with the famous letter of Napoleon to our Prince Regent. He was a noble ambassador, and a complete specimen of the men that Napoleon pitched upon to execute his daring projects.

"A prey to the factions that divide my unhappy country, and the enmity of the principal powers of Europe, I have finished my political career; and I come (says the fallen Emperor), like Themistocles, to seat myself on the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of its Prince and laws, which I claim of your Royal Highness, as the most just, most brave, and most generous of my enemies."

Alas, alas! poor Napoleon! the appeal was made to a heart more obdurate than the Persian Satrap. Castlereagh, and his Holy Allies, had no such ideas of generosity. Expelled by his ungrateful country, Themistocles fled to his enemy, and placed himself on his hearth, under the protection of his household

gods. The appeal was held sacred, and the Persian raised him from his supplicating posture, stretching forth the hand of protection and friendship to his prostrate foe. But far other feelings actuated the mean hearts of the enemies of Napoleon; and the majestic bearer of the ever memorable letter, the outpouring of greatness in distress, was never allowed to put foot on the British shore, while the letter was given up to undergo the cold official routine of our organised machine of diplomacy.

The evening of the 14th was calm and delightful,

"And ocean slumbered like an unweaned child,"

as we lay at single anchor in Basque Roads, awaiting the great event of the morrow. All was expectation and excitement. The first lieutenant was engaged seeing all the belaying pins get an extra polish, and that every rope was coiled down with more than usual care, while every hush from the shore, or speck on the water, was listened to and watched with intense anxiety, lest our prey should escape us. I confess, while all this was going on, young and thoughtless as I was, I still believed the event beyond the compass of possibility. But *three* short years before, the man thus humbly craving our protection (with the exception of this little island, and the barbarous wilds of Russia), had the

whole of Europe under iron subjection, and seemed seated in his strength, beyond *human* means at least, of shaking the mighty fabric he had reared; but that which man could not do the elements effected, and the overwhelming snows of Russia, with one fell swoop, annihilated the stupendous colossus of his power.

I had the middle watch, and just as I was relieved about half-past four in the morning of the 15th, and a lovely morning it was, we saw a man-of-war brig get under weigh from Aix Roads, and stand out towards us, bearing a flag of truce. The wind, however, was blowing direct in her teeth, so that she made little of it, and it became evident that it would be several hours before she reached us. While the other midshipmen of the watch slipped off to their hammocks to have a snooze before breakfast, I could not think of sleep, but stood anxiously watching the short tacks of Le Epervier, which now "carried Cæsar and his fortunes." Alas, those fortunes were now all over, save the last stage, and the bitter cup of misery remained alone to be drained to the dregs on the barren burning rock of St. Helena.

About six in the morning, the look-out man at the mast-head announced a large ship of war standing direct in for the roadstead, which Captain Maitland, suspecting to be the Superb, bear-

ing the flag of Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, he gave immediate orders to hoist out the barge, and dispatched her, under the command of the first lieutenant, to the French brig, being apprehensive that if the Admiral arrived before the brig got out, that Napoleon would deliver himself up to the Admiral instead of us, and thus have lost us so much honour.

As our barge approached, the brig hove to, and from the moment she came alongside, we watched every motion with deep anxiety. Like all Napoleon's movements, he was not slow even in this, his last free act. The barge had not remained ten minutes alongside, before we saw the rigging of the brig crowded with men, persons stepping down the side into the boat, and the next moment she shoved off, and gave way for the ship; while the waving of the men's hats in the rigging, and the cheering which we heard faintly in the distance, left no doubt that the expected guest was approaching. A general's guard of marines was ordered aft on the quarter-deck, and the boatswain stood, whistle in hand, ready to do the honours of the side. The lieutenants stood grouped first on the quarter-deck, and we more humble middy's behind them, while the captain, evidently in much anxiety, kept trudging backwards and forwards between the gangway and his own cabin, sometimes peeping out at

one of the quarter-deck ports, to see if the barge was drawing near.

It is a sin to mix up any trifling story with so great an event; but a circumstance occurred so laughable of itself, rendered more so from the solemnity of the occasion, that I cannot resist mentioning it. While in this state of eager expectation, a young midshipman, one of the Bruce's of Kennet, I think, walked very demurely up to Manning, the boatswain, who was standing all importance at the gangway, and after comically eyeing his squat figure and bronzed countenance, Bruce gently laid hold of one of his whiskers, to which the boatswain good-naturedly submitted, as the youngster was a great favourite with him.

"Manning," says he, most sentimentally, "this is the proudest day of your life; you are this day to do the honours of the side to the greatest man the world ever produced, or ever will produce."

Here the boatswain eyed him with proud delight.

"And along with the great Napoleon, the name of Manning, the boatswain of the Bellerophon, will go down to the latest posterity; and, as a relict of that great man, permit me, my dear Manning, to preserve a lock of your hair."

Here he made an infernal tug at the boatswain's immense whisker, and fairly carried away a part of it, making his way through the crowd, and down

below with the speed of an arrow. The infuriated boatswain, finding he had passed so rapidly from the sublime to the ridiculous, through the instrumentality of this imp of a youngster, could vent his rage in no way but by making his glazed hat spin full force after his tantalizer, with a " G—d d—n your young eyes and limbs." The hat, however, fell far short of young Bruce, and the noise and half burst of laughter the trick occasioned, drew the attention of the Captain, who, coming up, with a " What, what's all this ?" the poor boatswain was glad to draw to his hat and resume his position.

The barge approached, and ranged alongside. The first lieutenant came up the side, and to Maitland's eager and blunt question, " have you got him ?" he answered in the affirmative. After the lieutenant, came Savary, followed by Marshal Bertrand, who bowed and fell back a pace on the gangway to await the ascent of their master. And now came the little great man himself, wrapped up in his gray greatcoat buttoned to the chin, three cocked hat and Hussar boots, without any sword, I suppose as emblematical of his changed condition. Maitland received him with every mark of respect, as far as look and deportment could indicate; but he was *not* received with the respect due to a crowned head, which was afterwards insidiously thrown out against Maitland. So far from that, the captain, on Napo-

leon's addressing him, only moved his hat, as to a general officer, and remained covered while the Emperor spoke to him. His expressions were brief, I believe only reiterating what he had stated the day previous in his letter to the Prince Regent, "That he placed himself under the protection of the British nation, and under that of the British commander as the representative of his sovereign." The captain again moved his hat, and turned to conduct the Emperor to the cabin. As he passed through the officers assembled on the quarter-deck, he repeatedly bowed slightly to us, and smiled. What an ineffable beauty there was in that smile, his teeth were finely set, and as white as ivory, and his mouth had a charm about it that I have never seen in any other human countenance. I marked his fine robust figure as he followed Captain Maitland into the cabin, and, boy as I was, I said to myself, "Now have I a tale for futurity." But that tale I have never told; every one that could scribble the name Napoleon has been dabbling at him,

> "Enough to rouse the dead man into life,
> And warm with red resentment the wan cheek."

No one who has lifted the pen has done any thing like justice to the French Emperor save Bourienne, and even he is often carried away by prejudice and envy. Wherever the Emperor is mixed up with

the empire, wherever Napoleon and the glory of the French go hand in hand, you find Bourienne give him his full share of merit; but in all their private transactions, wherever the two old school companions come only in contact, the prejudice and mean spirit of envy is evident; in the one case he has him exalted to a demigod, and in the other every thing that is sordid and debased. But it is very easy to discover the grand cause of Bourienne's heart-burnings against his "old school-fellow of Brienne," as he familiarly terms him. Napoleon, though madly fond of power, was in no way infected with the lust of gold, nay, quite the reverse, and he would in no shape palliate pilfering on the part of his functionaries. Now, it happened that his old school-fellow and worthy secretary was troubled with a small itching for the *pecunia*, which sometimes overran discretion, and exceeded the bounds prescribed by the economical Napoleon; and in one or two instances we find, by his own confession, though under the head of complaint, that he is very unceremoniously stripped of his ill-gotten gains by his lynx-eyed schoolmate of Brienne, which, no doubt, was very ungrateful of Napoleon, and using the provident secretary very ill. In fact, Napoleon had a knack of drawing out the finances of his servants, and when they least suspected it, he was making himself acquainted not only with their ways and means, but how they came

by them, and whenever he found they had been pilfering from the state, he caused them disgorge, despotically enough, I grant you, but no doubt the rascals well deserved it. Sir Walter Scott, too, took up the pen, and really from him I expected something good; but it proved a complete failure, and had his friend John Ballantyne been then alive, I am afraid the ponderous and laboured volumes would have been laid on the shelf along with the rest of Rigdumfunidos's immense quire-stock, about which Lockhart tells us so much, and talks so often, that one begins to wonder where the devil Johnny and Sir Walter fell in with such an infernal quire-stock, which they contrived at last to let fall on Constable's devoted head, and almost smothered poor Crafty in its ruins. Never mind, we shall see by and by, when Lockhart's fifth volume comes out, that Crafty contrived to turn the tables upon them, and, in return, stripped poor Sir Walter of the profits of his life's labour.

Sir Walter has written many a fine tale, no doubt, that will certainly give his name to posterity, much better, I am afraid, than Lockhart's life of him, which has divested the man of the halo his immortal works had thrown around him, and exposed him naked, with all his weaknesses, prejudices, and even vulgarities laid open. Sir Walter Scott had too much of the old school about him, and too much of

the politician, I mean that petty policy, a fear of offending the powers that be, "a sort of gentlemen," to use his own words, put into the mouth of Bailie M'Wheeble, "for which he had a particular respect," to do justice to the character of Napoleon. The proper historian of that wonderful man is probably still unborn,—the ashes upon which he trode is not yet cold,—the present generation, liberal as it is, must pass away. By those who followed him and his admirers, he is upheld as a demigod, and by those who suffered from him he is painted as a monster, red with the blood of nations, and capable of every species of cruelty. Therefore, all the present generation must pass away, and dispassionate posterity decide his true character. Of one thing there can be no doubt, that the tremendous stir he made in the world, roused up the astonished nations from their state of dormancy, and gave an impetus to the minds of men that is still actuating the kingdoms of Europe, and carrying them forward in their career of freedom and intelligence. He shewed us what one little human creature like ourselves could accomplish in a span so short. The fire of his intellect communicated like electricity to all around him, and while under its influence, men performed actions quite beyond themselves. But I have made a long, and, I am afraid, a stupid digression, for which I crave thy pardon, most indul-

gent reader, and, by way of reviving thee, and making my peace, thou shalt have in mimic show the Court of the Tuilleries in the days of Le Grand Empereur.

We were engaged during the forenoon of the 15th bringing on board the suite and luggage of the Emperor from La Epervier brig. About 10 o'clock Napoleon appeared on deck "surrounded by his faithful few,"—few now, indeed, to him that had been accustomed to be surrounded by half a million, ready to lay down their lives at his nod,—in the dress now known to all the world; but he had exchanged his long boots for silk stockings, shoes, and gold buckles, which displayed his model of a limb to great perfection. The sun shone as bright on the fallen Emperor as it did on the glorious morning of Austerlitz. The fine figure of Lady Bertrand, with her charming children, adorned our quarter-deck. A great many officers in rich uniforms came off with Napoleon, who did not eventually follow him to St. Helena. These were all grouped about this fine morning, making the deck of the old ship (which was scrubbed and washed to the bones) look as gay as a drawing-room on a levee day. Maitland, quite in his element, kept jogging about with his slight stoop and Scotch bur, sometimes acting the gallant to Lady Bertrand, and then, all attention, listening to and answering the many questions put

to him by the Emperor. He expressed a wish to go through the ship, the captain took the lead, the Emperor followed, and his little cortege of marshals in full uniform brought up the rear. Maitland spoke French tolerably well, which saved the trouble of an interpreter, and enabled him to carry on a conversation with Napoleon without stop or interruption. He made the round of both decks, complimented Maitland, on the excellent order of the ship, which was no flattery, for she was in capital fighting condition, asked questions at any of the men who came in his way, and a young middy who, boy-like, had got before the Emperor, and was gazing up in his face, he honoured with a tap on the head, and a pinch by the ear, and, smiling, put him to a side, which the youngster declared was the highest honour he had ever received in his life, viz. to have his ears pinched by the great Napoleon ! ! ! Returning to the quarter-deck, he expressed a wish to speak to the boatswain, to put some questions to him relative to his duty, there being a considerable difference in the responsibility of that officer in the French service, I understand, from that on board our ships. The boatswain was sent for, and, upon Maitland telling him the Emperor wished to speak with him, the boatswain shuffled up to Napoleon, and pulling off his narrow-brimmed glazed scraper, made a duck with his head,

accompanied by a scrape of the right foot, "I hope," says he, "I see your honour well." Napoleon, who did not understand as much English, asked Captain Maitland what he said, which I have no doubt the captain translated faithfully, for he was blunt enough in his own way, the Emperor smiled, and proceeded to put his questions to the boatswain through the medium of the captain, and as Napoleon seemed quite well pleased when he dismissed him, I have no doubt the rough old fellow had answered much to the purpose, for although he did not understand court manners, he perfectly understood his duty.

About 12 the Superb entered the road-stead, and the moment she came to an anchor, Admiral Hotham came on board, and was introduced to the Emperor on the quarter-deck. Sir Henry immediately uncovered, and remained so while he was on board. This was the signal for that which I believe every one of us desired. The captain followed the example of the Admiral, and in future, every one uncovered while the Emperor was on deck, thus treating him with the respect due to a crowned head;—a crowned head, did I say? although I have the highest respect for crowns, be they of gold or silver, there is many a crowned head, or head that has worn a crown, it's all one, who deserves no such mark of respect, but when Admiral Hotham

and the officers of the Bellerophon uncovered in the presence of Napoleon, they treated him with the respect due to the man himself, to his innate greatness, which did not lie in the crown of France, or the iron crown of Italy, but the actual superiority of the man to the rest of his species.

I repeatedly observed Napoleon, with his keen, calm, meditative gray eye, watching every movement, auguring therefrom, I suppose, what might be his future fate. He was evidently pleased with the deportment of Hotham and Maitland; looked quite at ease, and as completely at home as if he had been going a pleasure trip on board of one of his own imperial yachts. More so, I suppose, for when he was in reality an emperor, and had yachts at his command, had he shown face outside of one of his harbours, it was ten chances to one, that one of our cruisers would have had him nipt up before he was an hour at sea. Ah, well, we got him at last, so it would have been much the same thing.

The first day passed away most delightfully; the captain slung his cot in the wardroom, and relinquished his cabin to the Emperor, henceforth becoming only his guest. This was noble and generous; and nothing farther need be mentioned of Maitland, to show that he had an excellent heart.

Sofas of flags were erected on the quarter-deck, for the benefit of Ladies Bertrand and Montholon,

and the ports nettinged, to prevent the children from falling overboard. The first lieutenant, withal not a man of the melting mood, seemed to breathe the air of a court, at least the air of the court of Napoleon, for his was a court of warriors, and nothing remained undone that could sooth the feelings of the illustrious fugitives. By illustrious, I do not mean their rank, I mean their great deeds, which alone render men illustrious; and theirs had filled the whole earth with their fame. Next morning, the Emperor, accompanied by Captain Maitland, went on board the Superb to breakfast with Sir Henry Hotham, according to the invitation of the previous day. Before the Emperor left the ship, the whole body of our marines were drawn up on the quarter-deck, to receive him with all due honour as he came out of the cabin. As he passed the marines and returned their military salute of arms, ever fond of warlike display, he suddenly stopped, his eye brightened, and crossing the deck, he minutely examined the arms and accoutrements of the marines, and a fine body of men they were; requested the captain of marines (Marshall) to put the men through one or two movements, and when they had performed these, he pointed to him to bring them to the charge. In our army, the front rank only charges, but, I believe, in the French the second rank keeps pocking over the shoulders of the

first, as likely to kill their own men as the enemy. Napoleon put aside the bayonet of one of our front rank men, and taking hold of the musket of the second rank man, made a sign to him to point his musket between the two front rank men, asking Captain Marshall at the same time, if he did not think that mode of charge preferable to ours? To which the captain replied, that it might be so, but it was generally allowed that our mode of charge had been *very effectual.* Here the Emperor took a most conscious look of the captain of marines, as much as to say, I know that to my cost; and, smiling, turned round to Bertrand, to whom he observed, how much might be done with two hundred thousand such fine fellows as these. Aye, and so you well might say, my most redoubtable Empereur, for, give you two hundred thousand such fine fellows as these, and land you once more at Rochefort, and I shall be sworn for it, that in three short weeks you have Wellington and the Holy Allies flying before you in every direction, and in ten days more you have the imperial head-quarters at Schoenbrun, and in quiet possession of your tame Maria Louisa, and that beloved boy over which thy imagination so fondly doated. But it could not be, and let me go on with my hair-brained narrative. The moment our barge left the ship, the Superb's yards were manned with the pick of her ship's com-

pany, dressed in their blue jackets and white duck trousers, and her compliment of marines drawn up on the quarter-deck, to receive the wonderful stranger. His reception from the Admiral was every thing that he could wish, and he remained nearly two hours on board of the Superb. While our barge was lying alongside the Superb, waiting for the Emperor and Captain Maitland, a conversation took place between some of the Superb's men and our boat's crew, in which the former insisted that *they* and not us, were to have the honour of carrying Napoleon to England, while our men stood stoutly out for their prerogative, as being the first who received him on board. No, no, says one of the Superb's, depend upon it the Admiral will take Boney home himself, and not allow you to have anything more to do with him. Will he, by G—d, answers one of the Bellerophon's, "before we suffer that, my boy, we shall give you *ten* rounds and secure first." Ten rounds and secure, had become a by-word in the ship, as, for some weeks previous to Napoleon's coming on board, we had been kept close at quarters exercising the guns, and to go through the motions of "ten rounds and secure," had been the common spell at quarters, so that *our* man thought we would try the effect of our ten rounds upon the Superb, sooner than quit Boney; and so much alarmed was our ship's company that this

would really be attempted, that they came aft in a body to Captain Maitland, to state their intention of resisting by force any attempt of Admiral Hotham to detain the person of Napoleon; and were only satisfied when Maitland assured them that no such thing was intended.

It is not my intention to mark our course homeward, as I would a ship's log-book, as that has been done already some score of times. I only want to draw the reader's attention to some striking points of Napoleon's character and habits, and the calm majesty of his deportment, through this most trying and truly tragic scene. I think, in saying tragic, I do not use an expression too strong. Castlereagh did not certainly imbrue his hands in the blood of Napoleon, but, beyond all question, the plot for his destruction was concerted between our minister and the Allies, even before this *voluntary* surrender, destined to commence on the deck of the Bellerophon, and to end on the scorching peak of St. Helena.

The Emperor returned from the Superb about two P. M., when we immediately weighed and made all sail for England. I remarked little more of him that day; but on the morning of the 17th, he was early on the quarter-deck, putting questions in broken English, almost unintelligible, to all who crossed his path. The moment Maitland was informed

that the Emperor had left the cabin, he made his appearance on deck, and was greeted by Napoleon with the most marked respect.

The Emperor seemed to entertain an idea, that the Americans were bigger men than us, for whenever he saw any very stout man, he asked him if he was an American? I happened to be blessed with a tolerable length of limb; and, as I was pacing the lee-side of the quarter-deck, along with a big raw-boned Irishman, a brother-in-law of Captain Maitland's, Napoleon stepped over to us, putting his usual question, "How long have been in service,—of what country?" and, without allowing any time for reply, he turned round and asked Maitland "if we were Americans?" Nothing seemed so much to surprise him as the slowness of promotion in our service, and that men from before the mast, or soldiers from the ranks, were rarely promoted, be their services what they might. With the French army, it was totally different; the most of Napoleon's officers had been private soldiers, and owed their promotion entirely to their own merit and bravery. In his army, as well as in every other department of the state, the door was open to the humblest individual, and promotion certain if the person possessed integrity and courage. With us it has been notoriously the reverse, and through the whole course of the war, we had but a very few

instances of promotion from the ranks, and fewer if possible from before the mast.

I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four in the morning to take the morning watch, and the washing of decks had just begun, when, to my astonishment, I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour, and make for the poop-ladder. Had I known what human misery is as well as I do now, when I have myself experienced the most cruel injustice and persecution on a lesser scale, the restlessness of Napoleon, or his being unable to close an eye, would have in no way surprised me. If a petty care can break our sleep, what must have been *his* feeling who had lost the fairest empire on the face of the globe; nay, who had lost a world? From the wetness of the decks, he was in danger of falling at every step, and I immediately stepped up to him, hat in hand, and tendered him my arm, which he laid hold of at once, smiling, and pointing to the poop, saying in broken English, "the poop, the poop;" he ascended the poop-ladder leaning on my arm; and having gained the deck, he quitted his hold and mounted upon a gun-slide, nodding and smiling thanks, for my attention, and pointing to the land he said, "Ushant, Cape Ushant." I replied, "Yes, sire," and withdrew. He then took out a pocket-glass and applied it to his eye, looking

eagerly at the land. In this position, he remained from five in the morning to nearly mid-day, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to one of his suite, who had been standing behind him for several hours.

No wonder he thus gazed, it was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it such. What must have been his feelings in those few hours, how painful the retrospect, and how awful the look forward!—*there* still lay before him that land which he had made so famous, where his proud name had risen until it "o'er-shadowed the earth with his fame;" there had he been worshipped almost as a god, and bowed to by every servile knee, that now, in the hour of bitter adversity, had basely deserted and betrayed him. Never man was read such a lesson as must have passed before him in that brief space, unless, really, that the greatness of the change, the suddenness of the fall had benumbed all feeling, and left him only a mass of contending passions which combated and stilled each other by the very violence of their working. But this was not the case with Napoleon, his emotion was visible, he hung upon the land until it looked only a speck in the distance, and then, turning, stepped from the gunslide into the arms of his faithful Bertrand, who stood ready to receive his fallen master. He uttered not a word

as he tottered down the poop ladder, his head hung heavily forward, so as to render his countenance scarcely visible, and in this way he was conducted to his cabin.

It occurred to me at the time, and I have since a thousand times reflected, how similar were the situations of our beautiful and unfortunate Queen Mary, and the great Napoleon on quitting France, —she, too, had her melancholy forebodings, and she left the land of her love behind. Woman-like, she carried her feelings farther than Napoleon, "for," says Robertson, "she had her couch spread upon the deck, to keep her eye to the last moment fixed upon the receding land; and, when it began to grow but a thing of memory, she exclaimed, "fare thee well,—fare thee well, sweet France,—I shall never see thee more!"—and such, no doubt, were the thoughts, if not the words of Napoleon.—"Ambitious life and labours," his throne, his empire, his soldiers, all on which his ambition had been fed until it knew no bounds,—all was gone,—his wife, his child,—and she the more worthy partner of his bed, the wife of his youth and counterpart of himself, —where was she,—where the fascinating Josephine? —well pressed with a load of monumental clay before that fatal day which saw her beloved lord reduced to his present dreadful extremity.

Queen Mary came amongst a nation of fanatics;

aud, after a few brief years of misery, she fled from her cruel oppressors, to seek refuge in the arms of her cousin and sister Queen, instead of which she found only a prison, years of confinement and insult, and an ignominious death; and Napoleon, instead of receiving that protection which it would have been the proudest page of our history to record, found a barren rock, a vertical sun, a tyrant of a governor, and a grave at Longwood.

We had fine weather during the few days we were at sea before we made the English coast, and, seemingly regardless of the future, the daily turn out on the quarter-deck was quite gay and reviving; Napoleon often condescended to join the circle, when the fine children of Lady Bertrand were sure to find their way to the Emperor's side, and, by touching his hand or taking hold of the skirts of his coat, endeavoured to attract his attention, looking imploringly up to him to be honoured with a smile or a tap on the head; this was never denied the tiny supplicants:—

"His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed."

These are the moments that display a man's real character a thousand times better than one can possibly judge from his public actions, to which he is often forced against his own inclination from the mere emergency of circumstances.

Napoleon's habits, as all the world knows, were extremely temperate, seldom more than half an hour passed from the time of his going to dinner, until he was again on the quarter-deck; he wore his hat always but when at meals, and even then he sat down to table with it on, when it was removed by his valet, and handed to him again before he rose.

We were always sure of a sight of the Emperor and the chief part of his suite immediately after dinner, when he generally remained on deck for about half an hour; Lady Bertrand, Captain Maitland, Bertrand, Savary, L'Allemande, Las Cases, and his aide-de-camp Montholon, formed the principal figures of the group ranged round the Emperor, while us young gentlemen took up our station on the poop to feast our eyes with a sight of the great man whose name had been sounded in our ears since we drew our first breath, and become, like a second nature to us,—a name of fear. He generally kept his gold snuff-box in his hand while in conversation in these family groups, taking a pinch quite in a homely way, but I never saw him offer it to any one else, neither did I ever observe him use it while walking the deck by himself or when in earnest conversation with any of his suite individually.

Notwithstanding that we have him invariably drawn and busted with his arms folded across his breast, I never saw him in that attitude but once

during the whole three weeks we had him on board. The likenesses we have of him, however, as well as the busts, are true to the life; his more common posture was his right hand stuck into the breast of his waistcoat, or thrust into his breeches pocket, while he held the snuff-box in the other. But these are trifling matters, only worth recording of one man in a thousand years, and Napoleon being the most remarkable man of the last four thousand, being thus particular in such trifles may be pardoned.

Amongst other plans for killing the time, and lightening the tedium of a sea passage to the refugees, we bethought us of getting up a play. This was managed by one of the lieutenants of marines, a fellow of great taste, and some one or two of the midshipmen, who pretended to skill in the Shakspearian art. What the piece was I do not recollect, but when it was announced to the Emperor, by Captain Maitland, and the immortal honour of his imperial presence begged, for a few minutes, he laughed very heartily, consented instantly; and turning to Lady Bertrand, told her that she must stand his interpreter. The stage was fitted up between decks, more, I am afraid, in ship-shape than theatrical style; and, sure enough, Napoleon and his whole suite attended. He was much amused with those who took the female parts, which, by the way, was the most smooth-chinned of our

young gentlemen, remarking that they were rather a little Dutch built for fine ladies; and, after good-naturedly sitting for nearly twenty minutes, he rose, smiled to the actors, and retired. I mention these circumstances, by way of showing the last glimpses of sunshine that enlivened the exile's closing scene.

On the 23d, we made the land; and, on the 24th, at seven P. M., we came to an anchor in Torbay, when the first lieutenant was immediately put on shore, with orders to proceed by land to Plymouth, with dispatches for Lord Keith, at that time admiral on the Plymouth station.

I happened to be midshipman of the boat, which conveyed the first lieutenant on shore; and no sooner had we got clear of him, than I was taken prisoner by some twenty young ladies, marched off to a fine house in the little town, regaled with tea and clouted cream, and bored with five thousand questions about Napoleon, the ridiculousness of which I have often laughed at since. "What like was he—was he really a man? Were his hands and clothes all over blood when he came on board? Was it true that he had killed three horses in riding from Waterloo to the Bellerophon? Were we not all frightened for him? Was his voice like thunder? Could I possibly get them a sight of the monster, just that they might be able to say they had seen him? &c. &c. I assured those inquisitive

nymphs, that the reports they had heard were all nonsense; that the Emperor was not only a man, but a very handsome man too; young withal, had no more blood upon his hands or clothes than was now upon their pure white dresses; that if by chance they got a look of him at the gangway, they would fall in love with him directly; that so far from his hands being red with blood, they were as small, white, and soft as their own charming fingers, and his voice, instead of resembling thunder, was as sweet and musical as their own. This account of the Emperor's beauty perfectly astonished the recluses of Torbay; some misbelieved altogether, while the curiosity of others was excited beyond all bounds. A general proposition was now made, that I should bundle them, like live cattle, into my little cutter, and take them all on board to gratify their curiosity at once. This was quite contrary to orders. Not a soul was allowed to come on board the ship, and I had to plead a thousand excuses for my want of gallantry, in not complying with the very natural wish of my young companions. As far as I was concerned, resistance was vain; I was again seized, hurried down to the boat, and had the pleasure of seeing it filled to cramming with the charmers of Torbay. This was a devil of a mess;—I might as well have gone into the mouth of a cannon, as have carried such a cargo along side the ship,—the thing

was impossible. So I had nothing for it, but to call aside the boat's crew, and whisper to them to use gentle violence with my young boarders, and set them down on shore. This was glorious fun to Jack;—to work they fell, and, in the midst of screams, laughter, and a few d—n my eyes, ma'am, don't kick so hard, on the part of the Bellerophon's, we had our nymphs safely deposited on terra firma, and was off in a trice, enjoying the general discomfiture of the poor ladies, who were equally laughed at by the lookers-on, on shore. But let me into the thick of it. We left Torbay on the 26th July at 4 A.M., and at 4 in the evening came to an anchor in Plymouth Sound, just within the breakwater, then only beginning to shew its head above water at low tide. It has since, I am told, been made a splendid affair; but it then only afforded footing for a few gazers from the shore, who perched themselves upon it to watch the cabin-windows of the Bellerophon, in hopes of getting a glimpse of the Emperor.

When the first lieutenant returned from Admiral Keith, he brought a letter from his lordship to Napoleon, returning him his warmest thanks, for the humanity he had shown to a friend of his lordship's, who had been wounded at Waterloo. The circumstance, I ascertained from one of the Emperor's suite, was as follows:—Napoleon, in some of his movements along the line, had observed a young

British officer lying on the ground severely wounded, and likely to be crushed to death by the cavalry. Upon which he ordered him to be carried to the rear, and duly attended to by his own medical staff. The young man's life was thus saved;—the battle was lost, and, while the chief actor in the scene was coming a captive to the British shores, the account of this humane action had been conveyed before him, by a letter from the grateful young man to his relation, Lord Keith, whose prisoner Napoleon now was. Such an act as this, even in the plenitude of his power, when victory and his name seemed inseparable, would have redounded more to his praise than a battle won; but when one thinks of him exercising such acts of humanity, at a moment when his whole soul, great as it was, must have been absorbed in the death-struggle he was now in the midst of, where empire, name, fame, life, and liberty, hung on the slightest turn of the balance, I say, that no language can express the greatness and intrinsic humanity of that man's character, which could only be roughened into cruelty, from the dreadful emergency of the circumstances in which he was often placed.

All things as yet seemed favourable to the great supplicant. On board of the Bellerophon, he was still treated as an emperor, and every countenance bespoke sympathy and veneration. The port-ad-

miral had flattered him by this letter of thanks, for an action which, in all likelihood, he never thought of a moment after it happened; and, if we could judge from the enormous rush that was made from every part of the country to Plymouth Sound, to get a single glance of the hero of Marengo and Lodi Bridge, he must have conceived that he was as much admired by the English, as by his own beloved French. The Sound was literally covered with boats; the weather was delightful; the ladies looked as gay as butterflies; bands of music in several of the boats played favourite French airs, to attract, if possible, the Emperor's attention, that they might get a sight of him, which, when effected, they went off, blessing themselves that they had been so fortunate.

All this did not escape the eagle eye of Napoleon, and he shewed no disinclination to gratify the eager spectators, by frequently appearing at the gangway, examining the crowd with his pocket-glass, and frequently, as a pretty face gazed at him, with bewitching curiosity, he shewed his fine white teeth, lifted the little three cocked hat nearly off his broad and commanding forehead, for he never wholly uncovered, bowed and smiled with evident satisfaction. During the few days we lay in Plymouth Sound, some very disagreeable circumstances, and even some accidents occurred, in consequence of a parcel

of heavy boats from the dockyard having been sent off to row guard round the ship, to keep off the spectators. This duty was performed with great rudeness, and when the rush of boats took place, when Napoleon appeared at the gangway, coming in violent contact with those heavy dockyard boats which kept rowing at full speed round the ship, the screams of the ladies and the oaths of the men seemed to give Napoleon great annoyance. We were handsomely guarded too, for no sooner had we come to an anchor in the Sound, than three or four seventy-fours and frigates were ordered to take up their position on our bows and quarters, with the charitable intention, I suppose, had any rumpuss occurred, such as Napoleon making unto himself wings, and flying to the uttermost parts of the sea, or by the use of the diving-bell getting again back to France, or any other such probable movement, of sending our good old ship, "with all she did inherit," to the bottom of the Sound, merely by way of warning us not to draw up with such high and bad company in time to come.

The signal for the Emperor's being on deck was the officers uncovering. No sooner was this ceremony noticed, than the rush from without took place, and the screaming and swearing commenced, which was very considerably heightened upon one occasion by a plan of some of our wise-headed young gentlemen. Be-

ing in want of amusement, they bethought them of priming the fire engine, which happened to be standing on the poop, and after clapping a relay of hands ready to ply it to advantage, we uncovered, and waited the approach of the boats. No sooner were they within reach, than off went the water-spout, which fell "alike on the just and the unjust," for both the dockyard men and the spectators who came within its compass got a good ducking. This prank created an infernal confusion, and our trick having been twigged by the first lieutenant, the chief actors in this notable exploit were ordered up to the mast-head to enjoy their frolic for a few hours, which evidently much gratified the unfortunate sufferers from the effects of the operation.

We had double sentries at every post, and every possible precaution was used, even to foolishness, to prevent the exile's escape, which he was not seeking. The storm was evidently gathering, and as the time drew near when the resolution of the government might be expected, the greatest anxiety began to manifest itself among the refugees. At length the fatal news arrived; the determination of government was officially communicated to Napoleon, and all was gloom and misery. From that hour to the day of his leaving the ship, Napoleon never again appeared on deck, and the broken expressions, and despairing looks of the members of his suite, but

too well bespoke the feelings of their doomed master.

Maitland seemed to feel his situation a very disagreeable one. He saw that his own conduct was not approved of by the narrow-minded government. He had received strict orders only to treat Napoleon with the respect due to a general officer, and in future he was simply to be styled *General* Buonaparte. How ridiculous and contemptible was this conduct in our ministry. We had exchanged prisoners with him repeatedly as Emperor of France, and we had made peace with him as First Consul of the French Republic; but Castlereagh took his cue from the holy allies, who grudged him a mouthful of air, far less the title of Emperor, who but a few years before would have styled him Jove, bowed the trembling knee, and worshipped him as a god, had he chose to command them. I never think of the proceedings which I then witnessed, without feeling my blood boil up with indignation, and my face blush crimson for my degraded country. We had not been slow to meet him in the zenith of his power, the force of our arm had struck him to the earth; there were hearts and hands in England ready to do the same again, if he had been mad enough to make another attempt. Then why display such a mean fear of him, for our very cruelty bespoke our terror. Why refuse him that refuge

that had never been before denied to the meanest supplicant? Well indeed might he say, "that England was for ever degraded in the hospitality of the Bellerophon." But I hasten to the final catastrophe, after mentioning another circumstance, to show how closely we were watched.

Maitland, knowing how he stood with "the powers that be," was determined not to commit himself by accepting of any present of value from Napoleon, as he knew it would be directly made a handle of to injure his character as a British officer. He, therefore, I believe, refused to accept of a gold snuff-box tendered him by the Emperor as a mark of his esteem, but he did not refuse the offer of a few dozens of French wine, as a present to Mrs. Maitland, who had been personally introduced to Napoleon, as far as introduction was possible, that is, she had been permitted to come within a foot or two of the ship, and Napoleon most condescendingly stepped to the gangway, smiled and bowed to her. Mrs. Maitland was a charming little woman in those days,—alas! we are all getting old now,—a daughter of green Erin, and Napoleon seemed greatly pleased with her appearance, hence the offer of this trifling present as a token of respect. The captain took it on shore in the gig, and no sooner had she struck the beach than the custom-house officers jumped on board, and made a seizure of it,

hauled the boat up upon the beach, and clapped his Majesty's broad arrow upon her, that fatal mark indicative of being in "the hands of the Philistines" of the revenue. I shall never forget Maitland's countenance when he came on board after this ridiculous and provoking affair. Being deprived of his own boat by "the land-sharks," he was obliged to hire a shore boat to bring off himself and his boat's crew, and she was nearly along-side before the first lieutenant discovered that there was a naval officer in her, and on taking a look with his glass, he exclaimed, "Good God! there is the captain coming off in a shore boat." The side was manned, and when Maitland stepped on board, he turned to Mott with a most rueful countenance, remarking, "they have seized the wine." This was petty work, and to make the thing more provoking, they had poor Maitland stuck up next day in the Plymothian journals as having been detected in the act of conveying wine and other presents on shore, received from Napoleon. What was the fate of the wine, I do not know, but the gig, of course, was restored immediately, and I should suppose the wine also, considering the shameful nature of the seizure.

On the 4th of August we left Plymouth Sound in company with the Tonnant, bearing the flag of Admiral Lord Keith, and on the 6th we came to an anchor off Barry-head, there to wait the arrival

of the Northumberland, which was hourly expected. She made her appearance in the course of the day, and after due salutes from both Admiral's ships, in which noisy greeting we of course joined, for we are very polite at sea, in our own thundering way, she took up her station close by us.

Towards evening Lord Keith came on board of us, and had a long personal interview with Napoleon in the cabin, which we may judge was not of the pleasantest nature. From some intemperate threat of Savary, I believe, who had declared that he would not allow his master to leave the Bellerophon alive, to go into such wretched captivity, it was judged proper to deprive the refugees of their arms. A good many swords, and several brace of pistols, marked with a large silver N. at the but end, were brought down to the gun-room, where they remained for some hours. Three of the swords belonged to Napoleon, and two of them were pointed out to us as those he wore at Marengo and Austerlitz.

I never in my life felt such a strong inclination to lay my hands on what was not my own. A sword I durst not think of, but could I have got a brace of pistols, or even one solitary pistol, belonging to Napoleon, I would have thought myself the happiest man alive; but it would not do, detection was certain, and with bitter vexation I saw them

carried out of the gun-room.. Now, reader, do you think this would have been a pardonable theft? Their value was nothing in my eyes; it was a relic of the great man I wanted, and I cared not what it was, or how I came by it: therefore, had I been able to secure a pistol, my conscience would never have smote me with having done wrong; and I am sure, could the Emperor have known with what a pure spirit of devotion I meant to commit the theft, he would have ordered me a brace instantly.

It was this night settled that our surgeon, Barry O'Meara, who afterwards became so conspicuous for his spirited defence of his patient against the tyranny of Sir Hudson Lowe (I hate to write that man's name), should follow Napoleon to St. Helena in the character of surgeon, his own, who looked a poor creature, and was continually sea-sick while on board, having declined, I believe, to accompany him farther, and the 7th was appointed for Napoleon leaving the ship.

The 7th came; it was a dull cloudy sunless day, and every countenance was overcast with gloom. We had not seen the Emperor for a week, and we were all anxious to observe the change that the horrible tidings of his destination had made upon him. Lord Keith, Admiral Cockburn, and Captain Ross, came on board about eleven o'clock; and it was intimated to Napoleon, that they were ready to con-

duct him on board of the Northumberland. A general's guard of marines was drawn up on the quarter-deck, to receive him as he came out of the cabin; while part of his suite, and we officers, were ranged about, anxiously waiting the appearance of the future exile of St. Helena.

Napoleon was long of attending to the intimation of the Admiral's; and upon Cockburn's becoming impatient, and remarking to old Lord Keith that he should be put in mind, Keith replied, "No, no, much greater men than either you or I have waited longer for him before now; let him take his time, let him take his time." This was nobly said of the fine old Scotchman; and although Cockburn and I are blood relations, and I have a particular penchant for my lineage, I cannot help remarking that his manner denoted a great want of feeling. I suppose he was pitched upon by Castlereagh as a proper tool to execute his harsh commands.

At length Napoleon appeared, but oh, how sadly changed from the time we had last seen him on deck. Though quite plain, he was scrupulously cleanly in his person and dress, but that had been forgot, his clothes were ill put on, his beard unshaved, and his countenance pale and haggard. There was a want of firmness in his gait; his brow was overcast, and his whole visage bespoke the deepest melancholy; and it needed but a glance to

convince the most careless observer that Napoleon considered himself a doomed man. In this trying hour, however, he lost not his courtesy or presence of mind; instinctively he raised his hat to the guard of marines, when they presented arms as he passed, slightly inclined his head, and even smiled to us officers as he passed through us, returned the salute of the Admirals with calm dignity, and, walking up to Captain Maitland, addressed him with great eagerness for nearly ten minutes.

How distinct is every feature, every trait, every line of that majestic countenance in my mind's eye at this moment, now that two-and-twenty years have passed away; but who could witness such a scene and ever forget it? The Romans said that a "great man struggling with adversity was a sight that the gods looked on with pleasure." Here, indeed, was adversity, and here was true greatness struggling against it; but to a mere mortal it was a heart-rending sight. The ship's deck looked like a place of execution, and we only wanted the headsman, his block, and his axe, to complete the scene.

The purport of his speech to Captain Maitland, was thanking *him*, his officers, and ship's company, for the polite attention he had received while on board of the Bellerophon, which he should ever hold in kind remembrance. Something more he would have said after the first pause, and a feeling of deep

emotion laboured in his face, and swelled his breast, he looked earnestly in Maitland's face for a moment, as if he was about to renew his speech, but utterance seemed denied; and, slightly moving his hat in salutation, he turned to Savary and L'Allemand, who were not allowed to accompany him to St. Helena, and spoke to them for a few minutes.

What a horrid gloom overhung the ship: had his execution been about to take place there could not have prevailed a more dead silence, so much so, that had a pin fallen from one of the tops on the deck, I am convinced it would have been heard; and to any one who has known the general buz of one of our seventy-fours, even at the quietest hour, it is a proof how deeply the attention of every man on board must have been riveted. Before leaving the ship he turned to us on the quarter-deck, once more waved his hand in token of adieu, took hold of the man-ropes, and walked down the side, taking his seat in the Northumberland's barge between Lord Keith and Admiral Cockburn.

Even in this hour of hopeless misery, he lost not sight of that indescribable charm by which he won the hearts of men. On looking back to the ship he saw every head, that could get stuck out of a port, gazing after him: even the rough countenances of the men bespoke a sympathy for his cruel fate, and, apparently conscious of their feelings, the exiled

chief again lifted his hat, and inclined his head to the gazing ship's company.

And now he is gone,—I have with great difficulty handled this painful subject, to which I confess myself entirely unequal. Many little incidents I intended to have related, which might have amused the reader; but, quite absorbed in the more tragical parts, my memory failed me; or, as I moved on, I considered them unworthy of being mixed up with the great name of Napoleon.

Gibbon remarks, that "when a nation loses its generosity, it is a proof of its being on the decline," and he shews it in practice; for no sooner did the Romans begin to degenerate, than their high character for generosity forsook them. I hope his rule will not be found general, and that we must only attribute the barbarous treatment of Napoleon to the vile faction by which the country was then governed, and not the absolute degradation of principle in the nation at large.

It will, however, be a vile stain upon our name to the latest ages; and the more the character of Napoleon gains its true place in the page of history, the more dastardly will appear our conduct. Could only Castlereagh and the Holy Allies feel the odium of indignant posterity, it would be well; but it is England, upon England will the odium fall, while "carotid artery cutting Castlereagh," and the secret

machinations of the Holy Allies, have been justly consigned to oblivion. It was from England that the fallen chief asked protection; and posterity is not to know by what private machinery England's great name was so degraded. But now have I done with Napoleon. For a thing like me to have attempted to speak of him puts one in mind of a silly moth, buzzing round a candle,—it makes some feeble whirls round and round, every revolution drawing nearer to the fatal light, until at last it rushes on certain destruction; and such must be the fate of most human moths who shall dare to describe the actions of him, whom the All-Creative Power, for some wise purpose, constituted so much above his species.

I have often asked what had we to do with the French and Napoleon. To drive him within his own frontier, I confess, our right extended, but no farther; and even if, in the first instance, there be some colouring of justice in sending him to Elba, as some lingering doubt might remain that a large portion of the empire still wanted the Bourbons, that completely vanished after his descent from the obscure isle in the Mediterranean. No doubt *then* remained of the entire love of the French nation, *en masse*. He put his foot on the shore of a mighty empire, almost a solitary adventurer, or surrounded by some three or four hundred as daring hearts as

his own. This was a mighty army to subdue thirty-five millions of people, truly. His forward movement to the capital was never checked a moment,—not a life was lost. No sooner was a force sent out to overwhelm Leonidus, and his glorious three hundred, than, electrified as they approached the unguarded person of their mighty master, arms were grounded, caps hurled in the air, the hated symbols of Bourbon sway trampled under foot, and the tricolour, under which they had so often marched to glory, replaced in a moment, while, with shouts of love, almost amounting to adoration, they received in their bosom their glorious chief, covered with the laurels of a hundred victories. The trump of fame has loudly sounded all this long ago, therefore I need not spoil it by my handling; but I still say, what had we to do with Napoleon and the French people? They hailed him to a man. They fought for him, as no alternative was left, "like tigers with an empty craw." They displayed all the devotion to him that a people could do to "the chief of their choice," yet nothing would serve England and the Allies, but they must depose Napoleon, and thrust a hated Bourbon upon France, even in the final struggle, at the expense of fifty thousand souls, the choicest in Europe. Still, a very few years afterwards, we see England and that same holy triumvirate, look quietly on and allow some thirty thousand of the

burgeois of Paris to kick out the imbecile Bourbon, and put a more efficient branch on the throne, without even saying it is wrong you do. It was the infatuate resistance that England made from the beginning to Napoleon that raised him to the mighty pitch of power he attained. No sooner were the foreign powers humbled, and exhausted by the arm of his power, than fresh out-pourings of our gold stimulated them to new resistance. He again brought his mighty masses to bear upon them, which he wielded with a celerity hitherto unknown to human art, sent them beaten and flying in every direction; and, like a sensible man, he took always care to pay himself for every fresh expedition. Finding them so little in his hands, and his own strength, his ambition went from stage to stage, until it knew no bounds, whereas, had he been allowed to sit quietly down after placing himself at the head of the French government, and turning out the blood-thirsty Convention, grounds would never have been afforded him for waging the wars he did, nor could he have so completely known his own strength, and the actual weakness of the Continental powers.

It is argued, that we held out gloriously to the last, and was as gloriously successful. Granted; but is it not evident that we went on with the struggle until we could not recede? Our own downfal,

or that of Napoleon, became the issue. Wonderful as were our exertions, we were gradually exhausting. An overwhelming load of debt was accumulated. A few years, and our downfal was certain, from mere exhaustion. When, all at once, Napoleon became tired of wearing us out piecemeal, resolved upon his expedition to Russia, and the final subjection of the world, collected such an army, as general never before commanded, beat every enemy that dared to show face, and while advancing his endless columns to Moscow, Europe,—the world, looked on and trembled. The die was cast. At the season of the year he entered Russia, and the *burning* policy pursued by the barbarians, human power could not accomplish his object. The capital in ashes, a trackless waste, compelled retreat. The elements poured forth their masses of destruction on the devoted army; and what the combined world in arms could not have effected, the opened windows of heaven completed with as much ease, as it stretches a solitary shepherd a stiffened corpse in his bewildered tract. Let no one, then, assert that our resistence and perseverance eventually subdued Napoleon. The struggle was quite unequal. Our very resistance had made him the great man he became; and the hand of Heaven alone had power to lay him prostrate.

Clear of the Emperor and his suite, we felt as if let out of prison ourselves, for we had been every thing but prisoners from the moment of our arrival in England. Somehow or other the ship got coupled up with the name of Napoleon; and to be friendly to that great name and to belong to the Belerophon was considered one and the same thing. But I get impatient to have done with this part of my story, and therefore, my kind reader, without leave asked of thee, I shall take the liberty of getting the old ball of rope yarns once more under weigh, eased of all her refugee cargo, and, with fine weather and smooth water, conduct her safely through the Needles, the Straits of Dover, and moor her snugly at Sheerness, for the kindly purpose of being paid off, and laid up in ordinary. All this being effected in due form, the rigging stripped, the guns taken out, the ballast, tanks, masts, spars, &c. &c., in short, the fine old ship made a mere hull, with an empty bottle hung at her figure-head, to show that the grog was out, the pay-captain on board, the men going off by fifties at a time, some blessing, and some cursing their officers, every one taking off his own glad way. Oh! it is a glorious scene of confusion to him who blesses himself free of the bondage; but if I entered the navy with a heavy heart, I left it with a sorer. All hope of promotion was blasted with the

peace. With Waterloo fell my hopes; and well did I know, that in my own country, great as my connexions were, I had no friend to look to but my poor old father, who still survived, though in a very helpless condition. But there is no damping nineteen. Young hope will rise against every calamity. And, without any *outward* show of sorrow, I bade adieu to my messmates, who, all joyous and unthinking, (perhaps they had less to think of than me,) shook hands with me, and wished me a happy passage home. It is astonishing how timid youth will be even when their own true interest is at stake. I knew it was my duty to bid farewell to, and return the captain my most grateful thanks for the immense kindness he had shown me. Again and again did I try to muster the resolution of walking up to him and making something like a speech, but it would not do. At last I got so far as to cross the quarter-deck, and get out, "Fare you well, Captain Maitland!" and I was going to say, "I feel most grateful," when the words stuck in my throat. "Fare you well!" says my good-hearted commander. "I cannot offer you a ship just now, but should I get a command again, which I am afraid will not be soon, you have only to show your face, and you shall have what vacancy I can give you. I wish you well." No sooner had the captain done speaking,

than, as if tired of the ship, I hurried my chest into a craft alongside, where were some sixty of our hands, entirely fearless of insult; for I knew I had in no one instance used any man severely; and next morning was landed safely at Wapping.

CHAPTER V.

" But droop not; Fortune, at your time of life,
Although a female moderately fickle,
Will hardly leave you (as she's not your wife)
For any length of days in such a pickle.
To strive, too, with our fate, were such a strife
As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the sickle.
Men are the sport of circumstance, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

ALWAYS restless in my disposition, I waited not to see sweet London Town, but put my foot on board of one of our Leith Smacks, and in four days was once more in Auld Reekie.

The first port I steered to was the well known garret of my uncle the antiquary. There I found him, without a fire,—cold and freezing as usual.

" How goes the Earldom?" I asked. " Not yet settled," was the reply, " but I am doing my best to get it forward."

" Is my father alive?"

" Why, I believe so, and not much changed for the better when I last saw him."

"How get on the Griphards,—any of them gone to enter into final arrangements with old Ringan and the devil?" Here he looked at me with a Sardonic grin, and shook his head.

"Why, sir," says he, "I believe two or three of that modern family have gone to their long account since I last saw you, but how those things will be judged of in the other world, sir, we cannot say; whether the Lord will have taken into account the acknowledgments of the fifteenth Baron of W—n for sums of money said to be advanced by the first Ringan Griphard, which was not a *bona fide* transaction, I cannot pretend to say; neither can I see it proper that the whole posterity of the old Griphard should be condemned to eternal hell-fire, merely because he was guilty of a heinous sin; and you ought to take into consideration, sir, that these last people, as you know, had the blood of *our* family in their veins, which, I hope, will entitle them to some mitigation of punishment at least."

This last remark, delivered with the greatest gravity, looked to me so ridiculous, that I found it impossible to resist bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter; how the Griphards' punishment in the other world should be mitigated merely because they had the blood of an ancient house in their veins, was to me quite a mystery; but I have to inform the kind reader, that my not receiving the lengthened

remarks of my uncle with due gravity, lost me my dinner, for, taking my mirth in high dudgeon, he resumed :—"Now, sir, you may go away, I meant to have given you your dinner, but you sea people have very rude manners, and don't know how to behave yourselves in polite society; you have been all ill brought up, sir, your father was a complete sea-bear, and you are not much better,—I can't be troubled, sir, I am just now employed making up an inventory of my Lord Arbuthnot's papers, here, I have one before me which shews that the twenty-sixth Laird or Baron of that noble house was——"

"Good morning, then, uncle, I wish you and the twenty-sixth Baron of Arbuthnot a good appetite, to regale yourselves upon your meagre broth and creamless tea, coarse bread and butterless, as I have always found it, while I shall try and get a good beef steak and a glass of grog in some snug corner of Shakespeare Square." Here he made a sudden start, either to apologise or kick me down stairs, I knew not which, but, before he had time to get off his chair, I was on my way to the street. Sure enough, I made good my words, and, after one happy night in Edinburgh, next morning found me seated on the outside of the Union coach on the way to my native county.

So much has been said about a man approaching his home after absence, that it is needless to dwell

upon it; still, I think it is the most delightful feeling here below, rendered more so by the utter uncertainty of what pain or pleasure is awaiting one. As you approach, each object to which you have been accustomed strikes your view, each slope and hill, each peak and valley remain unchanged; the family mansion, be it a hut or a palace, looks, perhaps, as quiet as when you left it, but where are the inmates? On these the thoughts dwell, and exclude all other feelings. But I cannot be sentimental long.

On leaving the coach, which did not come within four miles of the Commodore's wigwam, I set off at a round pace and leaped every bog and rivulet with a foot as light as my heart is now heavy.. Having gained the brow of the hill that looked down on the humble mansion of my birth, I sobered my pace, and watched every movement as I approached the white walled cottage. The first object that attracted my attention was my old spaniel, grown feeble with age, hobbling towards me with all her speed, not with any friendly intention, but to bite me by the breeches if she could. My voice, however, immediately soothed her loud barking into a low whining sound, and, though half blind, her eye bespoke instant recollection.

My mother and sisters now appeared, hurrying to meet me,—those be trying moments, but I am

not in a mood to indulge them,—few words were exchanged, the silent pressure of the hand and speaking eye, full well pourtrayed the current passing within. Giving my mother my arm, and leaning on the shoulder of one of my sisters, we walked silently up the little steep to the cottage which contained my venerable parent, in which, I verily believe, he enjoyed himself as much, and with as true and enduring philosophy, as though he had been in undisputed possession of the princely mansion of which he had been so unjustly deprived. My heart beat thick as I entered the natal roof, and, when I clapped my eyes upon my aged father, now entirely blind, scrambling towards the door to receive the expected guest, my heart melted within me. Still he was a noble figure, standing up against time and misfortune with a frame and mind of iron. Putting my hands into his, already stretched out to receive me, saying "it is your son George, father," he immediately relinquished my hands and hugged me to his breast, "God be praised," says he, "God be praised I hear and feel you once more, my darling boy; have you come home to gladden your father's heart in the last few years, perhaps days, of his life's cruize. No change with me, my boy, but to the worse, you see; yet why should I complain? I have many comforts left me of which millions of my fellow creatures are deprived; my good King has

given me bread for me and mine, if I faced his foes in my youth he has not forsaken me in my old age; and, since it has been the will of God to deprive me of my sight, I thank Heaven that my inward lights are greater." Here, all at once, the tender mood seemed to have gone off, and the soul of the warrior again found its place. Having hobbled to his chair and placed me beside him, with his hand on my collar for fear of escape, his voice gradually roughening to its quarter deck tone: "But, I say, George, what I most regret my loss of sight and old age for, is, that I cannot get about with those d—d Griphards; they have made an infernal dupe of me, my boy, and for myself I would care little, but to think that my sons should be left to knock about amongst the bullets, and drag out a wretched life upon a petty half pay, if they are even so fortunate as to get it, cuts me to the soul. Those miscreants first outwitted my ancestor, and stripped him of his broad lands; and now, under the mask of friendship, they have contrived, I am afraid, to blast the fair prospects opened up to us by the death of that arch-villain, the Earl of M—t; blast them totally, I think they cannot, but they have at least done every thing in their power to retard us, and I am much afraid, my boy, that these old eyes will be closed in death, as they are now obscured in life, before this great cause can be asserted. But cheer up, my young fellow, now

I have got you under my lee, we shall have one d—d good broadside at the villains yet; you will act as a Tender to the old three-decker, and if we can once get them under our guns, by G—d we shall make short work of them. You was such a mere youngster when you went to sea, that I never told you much about your family, or of this race that supplanted us; but now you are a lad of mettle, you shall know all about them. But to business; where's your chest? have you brought it with you?"

"Yes, it is at the P—— Inn, and will be here immediately."

"That's right, my boy, always keep a good look out after your traps. And you have seen little Nap, too, my fine young fellow, what thought you of him? Did he look such a very devil as he has been painted to us, or was he like another christian man. I'll tell you what, I am beginning to think, George, that he is a game fellow that Napoleon. I never think much of a man as long as I see him amongst fire and smoke, and leading on to victory; but let me see him in defeat and adversity, and if he then stems the tide, and keeps his face with calm defiance to his foes, then I pronounce him a hero, indeed, and, mark you, I think Napoleon is one of these,—but time will shew.

What the devil tempted the cowardly blockheads to send him to St. Helena? Did they think he would unseat them, had they given him foot-room

in England? If they were capable of such a mean thought, the sooner they are kicked out the better. But I hear your mother rattling some plates, and I smell twelve o'clock, midshipman's dinner-hour, my boy. I'll let you see that I can pick a bone as well as ever. Betty, my dear, mix a cup of grog for me, and give George another. George, I hope you have not learned to drink much. I never exceed a single glass, it is plenty for any man. Always keep your wits about you, we have need of them all, and a great deal more, in moving through this selfish world. Now, my boy, in this I drink your good health, and d—n to all our oppressors."

Dinner over, and the Commodore betaken him to his customary nap, I slipped out and passed the afternoon in surveying our few barren acres, and each bush and brake where I had sported the years of my childhood, and at an early hour betook me to my little attic, which, but a few years before, I had seen enlivened with the voices of a numerous family, several of whom were now in their narrow graves in a foreign land, and the rest scattered to distant regions of the earth. All was now silent and still as death, when compared to what I had seen it, and full of melancholy reflections, I stretched me on the bed whereon I had so often laid my boyish limbs, pressed my hands upon my eyes, and wept like a child. Truly has Byron said,—

> " But there is something when man's eye appears
> Wet, still more disagreeable and striking.
> A woman's tear-drop melts a man's half sears
> Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
> His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)
> To them its a relief, to us a torture."

If my tears brought no relief, sleep did, which, to the wretched or the happy, is the greatest blessing here below, and all unconscious of pain or pleasure, I slumbered on till I was awoke by the voice of the old Commodore rousing up the servant, and warning my sisters not to lie too long in bed lest they should sleep themselves into a lethargy. While issuing the orders of the morning watch to the family, he was busy taking his quarter-deck turn across the kitchen, whistling, singing, swearing, and laughing by turns, as he chewed the cud of sweet or bitter fancy. By seven o'clock he was at my bed-side, giving me a regular sea rouse, and asking if I was ready to turn out. I sprung out of bed immediately, whipped on my clothes, and was ready to accompany him in five minutes. This activity greatly delighted the old Commodore. " Ay, George, my boy, you see what it is to have been in the navy. Had you been brought up a land-lubber, as your mother wanted me, you would have snorted and snivelled, and coughed an hour before you could have crawled from the blankets; but come away, my boy, let us take a turn and hear the birds chant their morning hymn of gratitude to their bountiful

Creator, and when we have got our eggs and butter I shall tell you two or three stories that will enliven you a little, and let you know more about who you are than you ever did before."

Out we sallied, the Commodore put down his timbers with renewed firmness, and laughed and talked of Cook and Tongataboo, his twenty sea-fights, and skirmishes innumerable, the siege of Boston by Washington, at which he was present, his shipwreck at Trinidad, and a thousand excursions, which would have whiled away an age instead of a half hour; but his appetite was an excellent chronometer. "Come," says he, "my boy, it is eight bells, the morning watch is out, and we must pipe to breakfast;" so saying, he trudged home, drew his chair to the table, and commenced a stowage that would have served at least three, of our degenerate breed, going on all the while laughing and talking in complete good humour. "Come," says he, "my lad, make your breakfast, this is better than we used to have in Cook's voyage, although I wish I had my eyes, and forty years lifted off my old shoulders, to get to the same work again; glorious fun we had occasionally amidst all our hardships. When we were in New Zealand, Neddy Rhio, one of my messmates had got hold of a New Zealand dog, as savage a devil as the savages from whom he got it, and this same dog he intended to bring home to present to the Marchioness of Townsend, his patroness. But one

day, when Neddy was on shore on duty, a court-martial was held on the dog, and it was agreed *nem. con.* that, as the dog was of cannibal origin, and was completely a cannibal itself, having bit every one of us, and shewn every inclination to eat us alive if he could, that he should be doomed to death, and eat in his turn, we being short of fresh provisions at the time. The sentence was immediately executed, the dog cooked, dressed, and eat, for we could have eat a horse behind the saddle, we were all so confoundedly hungry; but, considering that Neddy had the best right to a share, we put past his portion in a wooden bowl, and by way of having some sport, we cut a hole in the dog's skin, and as Neddy came up the side, I popped his own dog's skin over his head with the tail hanging down behind, and the paws before. He looked the grin horrid, told us we were all a set of d—d cannibals, as bad as the New Zealanders we were amongst, and dived down below quite in the sulks. I had locked up his share, and went down after him to see if hunger would overcome his delicacy, and sure enough, after growling and grumbling and swearing a reasonable time, he looks at me very woefully and says, 'D—n you, did you not even leave me a share?' 'That I did,' says I, 'Neddy, my boy, and here it is for you.' So poor Rhio munched up his dog, cursing all the while as heartily as we were laughing at him. Ah! those were the glorious days;

but we are all going now. Rhio, poor fellow, came to be a post-captain, and fell at the taking of Copenhagen. Come, George, have you nearly laid in your morning's cargo? I can't see you, but I don't think you are eating heartily. There is none of my children half so stout as I was. Betty, its all your fault; and yet you was a stout wench too. I picked you up just because I thought you had more bone and muscle in you than the white-washed dames of the aristocracy, that loll and flaunt and gauk about like a crazy craft with her sky-scrapers set.

" Come, my lad, sit over beside me, and I'll spin you a yarn about your family, that I am sure you never heard before. I may not be long with you, and as we have much work to do in raking up our rights, the more information you have on every subject the better.

" You must know, that in William the Norman's time, our family was expelled from Northumberland, where our ancestors had been chiefs of renown for centuries, and traced to one of the Kings of the Heptarchy. King Malcolm of Scotland having married the Saxon heiress of the English crown, driven out by the Norman Bastard, our ancestor Cospatrick was favourably received at the Scotch court, and extensive possessions given him in this county. The H—s of W—n branched off from the original stock about the year 1400, having re-

ceived the lands of W—n in free gift from Archibald Earl of Douglas, he that is designed in history 'the Grim Lord of Galloway,' whose standard-bearer our ancestor Sir David was. Sir David H— of W—n had two sons, the eldest handed down the line of W—n, of whom I am the lineal male representative, from father to son, and the second handed down the line of M—t, which became extinct in the body of the last Earl of M—t, the cold-blooded tyrant whose titles and estates I should this day possess; and although I should not live to see it, the House of Peers will yet find us justly entitled to them.

We of the W—n branch were of the true game-cock breed, wherever fighting was going on, there we were, the first in the brawl, and the last to give in. At Flodden, Sir David, and Sir George, his eldest son, fell by the side of their infatuate king. It was upon this occasion we got the word *Remember* added to the original motto; for, as you know well, at least you should know, that the Chief of the Clan, Lord H—, did not behave well that day, for, having overthrown the wing of the English army opposed to him, with his sturdy louns of the Merse and Teviotdale, and a fierce set they were, he gave himself no farther trouble about how the battle went, but, Border-like, betook him to plundering the English camp, of which he had got possession, instead of heaving

about, and bringing his broadside to bear on the Englishmen's stern, and raking them fore and aft. Having laid in his cargo of English booty, and finding that the King and the rest of the army were all to the devil, he very wisely got under way for the Border; but our ancestor had more pluck, for, with his seven sons, and all his followers, he rushed to the centre, to cover the poor King, now sore beset by the English in unbroken force.

It was at this moment that Lord H— and our ancestor crossed each other, the one retiring and the other advancing.

"Where are you going, W—n?" says Lord H—.

"To support the King," was the reply, "where you should also be. *Remember* we are true to the end."

"They do well," returned Lord H—, "who can this day support themselves. You had better turn with me, W—n."

"No," replied our ancestor, "I shall live or die with the King;" and, so saying, he made good his words, and he and his heroic son, with a host of vassals, made part of the heap of slain, who fell around their King.

"Yes, George, the father, with seven sons of our family, all fought that fatal day; and although six of them came off the field alive, not one escaped unwounded. Sir David, the eldest surviving bro-

ther, afterwards known in history as the bloody David of W—n, succeeded his father in the family estates; and, bloody as they call him, a hero of a fellow he was. He took part with old Bell-the-Cat and the nobility, when they hanged James the Third's foreign minions, whom he had raised to titles from common artificers, which was quite against the grain of the feudal barons, was present when they were all hanged over Lauder Bridge, and became afterwards so famous for his antipathy of foreign intruders, particularly the French, whom he hanged, wherever he could lay his hands upon them, that, upon James the Fourth being asked what was to be done with the vagrant foreigners still infesting the country? he remarked, 'We had better send them a' to young David H— of W—n, who his Majesty knew would make short work with them.

"Lord H—, and his brother, two gallant young men, were basely murdered by the Regent Albany, under pretence of having betrayed the King at Flodden, but, in reality, because he began to consider their power getting equal to the throne, and dangerous to his authority.

"Our Sir David, ever true to his chief, took forcible possession of the Earl's lands, and kept them in the face of royal authority, in reserve for a younger brother of the Earl's, who had fled to England, when his brothers were beheaded by Albany. Not

satisfied with this, he determined to revenge the death of his chieftain, raised fifteen hundred of the men of the Merse and Teviotdale, mounted them on horseback, pushed on to Edinburgh, forced the gates, killed some eighty of the good folks of Edinburgh, took down the heads of Lord H— and his brother, and buried them in triumph in the Blackfriars churchyard. Yes, George, our ancestors had no cowardly misgivings in defending their chief. They looked upon his cause as their own, and whenever his family was in jeopardy they defended them at the risk of life and lands; but times are changed with us now. Our chief's fortunes have declined too; but he has retained his title, and at least a limb of his estates, while we have been stripped altogether; and yet, at this blessed hour, I am perfectly convinced, that though we were to appear at the gate of him who now holds that proud name, we would be refused admission to his hall, or a mouthful of bread, were we mean enough to supplicate his bounty, though he is no stranger to the great services we rendered his house; but I blush at such ingratitude and degeneracy, and return with pleasure to our glorious Sir David. Shortly after his notable exploit of removing the heads of his kinsmen from their degrading elevation over the gate of the West-Port, he killed the famous Count De Beautie, so styled from the extreme beauty of his countenance, but who had dared to dictate terms to Sir David on his own

ground. He then exterminated the whole family of Blackadder, because one of them had been installed Abbot of C—m, instead of a relation of his who had been basely murdered in that abbacy. Like Doeg, the Edomite, he did not exactly kill 'four score and five priests who wore linen ephods,' but he killed thirteen, which was all he could find; and, had there been even Doeg's number, I have no doubt that grim Sir David would have held them at small account when his hand was in. He was, however, too fiery a fellow to escape always, and he was himself knocked on the head by a body of English, which he engaged between Ramrig and Swinton.

"You should know, also, that a little farther down the line, the father and son fell at the battle of Dunbar, fighting against old red-nosed Noll, who had got himself into such a mess, that the Scotch had only to look quietly down upon him from their commanding position on Dounhill, and starve him into surrender, which would have finished the Protectorate, but that would not save our rascally priests; they must make Leslie fight, the old cuckoldy psalm-singers, forsooth, if they were so fond of fighting, Leslie should have drawn them up in a body, with the holy league and covenant tied round their necks, and packed them off to Old Noll to try their luck; but, instead of that, they swore they had been wrestling with the Lord all night,—(I wish he had thrown their necks round, for their

d—d impudence),—and that they had so far overcome the Divinity, that he had assured them the English host, and especially Oliver's red nose, should be given to the Scottish sword, 'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' as they cantingly called it, to be hewed into inch pieces; so poor Leslie had nothing for it, but, against his better judgment, to to obey the confounded fanatics, and march down to certain destruction.

"When Oliver observed the downward movement of the Scotch, equally as great a hypocrite as any priest amongst them, but with the eye of an able general, he saw with delight the fate of the Scotch army, and his own release; and, in the joy of his heart, he threw himself on his knees, and exclaimed, 'The Lord has delivered them into our hands.' I do not know whether the Lord did or not; but they rushed to their own fate, and thousands of our ill-disciplined troops fell beneath Noll's hardy veterans. Amongst the rest, our ancestors, George, father and son were sacrificed to a parcel of fanatical priests.

"I need not come farther. The affair of 1715, the ruin of the family, and the elevation of old Ringan Griphard upon our ruins, I need scarcely mention. An astonishing fellow was that Old Griphard. You will be surprised when I tell you that his first appearance in this county was in the capacity of a lean lanky half student, half labourer, with a bag upon his back, which contained a few

Greek and Latin books, and his scanty wardrobe, humbly soliciting shearing. Through the most miserable penury and hardest drudgery, he at last got qualified as a preacher, got a church from the Baron of W—n, became his factor, and finally supplanted him in his broad patrimonial lands. Those lands which had been given us by a Douglas, and added too, through a period of four hundred and fifty years, by every succeeding Baron, until by one false step, and the machinations of a villain, the whole passed from our hands into that of a stranger and an alien. No blessing, however, has followed the progeny of our supplanter. It is rare that a cradle has rocked within their walls; and, with the exception of the present possessor, old Geordy Griphard, I scarcely know if one of that accursed race remains.

"Old Jeany, the only one that had a good heart within her, you know, died some years ago, and with her died all hopes of good to us, for this shark hates us even to extermination. Instead of bringing forward my claim to the M—t earldom, which he solemnly pledged himself to do, he has thrown us back for twenty years; and, now that I have appointed other agents, he has withheld every paper that could instruct our right. I think, however, he dare not destroy them, for that is as much as his old neck is worth; but how we are to get them out of his hands is more than I can tell.

"I am told that he means to leave most of his

immense fortune to a foundling, or some creature who came amongst them about the time that his brother was blown to atoms at St. Vincent, said to be imported from that island, along with his other goods and chattels. Who or what she is surpasses me to know. Scandal has been busy with her, and old Geordy too, and they have been trying to make her out a daughter of old Jeany's, but that is false. She has no resemblance to them. I saw her some years after she came home, and I will be sworn she has not a drop of their blood in her veins. Ha, ha, ha! Did you ever hear her name? a laughable one it is,—Nancy Skinnington Viper. Ha, ha, ha! What think you of that for a name, George? She must be a foundling, and some wag has given her that name; for I'll be hanged if she was ever baptized by such an unchristian cognomen. Now, my boy, I have done. Let the old villain do as he chooses. All I hope is, that I shall see him safely moored in the devil's dominions, with the rest of his race, before I take my course and departure for the other world. I shouldn't like to be moored alongside of them on the other side of Charon's ferry. No; I hope a better berth is chalked out for me; but I should like just to get a peep of them in the infernal regions, and give them one good broadside as a farewell salute. By the L—d, George, I have bethought me of what old Grippy's punishment will

be in the regions below. I think I see him flying through hell, with the fictitious bills and bonds by which he carried off W—n, skewered to his stern, and all the devils in a hue and cry after him."

Here the old Commodore took a hearty laugh at his idea of Griphard's punishment, and then proceeded. " But we shall weather the storm, after all, my boy, the gale has blown too long one way not to take a turn soon. My brother, the antiquary, has taken up the case, and is labouring at it with all his might. And you know he is an adept in such things, although a little dry in his way. By his advice I have put the case into the hands of Mr. William Belview, a shrewd cunning lawyer, but I believe, withal, a very gentlemanly man, that is, as much as a lawyer can be, for they are scoundrels by profession. ' It is their vocation, Hal, and they make money by it.' So we must not be too hard on them ; but I always understand a man, when he talks to me about a gentlemanly lawyer, exactly as I would if he spoke about a gentlemanly hangman, a gentlemanly thief, or a gentlemanly swindler, that is, you are hanged, robbed, or cheated, by such gentlemanly men, with a better grace than a low, clumsy, rascally pettifogger. Now, my boy, I am finished. I shall never speak as much on the same subject again, or any other, I believe. The ship grows crazy, boy. Wind

and weather will finish the old hull at last; but I think it is dinner-time, and I feel as hungry as the day we eat Neddy Rhio's dog amongst the cannibals."

I now saw the task that lay before me; and though only in my twentieth year, I determined to make a grand effort to bring my family claims to a termination, but from the entire neglect of my education when young, I found that it was a task for which I was very inadequate, utterly ignorant as I knew myself to be, of every thing which could qualify me to carry on that extensive correspondence with the nobility and men of business which a matter of such importance required. However, determined to be damped by nothing, I betook myself to reading every book I could lay my hands upon, devoured Gibbon, Hume, Smollett, Robertson, studied the style of every man's letter whose talents entitled him to be copied, and, by the most unwearied application to every useful and practical branch of education, I found myself, in the course of two years, tolerably well qualified to correspond and converse with men of business and education.

The dissolution of parliament of 1818 took place; and I determined to accompany my father in person to give his vote as Earl of M—t, now earnestly solicited by every Scotch nobleman. Upon this step, I conceived, hung, in a great measure, the fortunes of the family. Youth is ever sanguine; and I flattered myself that I would now achieve that

which the most strenuous efforts, through a period of twenty-two years, had failed to accomplish. Early in July, I repaired, with my father, to Edinburgh. Parties ran high, and my father's vote was eagerly solicited, both by Whig and Tory. The day for electing the representative peers arrived, and with a heart beating with anxiety, and a nervous apprehension of mixing on a footing of equality with a body of men to whose order I knew I belonged, but from whom our poverty had kept us almost entirely estranged, I threw myself into a carriage, accompanied by the old Commodore, who was quite indifferent about the affair, and gave orders to drive to the Palace. Arrived at auld Holyrood, we found its general quiet and desertion for a day broken in upon by the stir of the election, and the arrival of Scotia's peers, as they alighted from their carriages, or crossed the solitary Palace-yard on horse-back, with the bright turn-out of Edina's beautiful daughters, put one in mind of the olden times, when the lovely Mary presided o'er the now deserted halls, spreading her charms and fascinations through the admiring circle, or when the good King Jimy, her abortion of a son, stuttering and stammering to his Calvinistic courtiers about treason, prerogative, and the divine right of kings, of which never prince was more tenacious in theory or less observant in practice. The gaiety of the scene shook off the nervous feeling which had taken possession of me, and having

helped my blind father in alighting from the carriage, I gave him my arm, entered the piazza, and announced his title to the antique looking attendants, who, in the officiousness of place, and a love of hearing their most sweet voices, set off before us, bawling at the top of their lungs, to clear the way for the Earl of M—t. Neither foolishly elevated nor confused by this outward show of respect, which I knew the same animals, with equal ease, could have changed to another tune, had we been going to be hanged, I moved with great composure along the piazza, made my way up the crowded stair, and entered the long narrow gallery, where hung, in gloomy majesty, the real or imaginary portraits of Scotland's kings, back to the days of Ossian, I suppose, when their savage majesties had a cave for a palace, and ruled over stark-naked subjects. I found the Peers seated on each side of a long range of tables, and behind them, on benches, stretched round the whole gallery, sat the beauty and fashion of our aristocracy, leaving scarcely room for the officials to pass between the Peers and the benches, for the purpose of carrying on the business of the election. On first entering, I thought we should have had to stand during the whole election, as every seat seemed to be occupied. The weather was warm, and I knew my poor old father was incapable of standing so long upon his feet; but I was soon relieved from this dilemma, through the

kindness of my Lord Rosebery, who observed, " If the Earl of M—t will have the goodness to pass a a little farther up the room he will find a chair." I immediately bowed my acknowledgments for this mark of real kindness, as well as respect, took the old blind Earl by the hand, and led him up the room, through the narrow defile between the backs of the Peers' chairs and the tier of beauties seated on the first bench, whose small feet were carefully drawn in, in apprehension of a tread from the colossal limb of the old Commodore, which, had such chance happened them, I can forswear they would not have figured on the fantastic toe for a month to come. On drawing near to the head of the line of tables, we found the chairs set for the Peers occupied by the ladies, and one was instantly cleared of its fair occupants, to make room for my father, which, being a tolerable size, afforded me sufficient room to rest my own slender self upon it also. Prayers having been offered up by one of the Edinburgh divines, the union-roll was then read over by one of the principal clerks of session, after which it was announced that each Peer should read his own list of those he voted for. Here I was again thrown into confusion. My father was blind, and, of course, could not read his own, or any other list, and I being no Peer in *my own proper person*, had no right to open my mouth in such an assembly. My confusion, I believe, became evident; for the

Earl of Elgin, who sat opposite to me, and who had had his eye fixed upon me for some time, with great affability in look and manner, leaned across the table, and whispered, "Can I assist you in any thing?" I immediately explained the cause of my perplexity to his lordship, who smiled, and said, "I shall put that to rights for you when my Lord M—t's list is called for. Between this kind offer, and my father's title being named, my feelings were by no means comfortable; I knew the result of his lordship's interference would be the consent of the clerk of session for me to read my father's list for him, and to stand up before such a crowded assembly, the most august in the country, and not only to stand up, but my voice to be raised in their presence, was something beyond what my naturally nervous temperament could go through with becoming composure; however, I was into action, and must fight it out; I could have borne disdain or pride unflinchingly, or met it with equal pride, but what I always most dreaded on earth was to be laughed at; and never did I feel so apprehensive as on the present occasion. A thought, however, crossed my imagination at the moment, which completely recovered my equanimity. I looked round on the assembled group, and said to myself, have I never seen or spoke to as great personages as those now before me? Shall I who have stood unquailed in the presence of Napoleon, afterwards dread any

assembly on earth? I have already mixed with some of the master-spirits of the age, and my extensive reading has made me familiar with the greatest men of ancient or modern history, and why should I be afraid to appear here, where the right of my family is as good as the proudest Peer amongst them? This chain of reasoning soon set all to rights, and before I had finished my heroic cogitation, my father's list was called for, upon which my Lord Elgin rose and said to the presiding official, "that as the Earl of M—t laboured under the misfortune of want of sight, he would be glad if his son could be permitted to read his list in his stead;" this was of course instantly assented to; and, notwithstanding all my self-argument, for it is impossible altogether to reason down nervous feelings, I felt my limbs tremble under me as I rose to read the list. I dared not venture to look round me, for had I seen one pretty face,—and there were hundreds present,—eyeing me with a quizzical glance, or a proud Peer's speaking-eye saying in his heart, "you are no match for me," I am convinced that my tongue would have refused to perform its office, and my face been crimsoned with shame or rage; but I took care to avoid all such mishaps, for, rising steadily, with my eyes fixed on the paper, I only ventured a glance at the presiding clerk, and then read the names of the Peers, for whom my father had the

honour to vote, slowly, clearly, and audibly; the clerk smiled and bowed as I had finished, and on sitting down my attention was called to the respectful acknowledgments of those Peers for whom the old Earl had voted, to which I was obliged to return my most aristocratic salute, viz. a slight Castillian bend, for I abominably hate a bow like a dancing-master.

My task completed, I had nothing to do now but look about me; from feeling almost in irons from bashfulness, I became suddenly at ease; I was encouraged, too, by the looks of the nobility, who were evidently struck with the venerable and commanding appearance of the old Commodore, and seemed conscious of his right to be amongst them; and, what is infinitely more gratifying to a young man of twenty, than the smiles of nobility, I mean the male part of them, I flattered myself I marked more than one lovely she casting an approving glance at me, and, to the delight of my vain soul, I overheard, "fine young man, the Earl of M—t's son, I wonder if he is the oldest;" "how very unassuming," says another charmer, "rather handsome, too, though not *very* good-looking." "What a manly voice!" says another angel; "I think he has served——;" faith and I have, my lovely creature, and that in more capacities than you are aware of; but I was not thus to be allowed to sit

in solitary triumph ; a fine darked-eyed girl sitting near me, after having inclined her sweet face as near as modesty would permit, observed timidly, "that it was very warm, she hoped the election would soon be over." To this I replied most becomingly. A *tête-à-tête* commenced, which was soon broken in upon by other belles, who thought themselves equally entitled to any good thing that might be going upon the occasion. "He who is pleased himself must always please ;" my conversible powers came into full operation, and run on with a fluency to which I had been hitherto a stranger. The ladies looked delighted and astonished as much as myself, and, thus situated, the heat or the continuance of the election was no more thought of, until the voice of the clerk, announcing the names of the Peers elected, and the prayers of the holy man which followed, "gave fearful note of preparation" for quitting the small circle of attraction I had contrived, in one short hour, to form around me. A soft and sweet good morning was exchanged, and "I am sure my father, Lord ——, would be happy to see you, if you would honour us with a call in —— street," was half whispered by my dark-eyed beauty, which I as readily promised, with proud humility, and again waving good morning, I turned to take charge of my aged parent, whom I now trusted soon to see firmly established in his honours,

before his venerable form should be gathered to his fathers.

Entirely forgetful of what he had been about, or where he was, the Commodore's thoughts had been leading him back to the scenes of his youth, and some bold adventure of his adventurous life, which had recalled to his memory one of Dibdin's ditties, of which he was a great admirer, called "the Old Commodore," and, forgetting that Scotia's valiant Peers were placed around and overhearing him, my good old father was humming a stave of,

> "The bullets and the gout, has so
> Knocked his hull about,
> That he's no longer fit for sea,
> What, zounds, never more to be afloat," &c.

to the great delight of several of the nobility nearest to him, who were listening in high glee. Gently reminding him where he was, he started up, and giving himself a regular sea-rouse, "Oh, you are right, my fine boy, I had quite forgot; but I trust their lordships will pardon an old sailor; and pardoned he certainly was, for before he quitted the picture gallery, there were not a Peer present but who came up and shook him heartily by the hand; for the moment the representative of the great Barons of W—n and the no less great Earls of M—t, (the kindred branches of the same noble stock), appeared in his proper place, and the erec

robust frame, reverend white locks, weather-beaten visage, and sightless eye-balls of the old Earl, the last survivor of the followers of Cook, labouring under the oppressive load of eighty winters, and a life of toil and danger, still unbent by time, rendered him a figure of no common interest, and a noble representative of the haughty chiefs whose blood filled his veins. Contrary to the practice of all former elections of Peers, his vote was not protested against, even upon the common score of not being confirmed by the House of Lords; not a voice was raised against it, and, for the first time since the Union, a claimant was thus allowed to vote without any form of protest whatever. Nay, on this occasion, the nobility were determined not to stop with a tacit acknowledgment of my father's right, for, knowing well his narrow circumstances, they put the pecuniary means in his power of establishing his right; and the day after the election, I had it announced to me, by our most conscientious agent, Mr. William Belview, that the Peers had jointly subscribed L.600 for this honourable purpose, "which sum," he added, with the usual roguish twinkle in his eye, which was always visible, even through his gold spectacles, when he was about to clutch money, "is to be placed in my hands, under the superintendence of your junior counsel, my cousin, Mr. John Pomposus Crooksfield, who along with me,

is to be answerable to the Peers for the just expenditure thereof. You know my cousin's great parts and learning, his inflexible integrity, his immense depth of wisdom which shines through his countenance, giving his face and figure an an air of gravity and knowledge almost oraculous, his words drop from his lips like honey, and so slow, you might almost count them. He is also, as you know, the claimant of a peerage himself; and if he has not established his *own* propinquity, he has at least had the pleasure of marring that of another; but, upon the question of his peerage, I am not quite so clear, much investigation and great consideration will still be required on that head. Some links of chain are evidently awanting, and I am afraid we shall have much difficulty in forming them. Indeed, Crooksfield's enemies assert, for even he too has enemies, although no one would think it, that he was rather premature in making out his case; and they pretend to say, that when the old links did not suit very cleverly, he made new ones altogether; and indeed it would not at all surprise me though he did, for I say the depth of his wisdom is beyond imagination, and I believe in that case it so much surprised the crown agent, to whom the case was of course presented, previous to going before the House of Lords, that that learned functionary gravely recommended Crooksfield to render the case

less abstruse; and, to look particularly to those links of his own making, lest the Lords' Committee for Privilege, whose wisdom fell infinitely short of his, might in pure ignorance pronounce a hasty judgment, and find, that his great talents might be of more use in Botany Bay than in the Old World, where men of genius are not now duly appreciated. But, be that as it may, of one thing you may be fully assured, that between Crooksfield and I, your money will be *most especially secured.*"

Not in the least doubting this most *positive* assurance of the veracious and capacious Mr. William Belview, I took my leave, skipped off to my old uncle, the genealogist, to inform him of the fortunate turn our affairs had taken, and found him, as usual, amidst his pile of calf and sheepskin, with spectacles on nose, in the act of transcribing, in his beautiful handwriting, some deed of the eighth century, for aught that I know.

I forgot to mention, that the day before I had used every persuasion to get him to accompany my father to the election, thinking that his age and experience better fitted him for the occasion than me; and I had actually so far prevailed upon him, that he accompanied us in the carriage to the entrance of the Palace; but here persuasion was at an end, the stir and bustle fairly overcame his nervous system, and, though his presence had been to gain a

kingdom to his family, instead of an earldom, it would have been lost that day. The moment he got his foot upon the pavement, he threw some timid glances around him, and seeing an opening whereby he might escape, he fairly bolted, at the rate of ten knots an hour, to the great amusement of the onlookers, and my confusion.

As I now entered his apartment, he seemed ashamed of the escapade of the previous day; and, without turning round, he merely said, in a low tone,

"Did you venture in yesterday?"

"Venture in! why should we not? we not only ventured in, although you run away, but voted too, and that without protest; and I have better news still to tell you. The Peers have advanced L.600, to enable us to defray the expenses of the House of Lords; so you may give up your other scribbling, attend to the claim solely, and try if we can at last oust those interlopers, who sit so softly in M—t House in our chair."

Upon these last words reaching the tympanum of his ear, he slowly opened his eyes to twice their usual dimensions, extended his mouth, laid down his pen, looked at his legs, first the one and then the other, untying the strings at his breeches' knee at same time, then a grim smile crossed his long visage, and, turning to me,

" Do I understand you aright, sir? Have the Peers given money, and shall we now succeed?"

" You hear me perfectly aright; the Peers have given money, but whether we shall succeed or not depends greatly on our joint exertions, and upon you in particular."

Here he started up to his full height of six feet two inches, as if suddenly electrified.

" Depend upon me, sir," says he; you have done wonders for your time of life. I begin to think you have more sense than the whole of us put together; and, be assured, I will not fail you."

Upon this he loosed and retied his long white handkerchief, threw off his shoes, drew off his stockings, and put them on again outside in, admiring his fine limbs, and muttering to himself all the while, put on another pair of shoes, of which he always kept about twenty pairs beside him; puckered out the breast of his shirt, which was always of the finest linen, and as white as snow, and, having completed these evolutions,

" Now," says he, " sir, you shall dine with me, and that immediately; it is two o'clock. You have been of more benefit to our cause than any of us have ever been yet; and for that you shall have some broth directly; yes, you shall."

Here he summoned his landlady, an old maiden dame, nearly as great an oddity as himself.

"I say, woman, lay a *clean* cloth, and bring in the sheep's head broth, sheep's head, trotters, and all together. Put on the kettle for tea, and, when it boils, bring me some water in the first place. My nephew is to dine with me; put down two plates, and see that the knives and forks are clean. I say, woman, what do you stare at? you are a very ill bred person; and I am quite tired of you. Did you never hear of two gentlemen taking dinner together before?"

"Aye, often, as often as yersel, I'm thinkin. Lord hae a care o' us, what's come ower ye the day; surely ye've gane gyte a' thegither now: ye've gi'en mair orders in ae minute, nor ony yea body could fulfil in twa hours. A clean claith, certainly; did ye ever get a dirty yen, except whan ye took yer tantrums, and kept the auld ane on for twa month at a time? as ye said, 'just no to be troubled wi' the *woman*.' My certy, if ye're tired o' me, there's nae love lost; but I daursay I maun e'en awa' an' do yer bidden for ance, for yer een's glancin like twa canles; but let me hear nae mare about clean claiths an' clean knives an' forks again."

The old lady's movement out of the room was considerably hastened, from the genealogist having advanced a pace or two towards her position, with something in his countenance which strongly indicated an intention of dismissing her *nolens volens*;

but the moment the door was shut, he seemed to have forgot all that had passed, like a mere every-day occurrence, became quite good humoured; the dinner appeared, not a word was exchanged; he helped me to twice the quantity of his favourite mess that I could discuss, laid in an immense portion himself in the shape of slops of every kind and description, made large tumblers of weak wine negus, and, according to custom, ended in producing tea to complete the watery supply.

Upon this *grand* occasion, however, contrary to his wont, fine bread was put on the table, and, slipping to a hiding-place at his bed-head, he slyly brought out a pot of marmalade, little the worse for the wear. This he kept at his right hand, thereby interposing his person between the marmalade and any sudden attack from my quarter, of which he seemed very apprehensive. He now betook him to putting the tea into the old black pot, but being in the middle of some reverie he forgot what he was about, and emptied the tea, spoonful by spoonful, into the pot of marmalade instead of the proper receptacle. On discovering what he was about, I cried to him, "Uncle, you are putting the tea amongst the marmalade instead of into the tea-pot." He suddenly stopped, looked very grave, and muttering to himself, "That is a small mistake, sir," commenced picking out the tea from the mar-

malade, and putting it into the pot. This was too much for my gravity, although I knew that to laugh in his presence was a crime of the deepest dye. It would not do, however, the impulse was irresistible, and from the very restraint the burst of laughter was louder and longer. Upon which he remarked, " You may laugh, sir, but you do not consider how much I have lost by this mistake; and let me tell you, your laughter savours strongly of folly, and if that is all the good manners you have picked up amongst the Peers yesterday you would have been as well away; but probably you think, that from having been amongst noblemen for an hour or two, you are entitled to laugh at every poor man's calamity; but, for your amusement, sir, allow me to tell you, may go and get your tea where you can get it, for the devil a drop you shall have here, or marmalade either."

" I thank you, my good uncle; I shall at least escape being bilged like a hogshead, and I shall take the liberty of wishing you a good evening, and bolt, precisely as you did from the Peers' election yesterday."

By this time I had up my hat and stick, and the door fairly between him and I, for fear of accidents, for though not valiant, he sometimes, when sorely provoked, made some awkward movements, that might prove hurtful to the offending

party. He vented his wrath by calling after me, "You are an ill-bred fellow, sir. You shall never drink tea with me more." And before I was half down stairs I heard the door slammed behind me with his whole force. Glad of my escape from this deluge of watery substances, I made the best of my way to the old Earl's apartments, for I think I am now fairly entitled to style him so, where I found him in his favourite position, with his Kilmarnock on head, and his feet up against the fire-place, chatting to my mother and some friends, and occasionally taking a sip of grog, which he had mixed up for him, and deposited on the chimney-brace, within reach; upon hearing my voice, he sung out, "yo ho, youngster! where the devil have you been beating about all day, leaving me with a parcel of women and landsmen, who know nothing about life? You ought to be mast-headed for going a-shore without leave; but you are a fine fellow, and you have done your duty well upon the present occasion, so come here, and sit down beside me, and, if you have had no grog already, take a small drop, to keep up the circulation, as the doctors say, but never make drinking of grog a habit, George; it is devilish ill to go without after you have been used to it. I recollect, in Cook's voyage, when the grog ran done, how confoundedly down in the mouth the hard swillers looked; but, mark you, tobacco is a

degree worse, for, if the grog drinkers were taken aback, the tobacco chewers were like to slip their cables altogether, although to me it seemed always the filthiest weed that was ever put within a human mouth. Ah, George! it always warms my old blood when I look back to that happy part of my life; every day brought variety either by land or water. And had our fine old fellow of a captain escaped the savages, and lived to come home, it would have been better for us all to-day,—to-day did I say? God help us, it would have been much the same with most of us to-day, for I believe I am the last survivor of the officers, at least, who followed him in that voyage, but I mean, had he lived to come home, we would have got rapid promotion; and I would most likely have been an Admiral to-day; but it was the will of God that it should be otherwise, and I have no right to complain. I have always told you that the true cause of Cook's death has never been mentioned; and as we have a spare hour this afternoon, and I am in humour, I shall tell you how it happened. The Admiralty took away my journal from me, as I have told you, for fear I should publish it, to the detriment of Cook's widow, so I have nothing but my memory to trust to, but that has never failed me yet,—it is the best journal a man can have.

"THE DEATH OF COOK."

"The natives of Owyhee were confounded thieves, as all savages are, but rather more open with their theft than the civilized portion of the species, which makes them easier found out; and some of their nobles having taken a fancy to one of the Resolution's boats, (mind you, in Owyhee, as with us, the nobility alone have the privilege of thieving upon a large scale,) the long-boat one night disappeared from the ship's stern, and, as Captain Cook learned, had been carried inland, and burned, for the purpose of getting the nails out of her. They had also stole a game-cock, which was a favourite with the captain, and committed several other petty thefts, which had irritated Captain Cook beyond his usual placidity, and determined him to put an end to it, by some serious example. Before going on shore on the day he was killed, he ordered the second lieutenant of the Resolution (Williamson) to take the command of the boats of both ships, filled with marines and blue-jackets, from both the Resolution and Discovery, armed with muskets, cutlasses, and pistols, and pull in shore, close to the land, there to await the movements of the natives, and the result of the captain's interview with the king of the island, with directions, if he saw any unusual commotion on shore, after the captain's landing, he was

immediately to land his whole force, and proceed to the defence of the captain, and the small party of marines he had with him in his own boat. Under this arrangement Captain Cook landed, and proceeded to meet the king and his savage nobility, a little way in shore. From the chiefs having on their red war-cloaks, and armed with spears, the captain, suspicious of their appearance, ordered the marines that accompanied him to load and prepare for action. All went on quietly enough for some time, until one of the natives threw a cocoa-nut into the circle where the captain was standing, and struck him slightly on the breast, upon which he snatched a musket from one of the marines, and shot the savage who threw the cocoa-nut dead on the spot. Immediately the Owyheeian warriors drew up in order of battle, and made an advance movement, with their long spears, upon the captain and his little band, which commenced its retreat to the shore, pressed by overpowering numbers of the natives, while the marines, twelve in number, kept firing upon them in threes at a time, which made such havoc amongst the savage host, and struck such terror into them, furious as they were, that they still durst not venture to close with the marines; and had this plan of retreat been kept up, I have no doubt Captain Cook would have escaped, as they were drawing close to the beach, but losing

patience, he ordered the marines to fire a whole volley upon them at once, which he thought would disperse them. To this order Lieutenant Philips, who commanded the marines, ventured to object, remarking, 'that while they kept firing in platoons, the natives knew that certain destruction awaited the first who made the charge from the muskets not fired off; but,' says the lieutenant, 'they know that, from the time a musket is fired, some time is required to load again, and they will undoubtedly make the rush the moment a full volley is fired.' The captain, however, was positive, the marines obeyed his orders, and just as Philips had predicted, before the marines had time to reload, they were overwhelmed by the natives, and the captain and two marines murdered. But while all this was going on, where, you will ask, was Williamson and the armed boats? why, pulling as hard as they could off to the ships, instead of landing to support their captain. The natives saw this cowardly movement before they had broke in upon the captain and his gallant few; and, no doubt, seeing so large a body of us display so much fear of them, made them bolder to press upon the captain, thus disgracefully deserted. Had they seen our men landing in force, it would have struck terror into them, and retarded their movements; so that Cook met with his death partly from his

own obstinacy, in making all the marines fire at once, contrary to the advice of young Philips, and in a great measure owing to the cowardice of Williamson, who, had he acted as he should have done, and according to his orders, he would have saved his captain. It was the intention of the whole of us to bring him to a court-martial upon our arrival in England; but after Captain Cook's death, he came to be first lieutenant of the Resolution, and on our arrival at Kamschatka, he very knowingly established a mason's lodge, got all the men to become free-masons by bribing them with brandy, and got them to promise, as *brothers*, that they would say nothing of his cowardice when they came to England; so, by this trick, he saved his bacon.

"I was very nearly cut off myself that day. I had the command of a watering party on a different part of the island, and when we were on shore getting water and wood, the natives had laid hold of a black man we left as boat-keeper, tied him neck and heel, threw him on the beach, and filling our boat with stones, sunk her some distance from the shore. Just as they had performed this exploit, we arrived with our wood and water, else, no doubt, the black man would have been murdered or carried away, and we would have known nothing of what had become of the boat; but on seeing us they made off, as they were not in sufficient numbers to meet

us, and having cut the black's cords, he gave us great assistance in diving to the boat, and getting the stones out of her. We just saved our distance, however, for we had her hardly afloat before they arrived in immense numbers, and after making one bold effort to get on board our wood and water, in which we shot a dozen or two of them, we were obliged to be off with the loss of half our cargo.

"When I came on board the Discovery, for it was to her I belonged, Vancouver put a glass into my hand, and pointed to the shore, saying, 'My God! H—, the captain is murdered.' On applying the glass to my eye, I saw Cook lying upon a rock, and the natives stabbing him with knives, which they had purchased from us, and our boat, with Philips and the marines that had escaped, pulling off. It was a sad sight, George, and a heavy heart to the two ships' companies, who completely adored the fine old man. The captain killed, the savages thought us quite useless without him, and grew as bold as lions. Next day they drew up their whole force on the shore, with the women, children, and old men behind, and sent a messenger off in a canoe to challenge us to fair fight, man to man. As he neared the ships, which we were warping in shore, to have a proper slap at the savages for the murder of our Commodore, he held up Captain Cook's sword with his hat upon the

point of it, and waved it round his head as a signal of defiance previous to commencing his speech. He then challenged us to come on shore like men and fight them, and not to keep throwing stones like cowards at a distance, told us we were a set of outcasts from the nation we belonged to, and as a proof of it we had no women amongst us, that they had killed our head Erie, and that they would kill us all, if we durst face them, and concluded by again waving the captain's hat and sword round his head. On seeing the captain's hat and sword in such savage hands, and waved as a token of defiance, Captain Clerk lost patience, and seizing a musket, fired slap at the savage champion; the ball missed him, however, if Clerk really intended to shoot him, and paddling to the stem of the ship, where he thought we could not fire from, he made off on shore with all expedition.

"Meanwhile, we had got the ships sufficiently close to the shore to commence our attack, and we greeted them with a swinging broadside from both ships, and sad havoc it made upon the Owyheeian army; at the second broadside they began to waver, and the third completed the rout, and so dreadful was their panic, we understood afterwards, that they continued their flight for sixteen miles, and even then crept into holes and bores for protection.

"Next day we landed a body of men for wood

and water, when they again ventured to molest us by letting loose fragments of rocks from a hill, on the side of which was the spring from whence we got our water, and wounded some of our men, on which we advanced up the hill, shooting them like wild ducks, and when we gained the summit, they again all fled. They were bold inveterate devils, however, for as one of our men was advancing up the hill, he was saluted with an infernal blow from a stone, but he could no way discover from whence it came. At last, on looking behind a rock, he sees a savage lying weltering in his blood, with another stone uplifted in act to throw; upon which Jack, with a d—n you eyes, you savage son of a b—, put his bayonet through and through him.

"Before we had our water down to the boats, a deputation of natives arrived, waving a white flag, as an emblem of peace, and followed by a number of toutous, carrying presents of all sorts of fruits, roots, and dead pigs innumerable, as a peace-offering from his savage majesty. The chief personage of the deputation, in name of the king, delivered up the island, and all it contained, to the conquerors, only craving that we would spare his people, his wife, and children; but he never asked for his own life. This was noble in the savage. He thought that, because he had killed our chief, that his life would be the atonement required, and he scorned to ask

that which he knew would be denied. The delivery of the captain's body, and those of the two marines, were the only points insisted upon, and the day following, the chief priest of the island came on board, (for they had a religion of some kind), and unrolling something he had in his hand, covered with a white cloth, which they manufacture from the bark of a particular species of tree, to the horror of the whole of us, took out part of a man's thigh and laid it down on the deck, explaining to us that the captain had been cut into pieces, and sent to the chief men of the island, and that now delivered up was his share of the captain's body. This was more revolting than the murder itself; during the day, the whole body was brought on board piece-meal, and we had it put into an oak coffin lined with lead, and several cannon-balls put in to make it go down, carried it out in mournful procession, and sunk it in seventy fathoms water; and that was the fate of the great Cook. I often thought his body should have been preserved and brought home with us, in order to lay his bones in England; but it was differently determined, and no doubt he sleeps as soundly in the bottom of the Pacific, near the shores of Owyhee, as he would do in Westminster Abbey, under the monument erected to his memory by his grateful country."

CHAPTER VI.

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind.
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

HAVING given all requisite instructions to our gold-spectacled agent, the sage and veracious Mister William Belview, my uncle, the genealogist, with whom I had made up matters, for a word displeased him and a word put him in good humour, and listened to a long lecture from our junior counsel, the learned John Pomposus Crooksfield, from all which, now I am twenty years older, may the Lord deliver us! I returned with my father to our little cabin in the country, where a dreadful shock awaited us, after this glimpse of temporary prosperity. We found a letter addressed to my father in the well known hand-writing of the surviving Griphard, sealed with black, the contents of which I

augured, would be as gloomy as its external appearance, for what good ever came from one of his detested race to a H— of W—n. My suspicions were too true ; it conveyed, in unfeeling language, the heart-rending intelligence of my brother, the naval officer's death, in whom centred the hopes of our family. His letter contained a transcript from the letter of the admiral on the Halifax station, to old Griphard, (with whom he was acquainted, and under whose command my brother was at the time of his death), giving an account of the fatal event. The high character he received from the admiral, and the captaincy to which he had been lately promoted, only added to our distress.

The Commodore said little, but I saw "the iron had entered his soul;" from that hour, his hitherto unbroken spirit gave way, this strong link that bound him to earth was shattered to pieces, and all his actions, from this moment to the hour of his death, five years afterwards, was more the act of a machine than a thinking human being. He confessed himself, that it was improper, but nature gave way within him, and he sunk under the shock. Seeing the state into which my father had fallen, I immediately wrote to my eldest brother, now a captain of the army on half pay, resident in France, acquainting him of the melancholy event of our brother's death, and our father's utter depression,

begging of him to come home and assist me in bringing to a conclusion the families' rights; but here, too, our arch enemies, the Griphards, had been at work; they knew that by detaching the son from the father, and especially the eldest, they would most effectually paralyze our efforts; and in this they completely succeeded. Some years previous to the period I now allude to, my brother had got permission to recruit in the neighbourhood of London, for the express purpose of attending to his claims; and the young officer and heir-presumptive to an earldom, soon got into notice, and was making rapid movements to forward his pretensions. This laudable conduct soon came to the ears of the Griphards, and although they had never deigned to notice my brother from the time of his entering the army, they now came forward with offers of support and patronage, but cunningly insinuating that they wished *him* and not his *father*, (who, they said, had mortally offended them, and was unworthy of such a high rank), to succeed to the family honours, and provided he would not move the claim farther at present, or give his father any assistance, they would purchase him forward in the army, and leave him a large sum at their death. The bait took, the poor young man was deceived by those serpents, and his eyes were never opened to their villany, until the death of the last of the Griphards, when

he found he was not left a shilling, and that he had allowed himself to be miserably deceived, and led aside from the path of duty and self-interest, by the haters of his race; my application to my brother to come home and assist me, therefore, fell to the ground, and, with the exception of the genealogist, I had the whole weight of our important claims on my own shoulders. My constant residence in Edinburgh became indispensably necessary, and, as my father had not the means of supporting me there, I was feign to accept of a situation in the civil department, in the city, which brought me something short of a hundred per annum;—but no matter, "he that would aspire must down as low," as the devil said, when he was using his eloquence to persuade mother Eve to make a grab at the forbidden apple, in which he was as successful as my hero Parson Sharp with Mrs. Elder Peter; indeed, the game has been going on ever since, and it is always the devil you know, upon whose shoulders such things are landed. Poor fellow, he has much to suffer, that said "Sir Multiface;" and, in whatever shape a crime is committed, or by whomever it is committed, be he minister of the gospel, privy counsellor, or prime minister, and we have seen of late, that even that last-mentioned high dignitary has shown, or has at least been accused of some fleshly failing, upon the devil's broad shoulders do all such

things land, and really, taking all things into consideration, he is such a convenient gentleman, and such a capital excuse for every cursed escapade, that I cannot see how society could get on without him, —I mean the devil, reader, not the prime minister; so let me be understood, not that I mean to decry the utility of the prime minister, for it would be just as difficult to get on without him, (a reforming one be it always understood), as, without the active gentleman with the cloven foot and the long tail. To Scotia's capital, then, I repaired, took charge of my government appointment, and when quietly settled down and initiated in my new calling, I made my way to our upright agent, Mister William Belview, (I must always give you his name in full), to inquire how he was getting on with the claim; received with all due courtesy: "how are matters moving?" asked I; "are you getting all ready for the House of Lords?"

"Why, sir," says he, "your uncle is preparing a new case, enlarged and strengthened by a great number of papers lately sent us by Mr. George Griphard of W—n; the original documents of your family, which he has withheld for many years, and what has now induced him to give them up it is impossible to say, but, whatever may be his motive, it will greatly strengthen our hands; and I have taken most especial care to get all the money sub-

scribed by the Peers into my possession, and, be assured, it shall be well looked to."—Of that I have no doubt, my most honest Mr. Belview, and, if you do not know what made old Geordy Griphard give up our papers, I think I can tell you. As he is determined to give us nothing else, he is endeavouring to reconcile his conscience and square his accounts with the devil before he gets under way for the infernal regions, in hopes that this petty act of generosity to the fallen house may soften his fate; but, no matter, it is a great thing for us, and we must be thankful. I wish you a good morning, Mr. William Belview; take care of the money.

Of all the miserable situations on earth, to be engaged in a lengthened law-suit, and amongst the middle of lawyers, I say, is the most miserable; do as you will, delay succeeds delay, doubt upon doubt, *ad infinitum;* common sense is driven from the field, and the confounded law jargon substituted in its place; if poor, you are despised, and if rich, you are plucked by the legal sharks, be they high or low. At one time I was led away with an idea that amongst the upper classes of the law there was some honour, but I now find it is quite nonsense, and at total variance with the principles of their profession, so that being cheats is not the fault of the men but the fault of the profession; breed the

most honest man on earth a lawyer, and, unknown to himself, he becomes a cheat.

The whole of 1819 was lost in preparing the new case. The genealogist searched and compiled, Belview prosed, and Crooksfield kept writing me a parcel of pompous nothings, which I generally committed to the flames before I had half finished his letter.

Henry Brougham, now the great Lord of Brougham and Vaux, was first our solicitor and then our leading counsel. I repeatedly saw him when he came down to Scotland, and found that he had a very ample knowledge of the case, and was quite sanguine of our ultimate success. Delay, however, followed delay,—1820 was lost from the death of our London agent, and twenty-one from the trial of the unfortunate Queen Caroline.—Ah, poor Queen! we suffered delay, but what suffering must have been thine, with none to pity or feel for thee? yet thou nobly stemmed the overwhelming torrent, and rolled back the tide of degradation on thy merciless and obscene oppressors. Ah! unhappy mother and untimely-fated daughter, where art thou now?

"An echo answers *where*?"

The mother, cut off in the midst of a savage persecution, in a foreign land, which denied her even a

grave, and insulted her dead body.—The daughter, summoned hence, when in the very fulness of all which can render life delightful, love, youth, beauty, power, and matrimonial bliss, all rudely wrenched at once, and "the fair-haired daughter of the isles" stretched a breathless lump of clay before her disconsolate husband. Sleep on, thou ill-fated pair, another now fills thy throne. The world looks as gay as when thou breathed and moved in it. Thy palaces resound to other steps than thine. Thy husband, fair being, has found another bride. The daughter of a king, too, though only a king of yesterday. The new occupant of the throne that should have been thine has found, as will always be, fools and knaves to bow and flatter, and cry, "There was never one like her!" But fond memory leads one back to the sweet recollection of thy full and feminine beauty, and a tear instinctively stains the sheet as we mourn o'er thy early doom.

At length, in May 1822, we succeeded in moving our ponderous case before the House of Peers. Belview, Crooksfield, and the genealogist, set off for London, and met Brougham and Wetherell, who were to act as English counsel. A committee of privileges was obtained. Hearing followed hearing with such incredible dispatch, that I began to say to myself, "These be good men and true" after all! Every post brought me letters from Belview, Crooksfield,

or the genealogist, the productions of the two first being composed of that sort of eloquence commonly called rigmarol. The case was opened by Brougham, with a splendid speech, and, in his magic hand, he made every Baron of W—n and Earl of M—t (by the way, there were but three altogether of these last,) pass in review before the chancellor, reflecting dignity and lustre on their descendant, whose right was now under discussion, but which only put old Eldon out of humour, and lost a great deal of time; but Brougham meant well; and it was a great shame for the old Tory chancellor not to be delighted with a Scotch genealogy of thirteen generations, delivered from such eloquent lips as those of Harry Brougham. Never mind, my Lord Eldon, for your not fully appreciating the Ciceronian eloquence of *our* Harry you got kicked out in a few years, and in jumped the noble Baron of Brougham and Vaux, (we must not forget the second title,) to thy comfortable chair and big wig, from whence he now draws his *otium cum dignitati;* and so do you, my Lord Eldon. Oh, what a glorious thing it is to be Chancellor of England! I wonder if ever I will have the good luck! Peace, blockhead!

The fourth hearing had been announced, and the fifth was anxiously expected. But here all our hopes were in a moment blasted. A letter arrived from Belview informing me, that as my uncle was

rising from breakfast, to proceed to the House of Lords, on the morning of the day on which the fifth hearing was to have taken place, he was suddenly taken ill, fell upon the carpet, and was now lying in a state of utter exhaustion, without the least hope of recovery. This sudden visitation put an end to all hope of the case during the session, as my uncle being the chief witness, and reader of the proofs, no one could qualify himself to take his place until the session was over. This was a dreadful blow. However, there was nothing for it but patience and perseverance. Our English solicitor undertook to come down to Scotland and recompare the proofs not already given in to the House of Peers, so as to be ready to start early the ensuing session. And he set about it without loss of time, bringing down with him my poor uncle, now reduced to a living skeleton. Unfortunate man! he had laboured for nearly thirty years with unceasing toil to effect this grand object of his life, devoted to it all his great abilities, and all his slender means, was in the act of consummating his labours, and crowning his honourable exertions with complete success, when death stepped in, with a "Hither shalt thou come, and no farther!" What boots it to say more. He lingered in great misery for a few months, and only survived to learn that the brother for whom he had toiled, and whose

trampled cause he had asserted, while he had power within him, had gone to the grave before him.

The old Earl's death took place in the February of 1823, just as we were prepared to dispatch our agents to London to close the prosecution. This was another astounding blow, and again put us to a stand still. I was distant in the west of Scotland when the accounts of my father's death reached me, and, without an hour's loss of time, I threw myself into a coach, and set off for my desolate home. In passing through Edinburgh I saw my uncle stretched on his death-bed, a truly melancholy sight. The flesh had completely left his bones, and his immense joints were only covered by the skin, while the muscles of his legs and arms might have been counted within the skin, so completely was every vestige of flesh gone, in short, he was a human skeleton with the breath still in it. His faculties, however, were quite entire; and what was the nature of his disease I could never ascertain. It is impossible to forget his ghastly stare when I told him of my father's death. It spoke at once, "Then I am fast following. He is gone, is he?" said he. "Well, I shall not be long after him. It would have been a blessing to you of the young generation, had it been the will of God to have spared him and me to complete the work so well begun, and now so nearly closed, which I am afraid will linger in the hands of your

eldest brother, whom I doubt much has not stamina for the heavy task that has devolved upon him. I thought our misery and persecution was near an end, and that the star of our house, after the obscurity of a century, was about to shine out with renewed lustre; but it is not so. Perhaps divine Providence, for some wise purpose, has thus frustrated us. Maybe the cup of bitterness for our ancestral faults and cruelties is not yet sufficiently drained, and that you have to finish the nauseous draught, of which we have partaken so largely; but never despair. Your right is good. My exertions have made it clear; and a dying man tells you, that though years may be wasted in the struggle, there is no doubt of your ultimate success. Hasten to your home. Perform the last sad offices to your venerable parent. He deserved a better fate in this world than he met with, but God's will be done! God's will be done! We shall soon sleep soundly, side by side, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

Here he groaned bitterly, and turned his head to the wall, putting his hand into mine, squeezing it, and muttering, "Farewell! farewell!"—With a heart swelled to bursting, I hastened from his bed-side, and in five minutes was in the mail, going at the rate of ten miles an hour towards the wretched home of my dead parent. The rapidity of the mo-

tion kept pace with my troubled spirit, and in some measure soothed my distracted feelings. The winter had been severe, and the snow still lay deep upon the ground, the country looked bleak and bare, and as we drew near the barren region on the edge of which the little cottage was situated, the scenery well corresponded with the gloomy office I was hastening to perform. I left the mail, and completed the last three miles of the journey on foot, every step up to the knees in snow, and sometimes sinking to the middle in the snow-hidden quagmires. Though the day was intensely cold, my feelings were too much excited at the moment to be sensible of external inconveniences. I cared little though I had sunk in one of the pit-falls, never to rise again, and giving myself entirely up to despair, and striking my clenched hand against my cold wet forehead, I exclaimed aloud, "Yes; we H—s of W—n are a doomed race. No sooner is the cup of felicity presented to our lips than it is tantalizingly dashed from us, and we are left in redoubled misery. Surely some unheard of crimes have been committed by our progenitors which are not yet expiated. I have left the death-bed of an uncle to hasten to a dead father, who but a few months ago I expected to have seen raised to wealth and dignity. Well, I shall do my duty, and, come what may, I must prepare to bear it. Wet and weary I entered the house of mourn-

ing, soothed as I best could the harrowing agonies of my widowed mother, and seated myself by the corpse of my beloved parent.

The last of the male line of the Griphards, an old clerk of session, had expired some months before my father. He lived to see our claim brought before the House of Lords, the event on earth he had most dreaded through life, and, strange to say, the moment the news reached him, he exclaimed, "then they are up at last, and I am ruined," threw himself back in his chair, and after a long swoon, came out of the fit in utter mental bereavement. The faculties were completely gone, and any expression he was heard to utter afterwards, were those of incoherent contrition for the part he had acted to us.

The mason's sons, the descendants of the disowned daughter of the first Griphard, now got about him, with the connivance of our worthy Miss Nancy Skinnington Viper, and she and them together concerted a plan of persuading the old man (now completely *ab agendo*, as the lawyers say) to change his whole settlements, which he had made some years before in favour of a priest, who had a living in the county, whom he maintained was a true male descendent of the Griphard family.

When he took a fancy for this priest, he caused him give up his kirk, and settled a sum equal to

his stipend upon him for life, without the possibility of his withdrawing it by any after act. He then took him to live with him, and he was henceforth designed young Laird Abraham, *Scoticae*, Abby; but it would appear Griphard had an intention of saddling his reverence with something less sweet than his estates, which he had not in the first place hinted, this was no less than to buckle him in holy wedlock to Miss Nancy Skinnington Viper, who, having now attained the respectable age of forty, called loudly out for a husband. But for once, reader, you shall hear of a disinterested priest, one who would not sacrifice his domestic happiness, or force himself to wed a skinny old maid, even though a fortune of thirty thousand a year was the bait which glittered on Miss Nanny Viper's matrimonial hook. By Jupiter! he was a soul of a priest, and his conduct deserves to be written in letters of gold. When the proposal was made to him by old Griphard, he at once declined the hand of Miss Skinnington Viper, nobly declared he would never barter his person for gold, and had he known that this had ever been intended, he would never have given up his comfortable living in the church, or taken up his abode within the walls of Griphard.

Stung to the heart with this sad repulse and contempt of her waning charms, Miss Skinnington Viper brooded revenge, and although the priest's

rejection of her had not made Griphard change his settlements in his favour, she seized the opportunity of the old man's becoming superannuate to carry her plans of revenge into execution, in which she effectually succeeded. She slyly insinuated to the imbecile, that, now he was unable to look after his own affairs, that the young Laird Abby, looking upon him as dead already, had ordered several things to be changed from the way he wished them, and in fact had displayed an intention of overturning every thing in which Griphard most delighted. This was quite enough for the old savage. The priest was instantly dismissed, and the B—k starving attorney, and his brother the slave-driver, the grandsons of the first Griphard's disowned daughter, called in. Able limbs of the law were sent for; new settlements instantly made out, exactly as Miss Skinnington Viper wished,—the priest was cut out of every thing except his £300 per annum, which he had received in lieu of his stipend. This he had had the wisdom to get unalterably secured, else it would have gone too, for Miss Skinnington would have hanged him if she could,—so much for rejecting an old maid.

The whole estates were left to the mason's sons, and when Miss Skinny's hand was in she looked well to herself, for she got the estates burdened with an immense legacy to her own sweet person, and

laid her hands upon all the old miser's ready money, of which he had great store, so that it was supposed, between one thing and another, the foresaid Miss Nanny Skinny Viper had become mistress of a hundred thousand pounds.

While the settlements were undergoing this complete change, the imbecile old man muttered some wish to continue the twenty thousand pounds he had bequeathed in his former settlements to my eldest brother; but Miss Skinnington (I had this from the lawyer who drew up the new settlements), who, as she grew up had imbibed the whole prejudices of the race by whom she had been adopted, and, amongst others, an innate hatred of us, and she now exerted all her finesse to shake the old wretch's purpose, and succeeded to her vile heart's content.

The young male heir of W—n and M—t, a brave and meritorious officer, who had been in active service during the whole of the war, and in most of the principal actions, was not found worthy, by this relentless woman, this unknown nondescript foundling, a miserable charitant on the bounty of others, of a single shilling, or an acre of the patrimony of his ancestors, and, contrary to the solemn written promises of the old Griphard, he was struck out of the will.

Griphard died,—the mason's sons succeeded under the provisions laid down by Griphard,—and, on

my arrival in the county to bury my father, those obscure individuals, who had been so recently in complete poverty, were in undisputed possession of the finest estates in the county of B—rwick

The youngest of them, the attorney, unasked by me, appeared on the day of the funeral, ready to perform the last offices to his departed kinsman and chief, for such he still seemed to acknowledge him. This was no hour to display pride or prejudice, so that I received him with the same marks of respect as I shewed to the other gentlemen of the county who came on the same melancholy errand. The people of the little village of C—m Coldingham turned out to a man, to follow to the grave the remains of him who had for so many years delighted them with his thousand old stories, and to whom they had looked up as a being endowed with stores of information beyond the reach of their simple conceptions. The plain village hearse, arrayed in sombre weeds, was in attendance. No blaze of heraldry nor pomp of power was there; no banner swelled the breeze to conduct the chief of W—n and Earl of M—t to the tomb, nor no sable herald to stalk before with measured strides,

> "To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad."

The imaginary funeral of the old Baron of Ravenswood was here in reality, and not two miles from

where Scott paints the immortal scene. All was plain, indicative of the reduced circumstances of the deceased. The body was conveyed from the lowly cottage, and placed in the hearse, the mourners took up their station, the day was freezingly cold, the snow lay deep between the cottage and the village burying ground, and men with shovels ran before to clear the rugged road. My widowed mother, and now almost destitute sisters, from the time the body left the house, I saw had been watching the first movement of the hearse with heart-breaking anxiety. My young brother, a boy of fifteen, the late come child of his parents' old age, hung weeping on my arm in boyish misery, and with my own limbs trembling under me, I once more entered the cottage parlour, whispered to my mother and sisters, for the love of Heaven, be calm and comforted, then suddenly wrenching myself from their grasp, I walked quickly to my station as chief mourner, and gave the order to move on, putting my hands up to my ears, to deafen, as much as possible, the shrieks of the unhappy inmates of the cottage. But it would not do; the long piercing scream of my mother, as she saw the breathless remains of the husband of her youth, I may almost say her childhood, thus departing for ever, rose loud and wild, and shook me to the soul. Drawing my brother closer to me, I hurried on, endeavouring to weaken by distance

the agonising sounds which still rung in my ear, after we were nearly a mile distant from the cottage. As we approached the village, I became more calm, mixed in conversation with several of the gentlemen in attendance; and amongst the rest, the successor of old Griphard. He was a plain unassuming man, at least he shewed no presumption to me, and it was evident his new come honours did not sit easy upon him. He told me, he would provide for my young brother; and, as if it was ever our fate to be duped by every one of that vile race, in the simplicity of my heart, I believed the treacherous basilisk; who could suspect, who possessed a human heart, that at such a solemn moment a man would make a promise with no intention of fulfilling it? yet this was actually the case; to my letters, afterwards reminding him of his promise, he returned no answer; and the poor boy never received any countenance or assistance from him; indeed, he did not require it, weak in constitution, and weaker in intellect, he lingered out with his mother a few miserable years, and, at the early age of twenty-three, resigned his feeble spirit to that God who gave it, having lived a child from his cradle to his grave.

Arrived at the gate of the churchyard, the coffin was taken from the hearse, and carried on handspokes to the family burying-ground. There had

at one time been an aisle, but it was in ruins; and, amidst its foundations, the grave was dug. The place looked as ruinous as the fortunes of the chief whose body was now lowering into its broken masses. I watched its descent with a feeling as if the sounding cords were tugging at my heart-strings, and when it reached the bottom, and the mould and broken masses began to be thrown on the coffin-lid, by the vulgar hands whose office it was, I felt as if I could have torn them to pieces, for this rude intrusion upon the body of that parent, who, rough as he was, had been always gentle and kind to me, and, whatever had been the errors of his life, he would have shared the last mouthful of food with his beloved children; aye, or any human being he thought deserving of it. This momentary feeling of useless anger again restored me to myself; I thanked the gentlemen as they departed, one by one, for their kind attention, shook hands with the successor of old Griphard, and remained with my young brother at the grave of our parent, until the last shovelfull of earth was piled upon the grave, the long narrow turf, cut for the purpose, carefully spread over all, gave a small donation to the rude assistants, and seen all but my brother and myself away from the spot, where now rested the earthly remains of as bold and enduring a spirit as ever filled a tabernacle of clay.

In marking the lives of some human beings, one is often astonished for what purpose they were created, or for what great talents were given, only to be marred and blasted. Though he had been no parent of mine, I felt conscious that the man now consigned to the dust, was in many respects a person of gigantic intellect; he had received a liberal education, had made himself acquainted with the history, ancient and modern, of every nation on earth. He had visited almost every spot on the face of the globe, savage or civilized, that water could carry him to. His four years' voyage with Cook had afforded him immense material for observation, and he had profited to the full from it. He possessed prodigious power of memory, so that no incident of his wonderfully varied life was ever lost sight of; his geographical knowledge of the globe was so extensive and true, that no place could be mentioned, however obscure, but he could point out, from memory, its latitude and longitude, as well as its history. His veracity was never doubted or challenged through his long life. He had an extensive knowledge of politics, and the constitutions of nations; in his elbow chair, he marked the course of the French Revolution, and predicted its ending in despotic power, years before the event took place; and I recollect very well of his observing, when he heard of Napoleon's entering Russia, "now," say she,

"they have nothing for it but to burn and carry off, and unless the Russians lay in ruins every thing before him as he advances, even Moscow itself, their fate, and the fate of the world is decided." He possessed great courage, was naturally eloquent, both in speaking and writing, which was in no way injured, from the sailor occasionally breaking through. A weak or a foolish expression never dropped from his lips; and yet, with all those great talents, natural and acquired, did that man retire from the service, for which, to be sure, there was but too good an excuse, as his sight was rapidly declining, betake him to a miserable cottage in a barren moor, and deliberately close the door between him and that society, which his birth, rank, talents, and great prospects justly entitled him to move in, and of which he might have been the pride and ornament. Though he would have graced a palace or a court, and had mind sufficient to govern an empire, leave him to his own choice, and he would have preferred a hovel in a wilderness, to be left to the freedom of his own thoughts. The consequence of this unhappy turn of mind was, poverty to himself and his offspring, and the complete triumph of his enemies over him; who neither possessed his abilities nor his information, but had that portion of the *one thing* needful, an especial care of the *pecunia*, of which he had no idea. Drawing my brother

away from the grave, where he continued. to linger with that deep expression of misery in his young countenance, as if he said,—"Now is he that sheltered me gone, and I am left at large in a world, for which I am quite unfit." I felt the truth of what was evidently passing in his mind; and, with a shudder for the fearful consequences, drew his arm into mine, and slowly paced my way home; joined the disconsolate circle for a few hours, and, without farther rest, again crossed the barren heath to the post-road, and took the first conveyance to Edinburgh. Saw my uncle, who was now rapidly sinking, made arrangements with Belview and Crooksfield, to go on with the case the ensuing month, and returned to my official duties in the west, happy to escape from scenes so agonising. Want of rest, however, exposure, and mental affliction, had been rapidly doing their work upon me; and, on my return, every one seemed astonished at the change in my appearance. My health declined apace, and with it fell my buoyancy of spirits. I, however, continued to urge the agents to London, wrote to my brother to come from France and join them; and the mask having now fallen off, by which he had hitherto been deceived by the Griphards, he obeyed my call, and met the agents in London. Once more my hopes began to revive, and I said to myself, the old generation is passed away, the case

will be opened under the young with greater eclat. My brother is only in his thirty-fifth year, a man of intellect and intelligence, with all his faculties unimpaired. Our old oppressors are gone to their place; a half madman holds the estates of M—t, whose opposition we need not fear; and we shall now surmount every obstacle. This was a fine dream, such as I had ever been spinning; but the stern dissolution of all my hopes was soon to break in upon me. I received a long letter from Belview, telling me that the funds advanced by the Peers were exhausted, that my brother had none to give, and would not return to Scotland for the purpose of raising more; and the same post brought a letter from my brother, couched in a strain of utter despondency, dwelling, with childish weakness upon the disappointment of his hopes from Griphard, and declaring that his health was such that he could make no exertion to assert his rights. In vain did I urge that he had his captain's half-pay, that the nobility would support him, and that he had only to remain in the country to insure final success. All was vain; under some feeling of infatuation, impossible for me to account for, he gave his prospects to the wind at the very threshold of success, retired to France, threw himself upon a bed, where he lingered for years in utter hopelessness.

I could do nothing. I was chained down to one

spot for my maintenance. Our cold-blooded and heartless agents had spent the money given them, I knew not how. I saw the wolf was in the fold, and I determined to take effectual measures to secure our proofs, and wait to time and chance for putting into my hands the pecuniary means of establishing our pretensions.

I ordered our London solicitor to lock and seal all our proofs not already given into the House of Peers, and to keep every thing in a position ready to go on when I found it in my power, vented my wrath with a few hearty curses against my brother's imbecility, the miserable lukewarmness of our legal sharks, and wishing them all to the devil together, betook me diligently to my vocation, determined to tug at the oar, and leave no means untried to strengthen my hands for the struggle, which, if I lived, I knew would again be made to regain our trampled rights.

And now, my most patient reader, I shall go at a hand gallop over fourteen long years; but, before winding up, I must dispose of my most particular friend Miss Nancy Skinnington Viper, for whom I have such a regard, that I cannot leave her before I have her fairly settled in the world, as the saying goes, when a lady gets matrimonialized. There's a long word for you.

> "Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
> Of Nanny ever fair and young."

But the Nanny of whom I sing, or rather say, was neither fair nor young, but who can get old with a portion of a hundred thousand pounds? and Miss Nanny Skinnington Viper had contrived to finger that beautiful sum, the property of those to whom she was not a drop's blood. And now for a husband to the great Miss Skinnington,—her old flame, the priest had already wived him with the woman of his heart, had again got a church, and between his stipend, and the L.300 per annum he had made Griphard settle upon him for life, was living infinitely happier than though he had got Griphard's whole fortune, and been condemned to the arms of Miss Skinny.

But Miss Viper did not want wooers, and the gallant Admiral, who had been looking after her many years before, being now a widower in good earnest, again hove in sight in the wake of Miss Skinny, and being a portly man, and shewing a good broadside withal, Miss Skinny's old love rekindled, (they say it's very easily done, but I never found it so), and after exchanging a few sharp shot, she struck to the gallant Admiral, hundred thousand pounds and all. The Admiral having been knighted for a heroic exploit many years before, Miss Skinny, of course, became a lady, and now you have her, reader, Lady Nanny Skinnington Viper Mildew.

Lady Mildew had ambition, and she urged her

gallant lord to stand candidate for a certain borough about the Borders, which in those Tory days had generally to be purchased at the rate of L.15,000. This sum was expended of Lady Skinny's own money, for devil a shilling would the Admiral give. He was returned duly chosen; but, something in the shape of bribery peeping out, he was kicked out of his M.P.ship for corruption, and so lost the borough, and Lady Skinny's L.15,000 besides. While the canvassing was going on she was very active in getting votes, and, walking up to some sailors just landed, who were burgesses, Lady Skinny demanded their votes; but, upon asking time to consider,

"No," says Lady Mildew, "you must just do as I did with the Admiral. I said yes, whenever he asked me."

Well done, Skinny; it was the only good thing I ever heard of you. She and the Admiral still hold out together; no offspring has blessed their tender loves, and I understand they live a sort of cat and doggish life,

"Wishing each other not dead but d—d;"

and no one need have expected any other sort of a life with Nancy Skinnington Viper. She has, however, played her cards well; the Admiral's son, by Miss

Purresfield, is now married to the attorney's eldest daughter, the heiress of the immense estates of the Griphards; the patrimonial property of my family wrenched from us by the fraud, forgery, and base ingratitude of the first Griphard. Now, fare thee well, Miss Skinny, you and I have done at present; but

"I shall meet thee at Philippi."

CHAPTER VII.

"Once more unto the breach, my friends! once more!"

FROM my father's death in 1823 to 1837, no movement was made in our claims, and all was as silent as if we had been gathered to our fathers; but I never for a moment lost sight of it. The old possessor of the estate of M—t was dead, and his son, a boy of twenty-two, had succeeded to him. My brother had recovered his health, and, urged on by me, we gradually prepared ourselves for the conflict. He had never married, but I had; and, seeing there was no want of heirs to the Earldom, we determined to make one grand effort to establish our rights.

Belview was still alive, and as brisk as ever, ready to move and clutch the *pecunia* wherever he could lay his hands upon it. Our London solicitor had, *ad interim*, tired of the honest profession of the law, and betaken him to the more honest calling of a clergyman. A lawyer engrafted upon a minister,

or rather a minister engrafted upon a lawyer. Oh, ye gods! what an infernal union. Never mind. Upon being paid, he was still willing to leave his flock, and again appear at the bar of the House of Lords, to give in our proofs. I arranged with a new attorney in London, a man whose name in Scotch sounds mightily like weaver in English, who held out close by Palace Yard, and in the spring of this present blessed year, accompanied by the veracious and honest Mr. Belview, and our former solicitor, now converted into a pillar of the church, put foot on board of the Royal Victoria at Leith, and in forty-six hours landed in sweet London town, where I found my brother awaiting me, whom I had not seen for twenty-nine years. It was a strange meeting, but we had met like men to act, not to indulge in whining sentiment, and no time was put off. The King was petitioned,—the case again brought before the House of Lords, and taken up where it was left off in 1823, when my poor uncle died. Brougham, formerly our counsel, was now to be judge, or at least one of the judges, all the nobility were as ready to support us as ever, and I had moved one of the Royal Dukes warmly to espouse our cause. The case came on, and in ten days we had the whole proofs safely laid on the table of the House of Lords, and a day appointed for the final pleadings. But here another confounded stop

came in the way. The crown solicitor for Scotch Peerage cases was suddenly summoned from the *Lords'* House below to that *above*, and we could not move a step till a new one was appointed, and just as that had taken place, and we were about to proceed, it pleased God to call away our most gracious and beloved Sovereign, which obliged us to postpone the decision of this cause, for which we have fought so long against such fearful odds, until the meeting of a new Parliament, when a single day will decide, whether the Star of the House of W—n and M—t is to shine out with renewed lustre or be extinguished for ever. We have fought the grand fight, we have done our duty, and we will leave our fate to that august assembly who have ever shewn that they were beyond the reach of corruption or prejudice.

And now, most patient and gentle reader, if thou hast followed me through these pages, I return thee my best thanks, and make thee my best bow. Perhaps we may meet again; and, if crowned with success in our grand struggle, I may tell thee another tale less gloomy than that which I now close.

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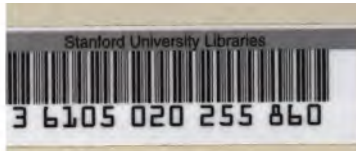

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